SONGS OF
FAITH
AND
TRIUMPH
1 2 3
COMBINED

Property of
The Millers Cross Roads Sunday Sc
Book No. 74.

AN ALL-PURPOSE BOOK

# Songs of Faith and Triumph

## Numbers One—Two and Three Combined

Compiled and Edited by
J. Lincoln Hall — C. Austin Miles
Dr. Adam Geibel — B. D. Ackley

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The Best Gospel Songs; New Selections; Familiar Hymns of Consecration, Invitation and for General Use in all Religious Meetings; The Best Copyrights of other Publishers; Responsive Readings.

PRICE

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# Songs of Faith and Triumph.

## Numbers 1, 2, 3 Combined.

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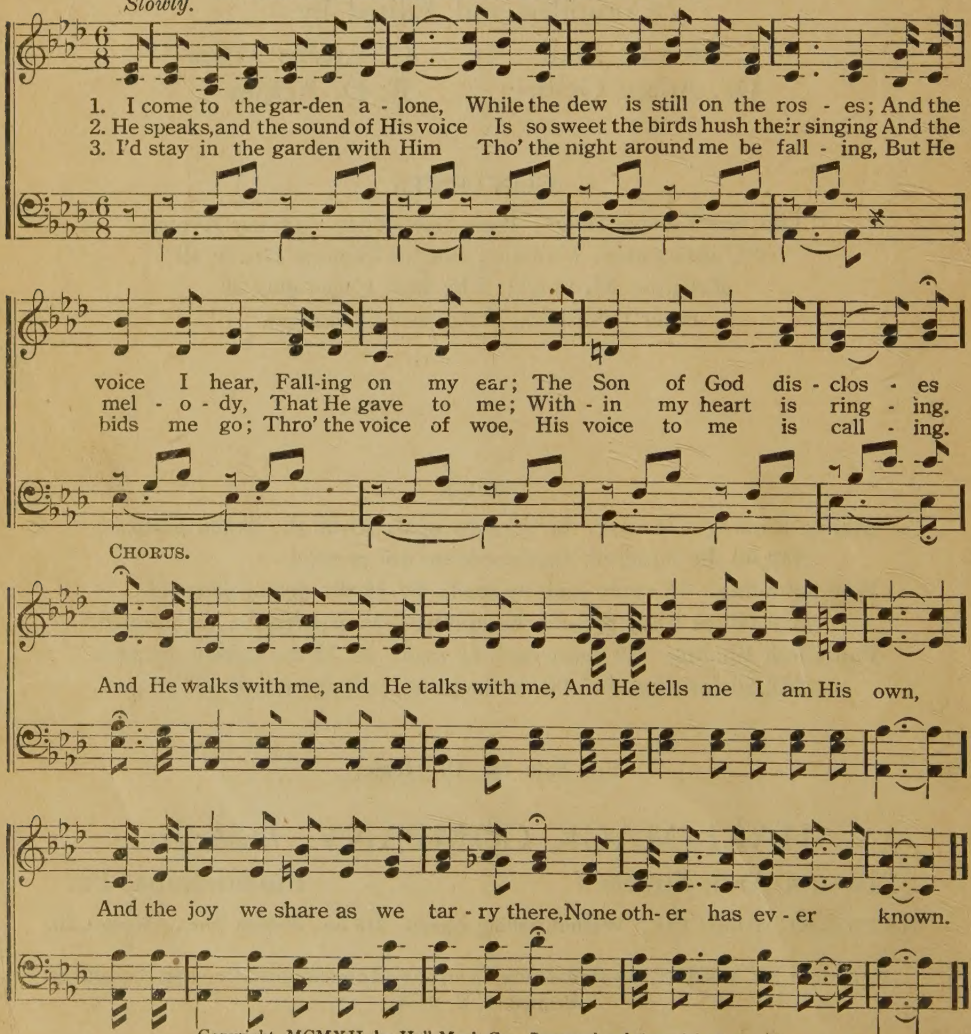
### In the Garden.

C. A. M.

(This song is based upon the meeting of Jesus and Mary on the Resurrection morning as recorded in St. John xx: 11-18.)

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Slowly.*


1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing And the
3. I'd stay in the garden with Him Tho' the night around me be fall - ing, But He
voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The Son of God dis - clos - es
mel - o - dy, That He gave to me; With - in my heart is ring - ing.
bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.
CHORUS.
And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth- er has ev - er known.

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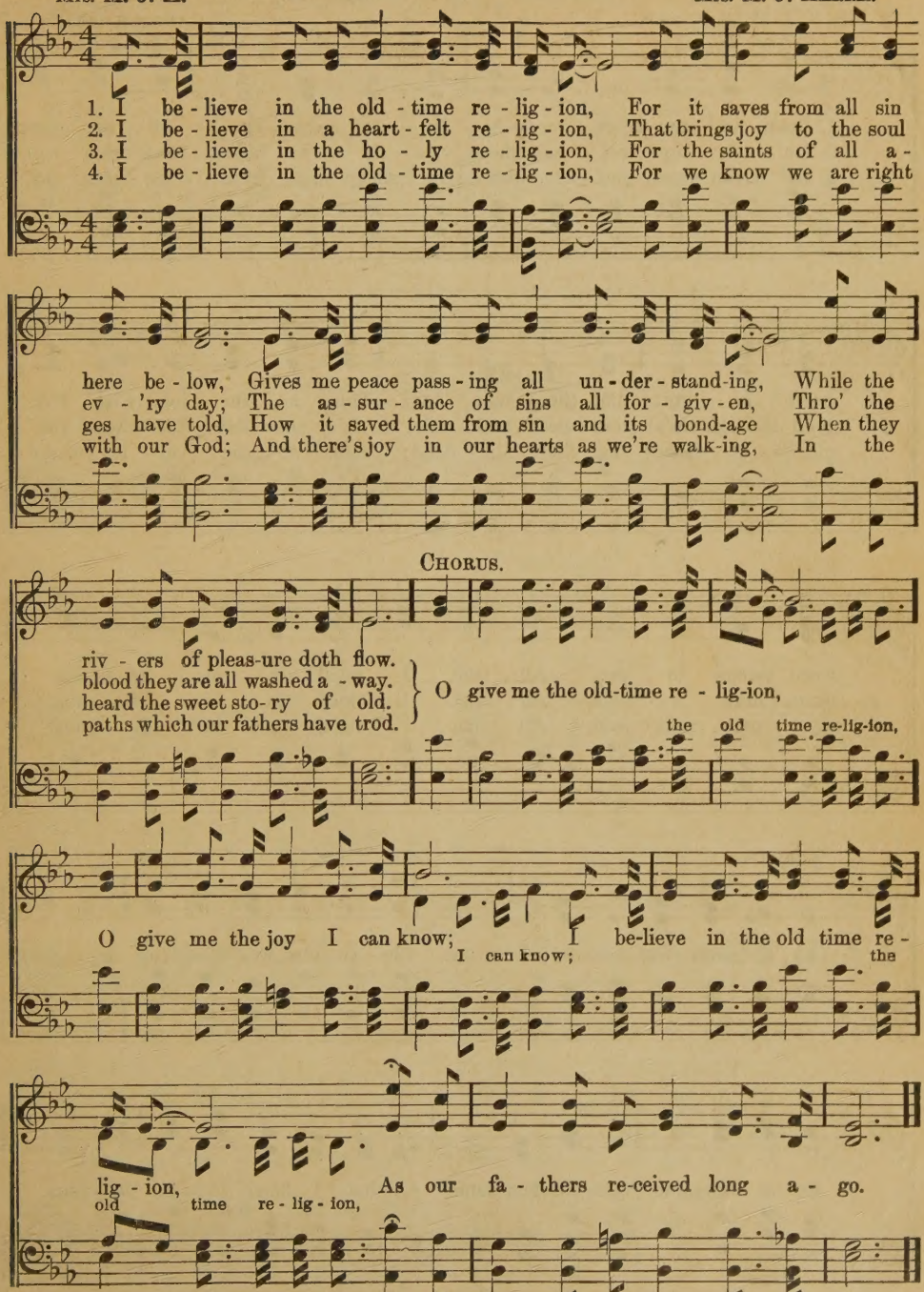
NOTE.—On all "Talking Machine" records.

# No. 3. The Old-Time Religion.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.


1. I be - lieve in the old - time re - lig - ion, For it saves from all sin
2. I be - lieve in a heart - felt re - lig - ion, That brings joy to the soul
3. I be - lieve in the ho - ly re - lig - ion, For the saints of all a -
4. I be - lieve in the old - time re - lig - ion, For we know we are right
here be - low, Gives me peace pass - ing all un - der - stand - ing, While the
ev - 'ry day; The as - sur - ance of sins all for - giv - en, Thro' the
ges have told, How it saved them from sin and its bond-age When they
with our God; And there's joy in our hearts as we're walk-ing, In the
Chorus.
riv - ers of pleas-ure doth flow.
blood they are all washed a - way.
heard the sweet sto - ry of old.
paths which our fathers have trod.
O give me the old-time re - lig-ion,
the old time re-lig-ion,
O give me the joy I can know; I be-lieve in the old time re -
I can know; the
lig - ion, As our fa - thers re-ceived long a - go.
old time re - lig - ion,

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# No. 4. All That I Need is in Jesus.

"It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell."—Col. 1: 19.

Mrs. J. I. McClelland. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Deep in my heart on - ly Je - sus can see All the great need in my life there may be; This is the joy that His word brings to me, All that I need is in Je - sus.
2. He is my ref - uge, where safe - ly I hide, Rock that will hold through sin's tem - pest and tide; Je - sus the vine where the branch may a - bide, All that I need is in Je - sus.
3. In Him green past - ures where His sheep may feed, Wa - ters of qui - et - ness,— rest there, in - deed; Light of the val - ley, where my path may lead, All that I need is in Je - sus.
Chorus.
Ten - der, com - pass - ion - ate Je - sus, Glo - ri - ous, won - der - ful Je - sus;
Ev - er the same, Praise His dear name! All that I need is in Je - sus.

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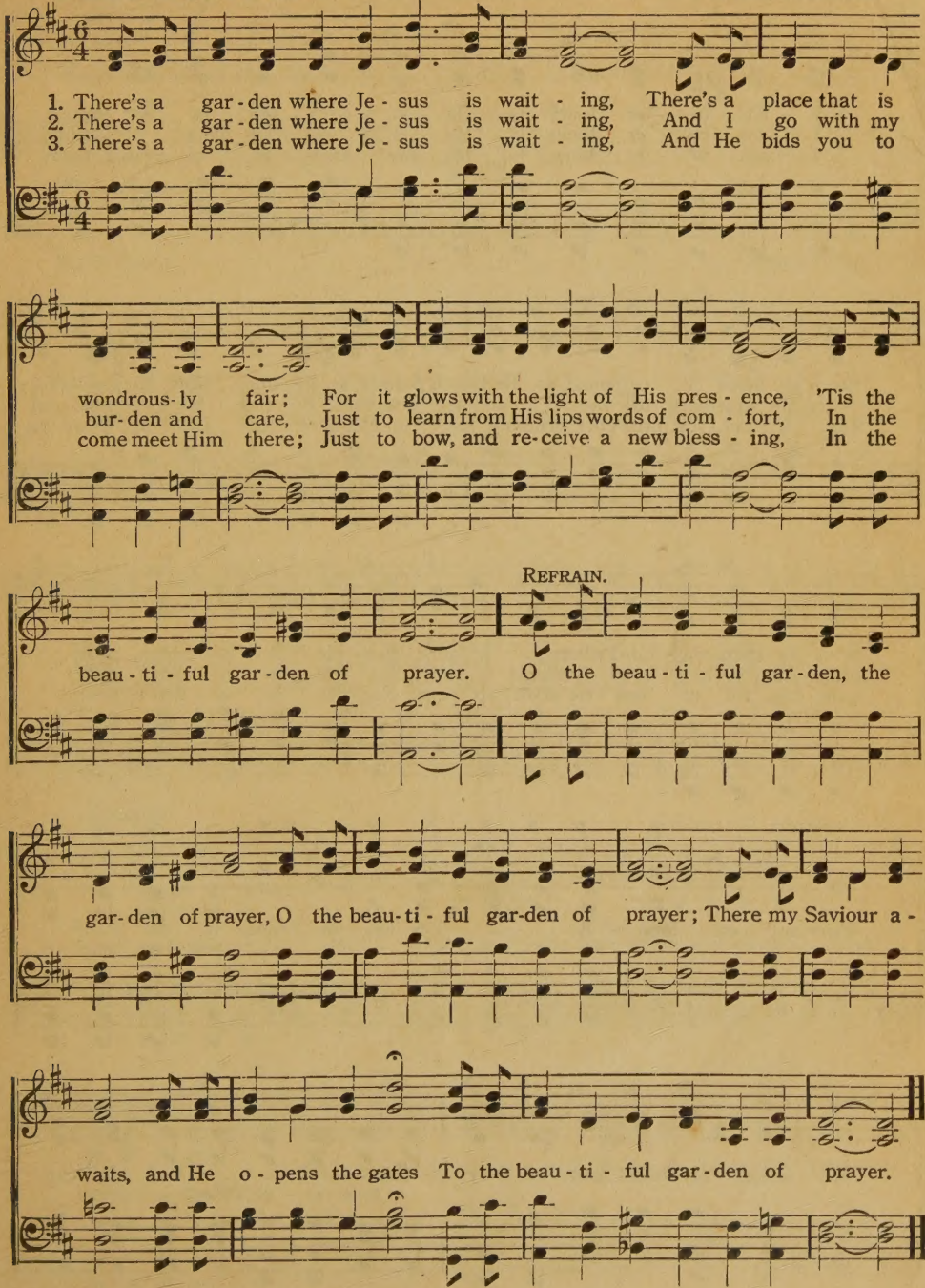
# No. 5. The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL. J. H. FILLMORE.


1. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, There's a place that is
2. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, And I go with my
3. There's a gar-den where Je-sus is wait-ing, And He bids you to
wondrous-ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres-ence, 'Tis the
bur-den and care, Just to learn from His lips words of com-fort, In the
come meet Him there; Just to bow, and re-ceive a new bless-ing, In the
REFRAIN.
beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer. O the beau-ti-ful gar-den, the
gar-den of prayer, O the beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer; There my Saviour a-
waits, and He o-pens the gates To the beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer.

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# No. 6. I Am Never Lonely.

Mrs J. I. McClelland. "Christ liveth in me."—Gal. 2 : 20. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. I am nev - er lone - ly, He is with me ev - er - more,
2. I am nev - er lone - ly, He is in this heart of mine,
3. I am nev - er lone - ly, for my Lord is al - ways near
Since my heart I o - pened as He knock'd there, at the door. Now He dwells for-
When He whis-pers to me I can see His face, di - vine. Ev - 'ry gold - en
His a - bid - ing pres-ence bringing faith in - stead of fear. Lov - ing, keep - ing,
ev - er there the Lord whom I a - dore, For He is al - ways near.
prom - ise with new beau - ty seems to shine, For He is al - ways near.
guid - ing, till at last He shall ap - pear, For He is al - ways near.
Chorus.
I'm nev - er lone - ly,..... I'm nev - er lone - ly,
nev - er lone - ly, nev - er lone - ly,
He keeps my heart from ev - 'ry fear,..... And I can
from ev - 'ry fear,

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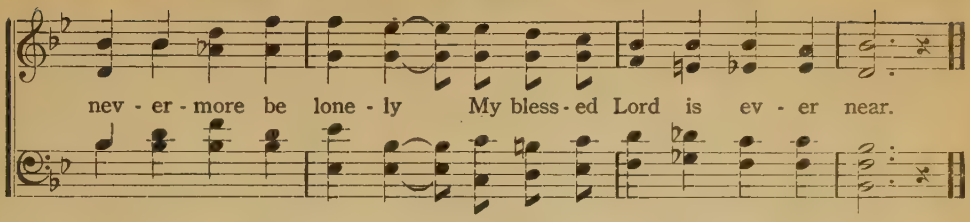


## No. 7. More Precious Every Day.

W. C. POOLE. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I find the Sav - iour pre - cious In ev - 'ry - thing to me;
2. I find the Sav - iour pre - cious In sun - shine or in night;
3. I find the Sav - iour pre - cious And al - ways He will be
His mer - cy and His good - ness In ev - 'ry - thing I see.
He's with me in life's strug - gles And in the thick - est fight.
Throughout the end - less a - ges Of all e - ter - ni - ty;
CHORUS.
More pre - - cious ev - 'ry day, More pre - - cious all the way, I find my bless - ed Sav - iour, More pre - cious ev - 'ry day.
More precious ev - 'ry day, more precious ev - 'ry day, More precious all the way, More precious all the way,

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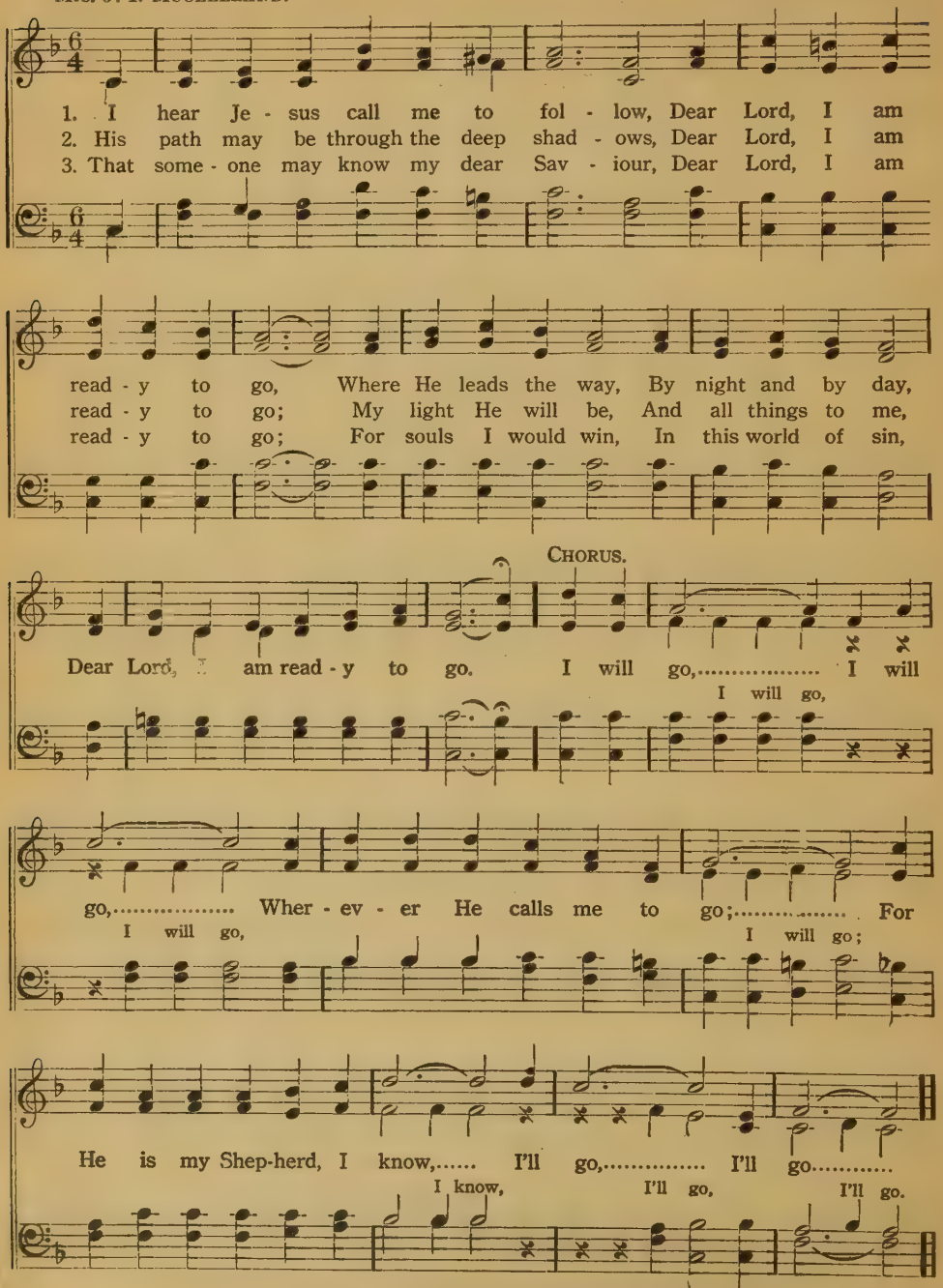
# No. 8. Dear Lord, I am Ready to Go.

"Ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."—2 Sam. 15 : 15.

Mrs. J. I. McClelland. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. I hear Je - sus call me to fol - low, Dear Lord, I am
2. His path may be through the deep shad - ows, Dear Lord, I am
3. That some - one may know my dear Sav - iour, Dear Lord, I am
read - y to go, Where He leads the way, By night and by day,
read - y to go; My light He will be, And all things to me,
read - y to go; For souls I would win, In this world of sin,
Chorus.
Dear Lord, I am read - y to go. I will go, I will go,
go, Wher - ev - er He calls me to go; For I will go,
I will go;
He is my Shep-herd, I know, I'll go, I'll go.
I know, I'll go, I'll go.

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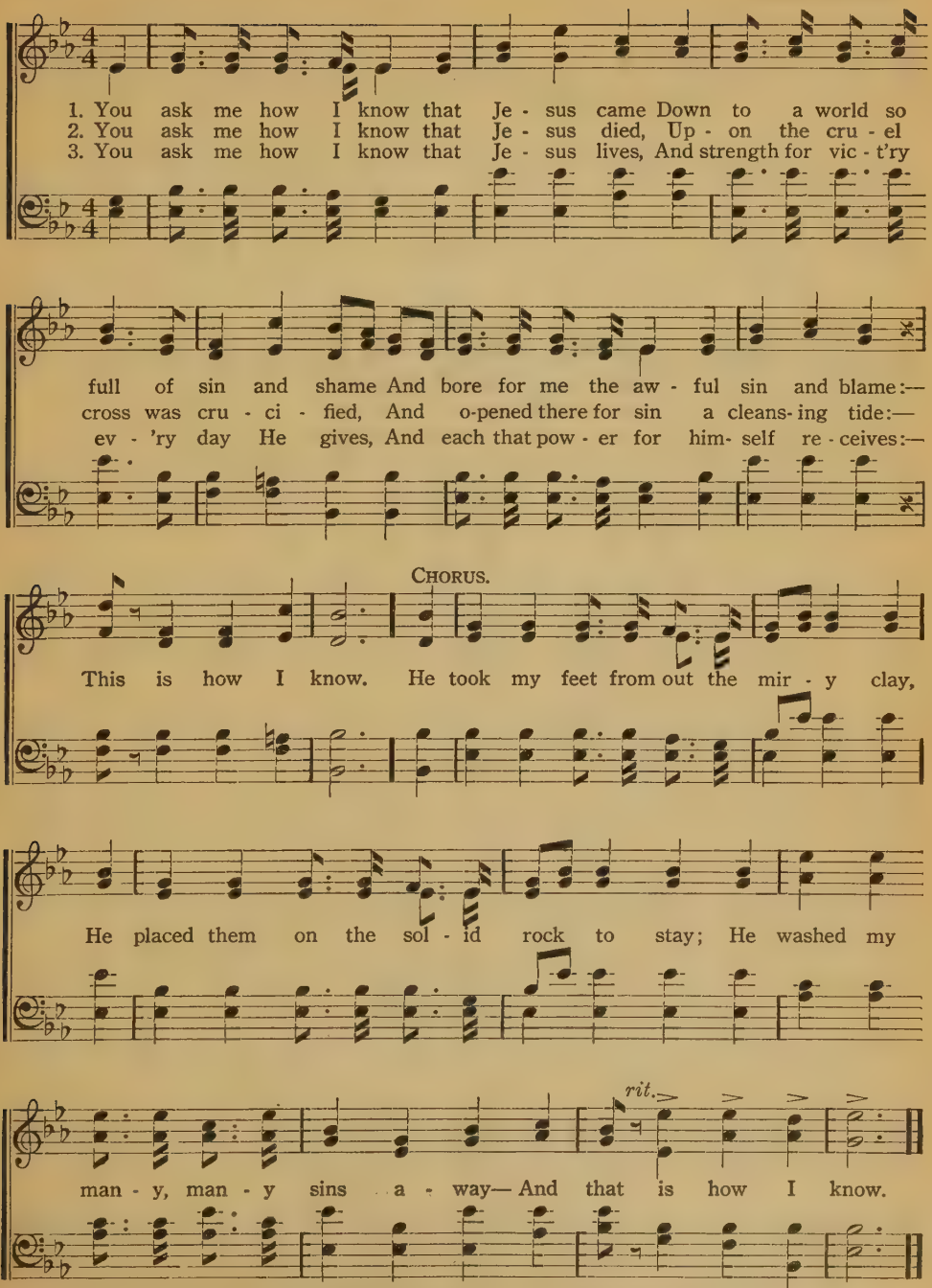
# No. 9. How I Know.

W. C. POOLE. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. You ask me how I know that Je - sus came Down to a world so
2. You ask me how I know that Je - sus died, Up - on the cru - el
3. You ask me how I know that Je - sus lives, And strength for vic - t'ry
full of sin and shame And bore for me the aw - ful sin and blame:—
cross was cru - ci - fied, And o-pened there for sin a cleans-ing tide:—
ev - 'ry day He gives, And each that pow - er for him- self re - ceives:—
CHORUS.
This is how I know. He took my feet from out the mir - y clay,
He placed them on the sol - id rock to stay; He washed my
rit.
man - y, man - y sins a - way— And that is how I know.

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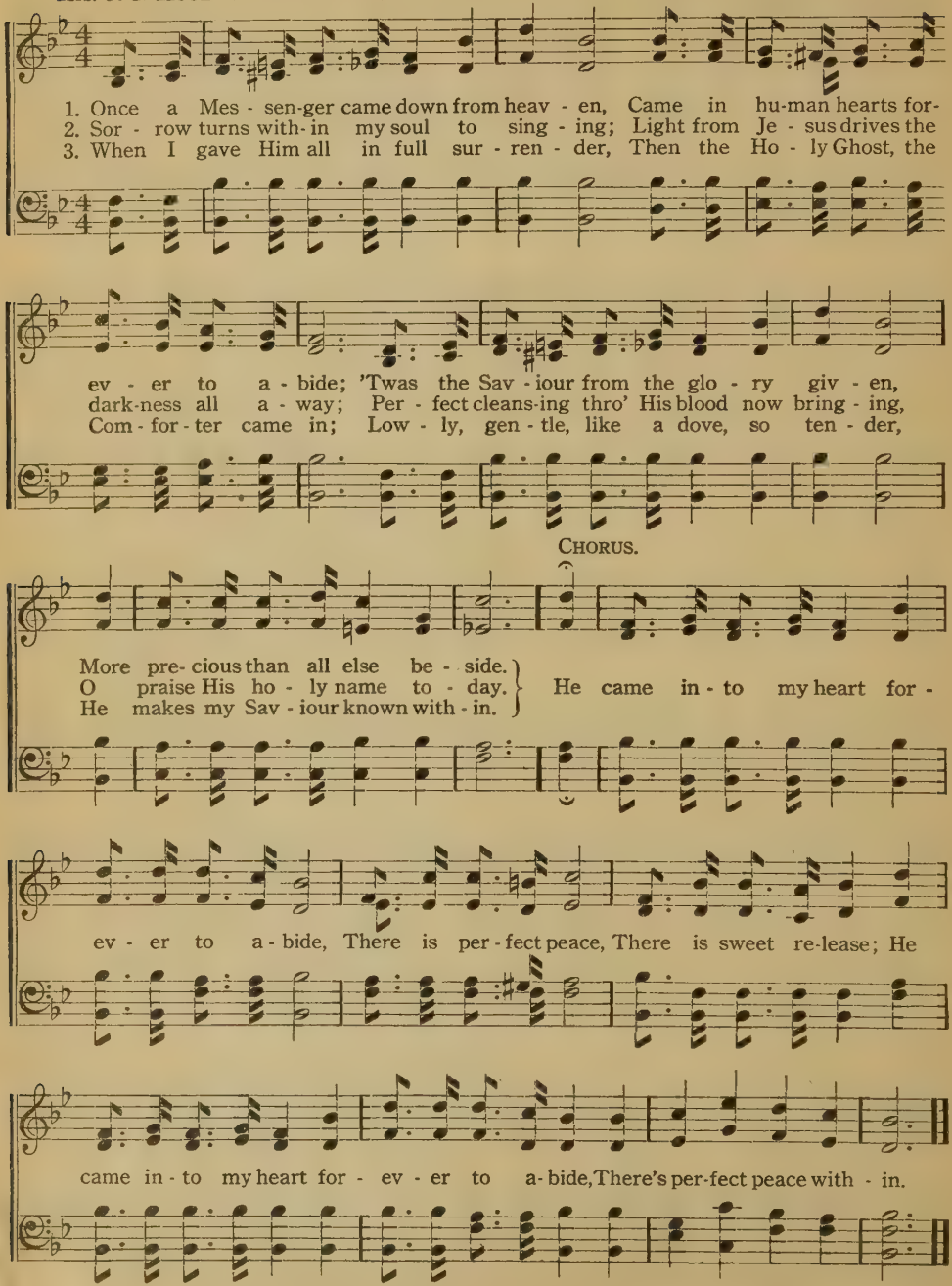
# No. 10. The Abiding One.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—EPH. 3: 17.
"The Spirit of Truth * * * shall glorify Me."—JOHN 16: 14.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Once a Mes - sen-ger came down from heav - en, Came in hu-man hearts for-
2. Sor - row turns with-in my soul to sing - ing; Light from Je - sus drives the
3. When I gave Him all in full sur - ren - der, Then the Ho - ly Ghost, the
ev - er to a - bide; 'Twas the Sav - iour from the glo - ry giv - en,
dark-ness all a - way; Per - fect cleans-ing thro' His blood now bring - ing,
Com - for - ter came in; Low - ly, gen - tle, like a dove, so ten - der,
CHORUS.
More pre- cious than all else be - side.
O praise His ho - ly name to - day.
He makes my Sav - iour known with - in.
He came in - to my heart for -
ev - er to a - bide, There is per - fect peace, There is sweet re-lease; He
came in - to my heart for - ev - er to a- bide, There's per-fect peace with - in.

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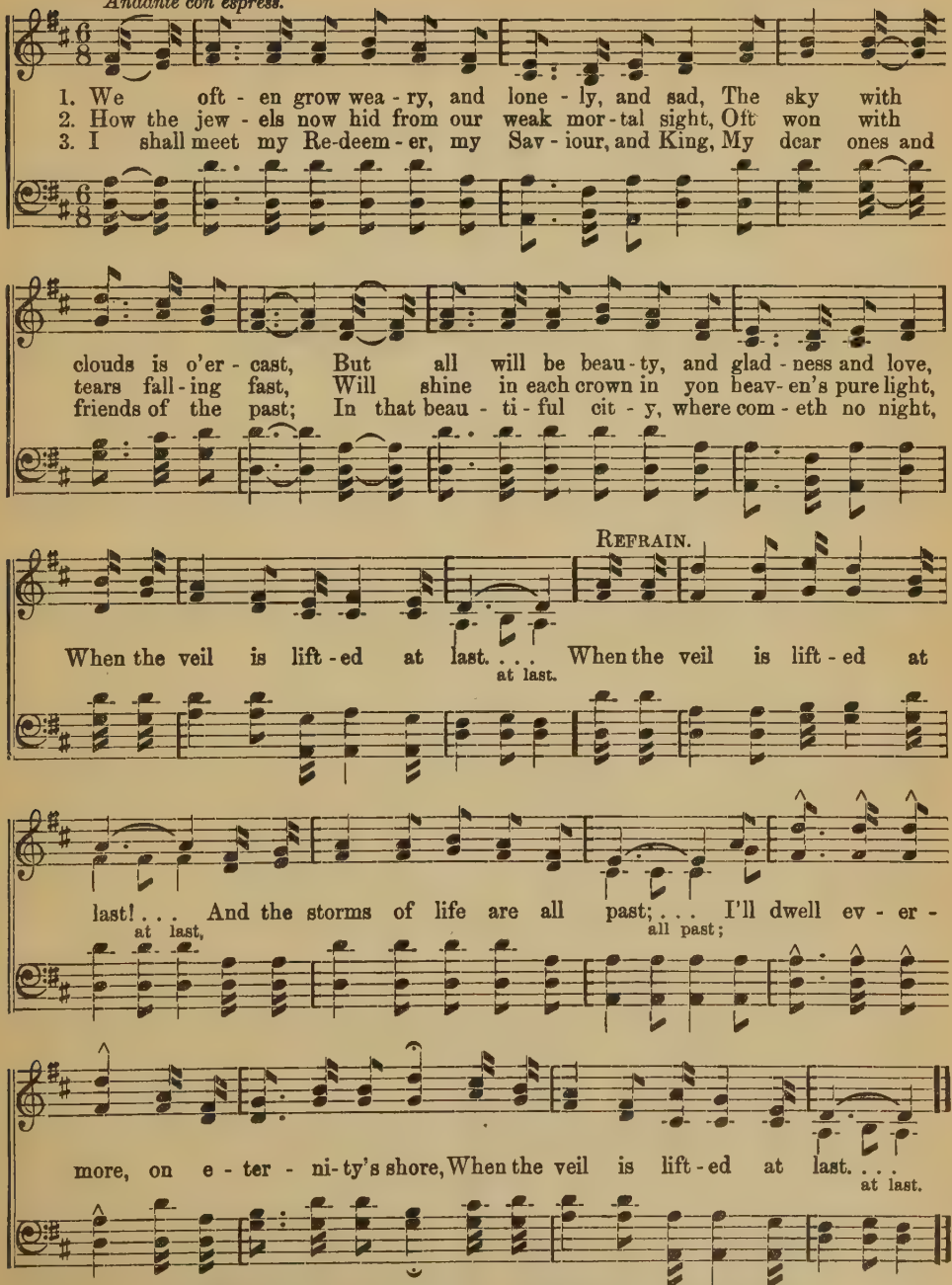
# No. 11. When the Veil is Lifted.

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

*Andante con espress.*


1. We oft - en grow wea - ry, and lone - ly, and sad, The sky with
2. How the jew - els now hid from our weak mor - tal sight, Oft won with
3. I shall meet my Re-deem - er, my Sav - iour, and King, My dear ones and
clouds is o'er - cast, But all will be beau - ty, and glad - ness and love,
tears fall - ing fast, Will shine in each crown in yon heav- en's pure light,
friends of the past; In that beau - ti - ful cit - y, where com - eth no night,
REFRAIN.
When the veil is lift - ed at last. . . . When the veil is lift - ed at
at last.
last! . . . And the storms of life are all past; . . . I'll dwell ev - er -
at last,
all past;
more, on e - ter - ni - ty's shore, When the veil is lift - ed at last. . . .
at last.

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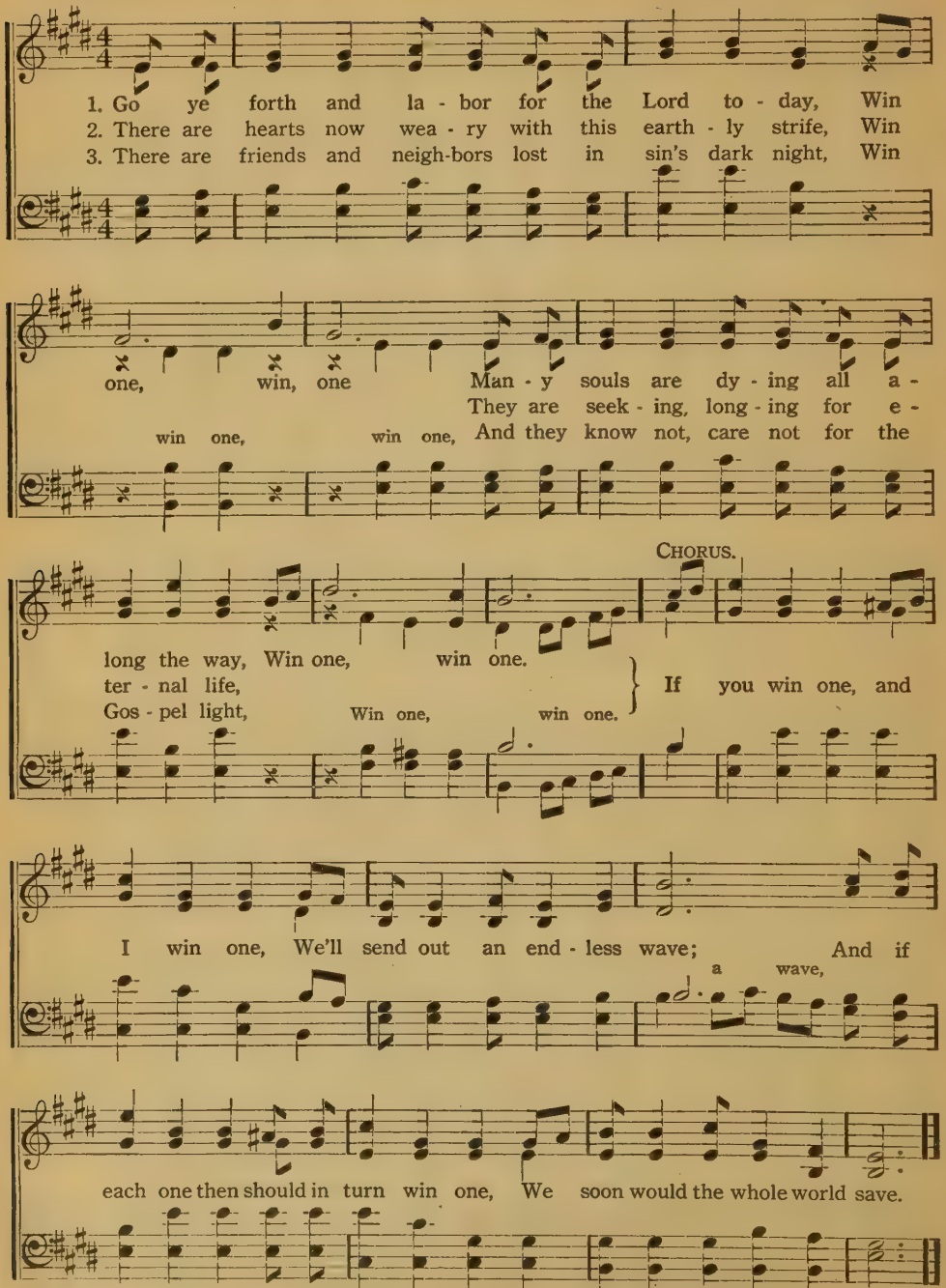
Suggested Choruses to follow—"In that City;" "Blessed Assurance."

# No. 12. Win One.

M. B. J. Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.


1. Go ye forth and la - bor for the Lord to - day, Win
2. There are hearts now wea - ry with this earth - ly strife, Win
3. There are friends and neigh-bors lost in sin's dark night, Win
one, win, one Man - y souls are dy - ing all a -
They are seek - ing, long - ing for e -
win one, win one, And they know not, care not for the
Chorus.
long the way, Win one, win one.
ter - nal life,
Gos - pel light, Win one, win one.
If you win one, and
I win one, We'll send out an end - less wave; And if
a wave,
each one then should in turn win one, We soon would the whole world save.

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# No. 13. He Will Show Me.

W. C. Poole. C. Austin Miles.

Solo or Duet.

1. Some-where is wait - ing for me some day, Some-where in
2. Some - how He'll show me His glo - ry there, Some - how ex -
3. Some - time when all of my work is done, Some - time with
glo - ry when ends my way; Somewhere a mansion with Je - sus to stay,
plain ev - 'ry unanswered pray'r, Somehow—O why need I fret or care—
bat - tles all fought and won; Sometime my heav-en will be be - gun—
Refrain.
Somewhere—He'll show me where.
Some - how—He'll show me how.
Some - time—He'll show me when.
Somewhere a mansion is wait - ing for me,
Some - how the glo - ry of Je - sus I'll see; Some-time with Him share the
vic - to - ry, Some - time, some-where He'll show it to me.

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# No. 14. Whispering Hope.

"We * * rejoice in hope of the glory of God."—ROMANS 5: 2.

MRS. J. I. MCCLELLAND.

Arr. by CLYDE WILLARD.
From "Whispering Hope."

DUET.

1. Like the faint dawn of the morn - ing, Like the sweet freshness of dew,
2. Sing-ing the song of for-give - ness, Soft-ly I hear in my soul,
3. Hope is an an-chor to keep us, Hold-ing both steadfast and sure;

Comes the dear whis-per of Je - sus, Com-fort-ing, ten-der and true.
Je - sus has conquered for-ev - er Sin with its fear-ful con-trol.
Hope brings a won-der-ful cleans - ing, Thro' His blood, making us pure.

Dark-ness gives way to the sun - light, While His voice falls on my ear;
Whis - per-ing cour-age for war - fare, Bend-ing Thine ear when I pray;
Whis - per-ing hope of His com - ing, How my heart thrills at His Word!

Sea-sons of heav-en's re-fresh - ing, Call to new glad-ness and cheer.
Glo - ri - ous, ris - en Re-deem - er, O how I praise Thee to - day!
O to be watching and wait - ing, Read - y to wel-come the Lord!

CHORUS.

Whis - per-ing hope,..... like the song..... of the an - gels,
Whis - per-ing hope, whis-per-ing hope, Angel's sweet song, angel's sweet song,

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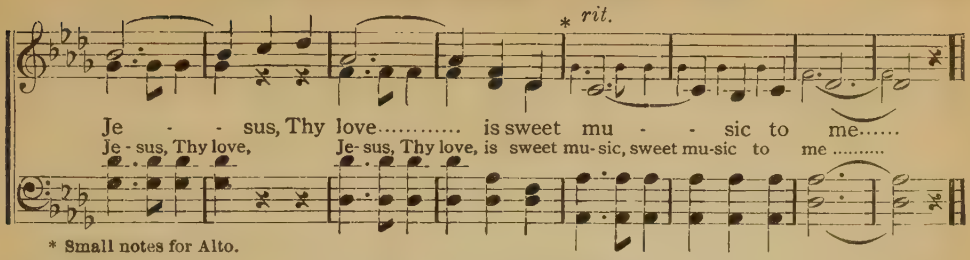
# Whispering Hope.—Concluded.

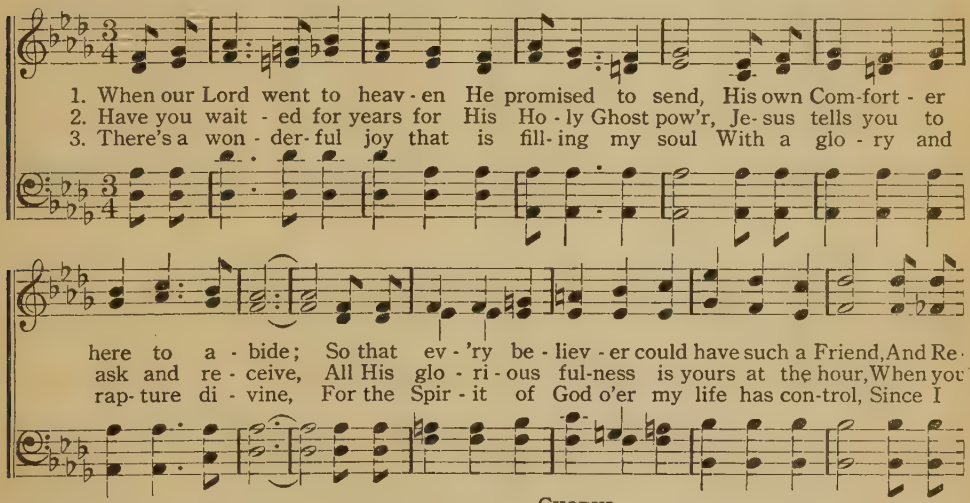



* Small notes for Alto.

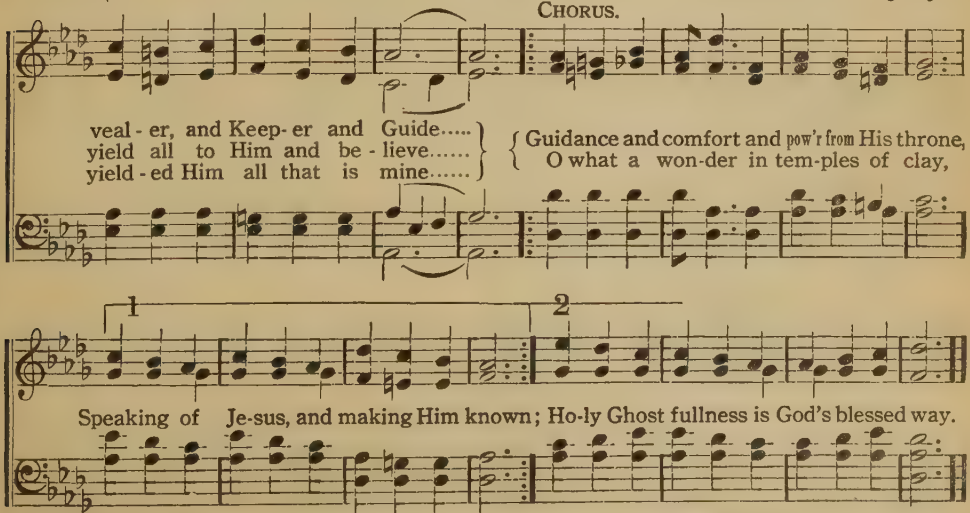
## No. 15. God's Blessed Way.

"How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."—LUKE 11 : 13.
"Be filled with the Spirit."—EPH. 5 : 18.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND. CLARENCE KOHLMAN.


1. When our Lord went to heav - en He promised to send, His own Com - fort - er
2. Have you wait - ed for years for His Ho - ly Ghost pow'r, Je - sus tells you to
3. There's a won - der - ful joy that is fill - ing my soul With a glo - ry and
here to a - bide; So that ev - 'ry be - liev - er could have such a Friend, And Re -
ask and re - ceive, All His glo - ri - ous ful - ness is yours at the hour, When you
rap - ture di - vine, For the Spir - it of God o'er my life has con - trol, Since I

CHORUS.


veal - er, and Keep - er and Guide.....
yield all to Him and be - lieve.....
yield - ed Him all that is mine.....
Guidance and comfort and pow'r from His throne,
O what a won - der in tem - ples of clay,
1
2
Speaking of Je - sus, and making Him known; Ho - ly Ghost fullness is God's blessed way.

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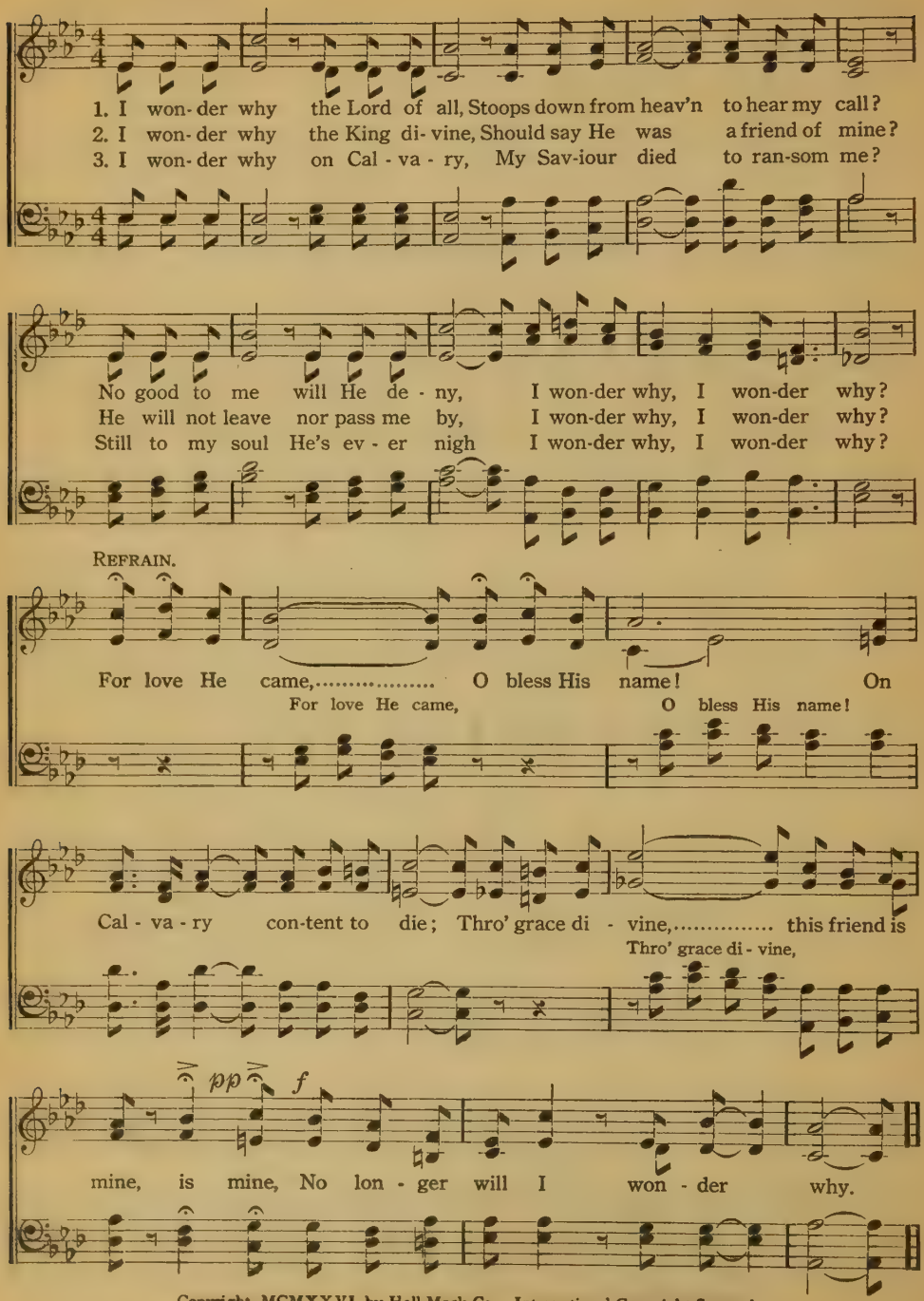
# No. 16. I Wonder Why?

LIZZIE DEARMOND. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. I won-der why the Lord of all, Stoops down from heav'n to hear my call?
2. I won-der why the King di-vine, Should say He was a friend of mine?
3. I won-der why on Cal-va-ry, My Sav-iour died to ran-som me?
No good to me will He de-ny, I won-der why, I won-der why?
He will not leave nor pass me by, I won-der why, I won-der why?
Still to my soul He's ev-er nigh I won-der why, I won-der why?
REFRAIN.
For love He came,..... O bless His name! On
For love He came, O bless His name!
Cal-va-ry con-tent to die; Thro' grace di-vine,..... this friend is
Thro' grace di-vine,
pp
f
mine, is mine, No lon-ger will I won-der why.

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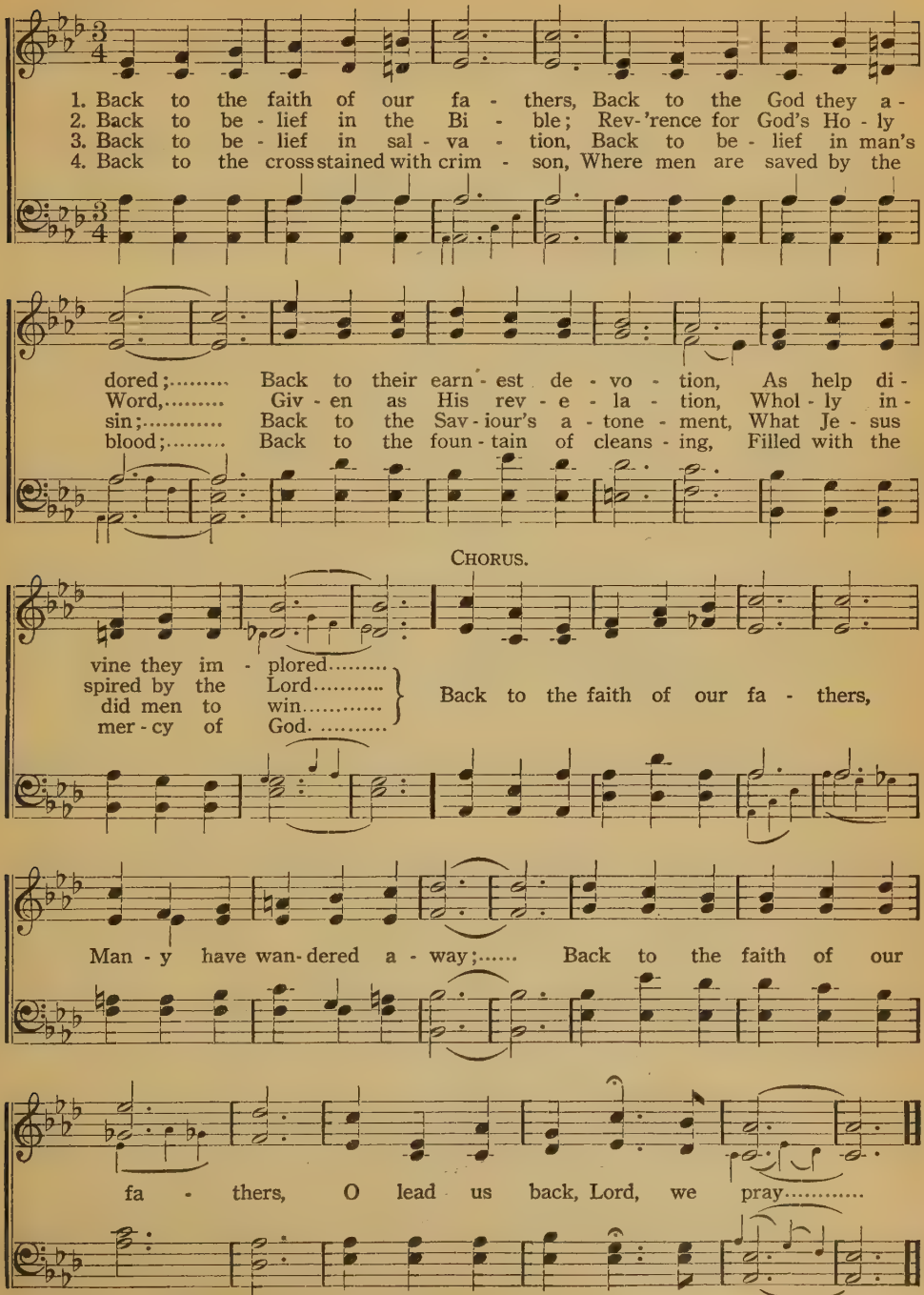
# No. 17. Back to the Faith of Our Fathers.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. Back to the faith of our fa - thers, Back to the God they a -
2. Back to be - lief in the Bi - ble; Rev-'rence for God's Ho - ly
3. Back to be - lief in sal - va - tion, Back to be - lief in man's
4. Back to the cross stained with crim - son, Where men are saved by the
dored;..... Back to their earn - est de - vo - tion, As help di -
Word,..... Giv - en as His rev - e - la - tion, Whol - ly in -
sin;..... Back to the Sav - iour's a - tone - ment, What Je - sus
blood;..... Back to the foun - tain of cleans - ing, Filled with the
Chorus.
vine they im - plored.....
spired by the Lord.....
did men to win.....
mer - cy of God. .....
Back to the faith of our fa - thers,
Man - y have wan - dered a - way;..... Back to the faith of our
fa - thers, O lead us back, Lord, we pray.....

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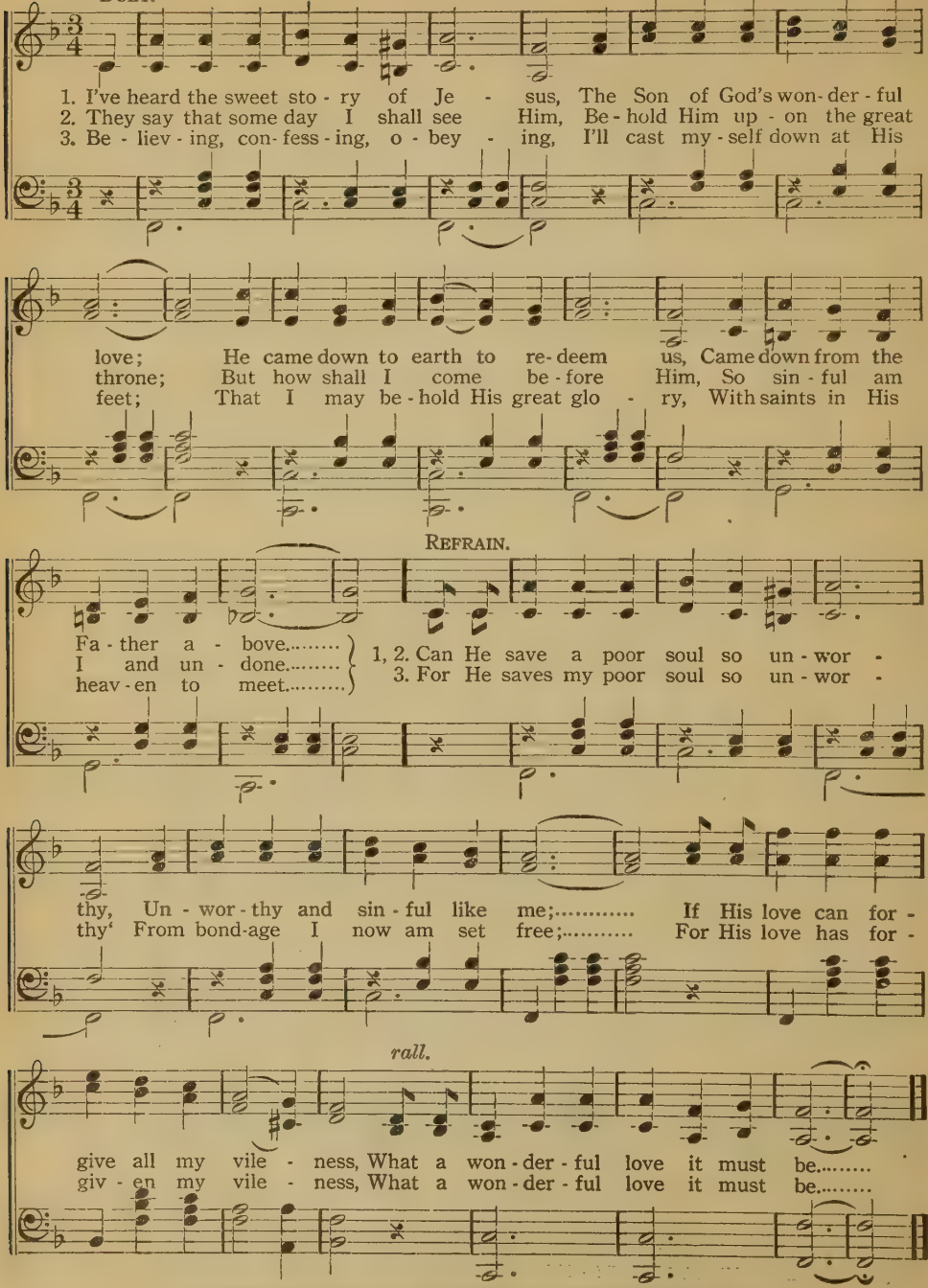
# No. 18. His Wonderful Love.

Mrs. B. A. B. Mrs. B. A. Black.

Duet.


1. I've heard the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus, The Son of God's won-der - ful
2. They say that some day I shall see Him, Be - hold Him up - on the great
3. Be - liev - ing, con-fess - ing, o - bey - ing, I'll cast my - self down at His
love; He came down to earth to re-deem us, Came down from the
throne; But how shall I come be - fore Him, So sin - ful am
feet; That I may be - hold His great glo - ry, With saints in His
Refrain.
Fa - ther a - bove.....
I and un - done.....
heav - en to meet.....
1, 2. Can He save a poor soul so un - wor -
3. For He saves my poor soul so un - wor -
thy, Un - wor - thy and sin - ful like me;..... If His love can for -
thy' From bond-age I now am set free;..... For His love has for -
rall.
give all my vile - ness, What a won - der - ful love it must be.....
giv - en my vile - ness, What a won - der - ful love it must be.....

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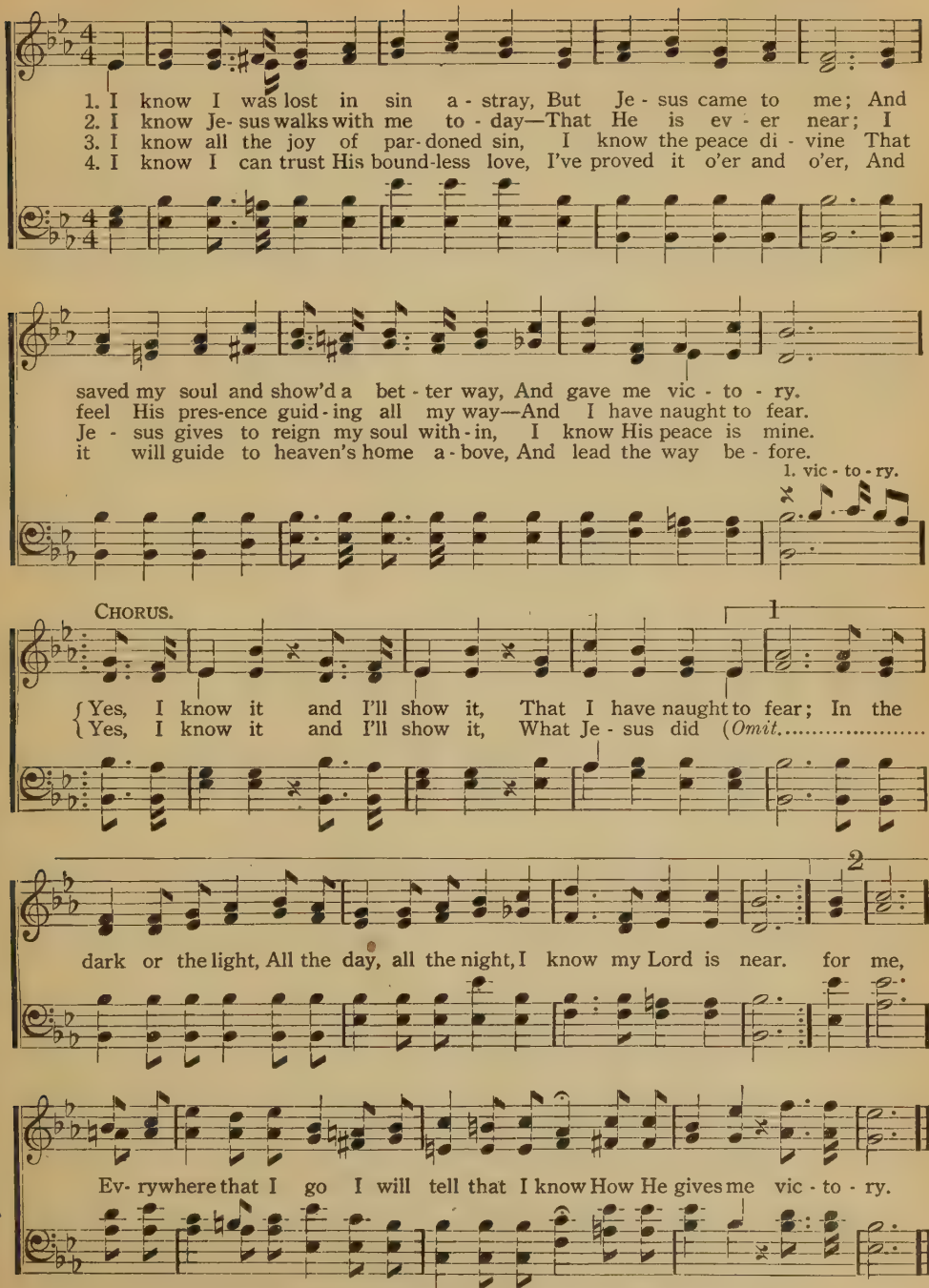
# No. 19. I Know It.

W. C. Poole. C. Austin Miles.


1. I know I was lost in sin a - stray, But Je - sus came to me; And
2. I know Je- sus walks with me to - day—That He is ev - er near; I
3. I know all the joy of par-doned sin, I know the peace di - vine That
4. I know I can trust His bound-less love, I've proved it o'er and o'er, And
saved my soul and show'd a bet - ter way, And gave me vic - to - ry.
feel His pres-ence guid - ing all my way—And I have naught to fear.
Je - sus gives to reign my soul with - in, I know His peace is mine.
it will guide to heaven's home a - bove, And lead the way be - fore.
1. vic - to - ry.
Chorus.
1
Yes, I know it and I'll show it, That I have naught to fear; In the
Yes, I know it and I'll show it, What Je - sus did (Omit.....
2
dark or the light, All the day, all the night, I know my Lord is near. for me,
Ev- rywhere that I go I will tell that I know How He gives me vic - to - ry.

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# No. 20. Those Gates Will Swing Open for Me.

M. B. J. Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.

1. When I come to the end of my jour- ney here, And launch out on the un-known sea,
2. I've a mansion that Je-sus has said is mine, In that land of e - ter - ni - ty;
3. O my broth-er, if you should embark to- day, For that cit - y be-yond the blue,
4. But the Saviour is wait-ing to save you now, And His par-don will take you through;
I know when I an- chor on yon- der shore, Heav'n's gates will swing o- pen for me.
I know when I knock on its por - tals fair, Its gates will swing o - pen for me.
How sad it would be if those pearl - y gates, For - ev - er are closed for you.
If you will ac - cept it, those heav'nly gates, Will sure - ly swing o - pen for you.
Refrain.
Those gates will swing o - pen for me;..... Will swing wide o - pen for me.....
Those gates will swing o - pen for me;..... Will swing wide o - pen for me.....
They will not swing o - pen for you?..... They will not o - pen for you?.....
Those gates will swing o - pen for you; ..... Will swing wide o - pen for you. .....
1. for me: for me.
I've a passport that's written in Jesus' own blood, They'll sure - ly swing o-pen for me.
I've a passport that's written in Jesus' own blood, They'll sure - ly swing o-pen for me.
If your passport's not written in Jesus' own blood, They'll nev - er swing o-pen for you?
If your passport is written in Jesus' own blood, Those gates will swing open for you

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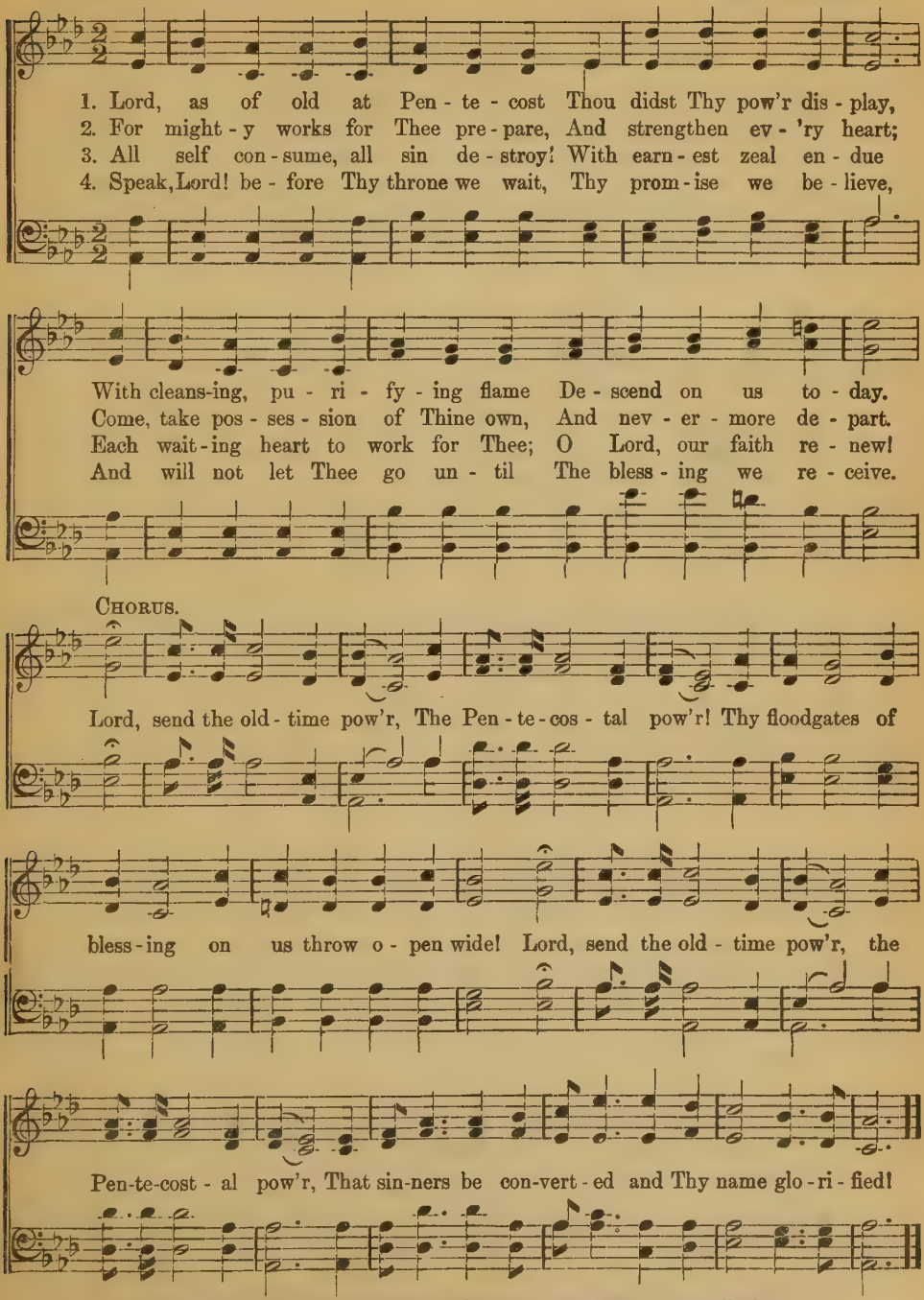
# No. 21. Pentecostal Power.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee pre - pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con - sume, all sin de - stroy! With earn - est zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,
With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.
CHORUS.
Lord, send the old - time pow'r, The Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! Thy floodgates of
bless - ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the
Pen-te-cost - al pow'r, That sin-ners be con-vert - ed and Thy name glo - ri - fied!

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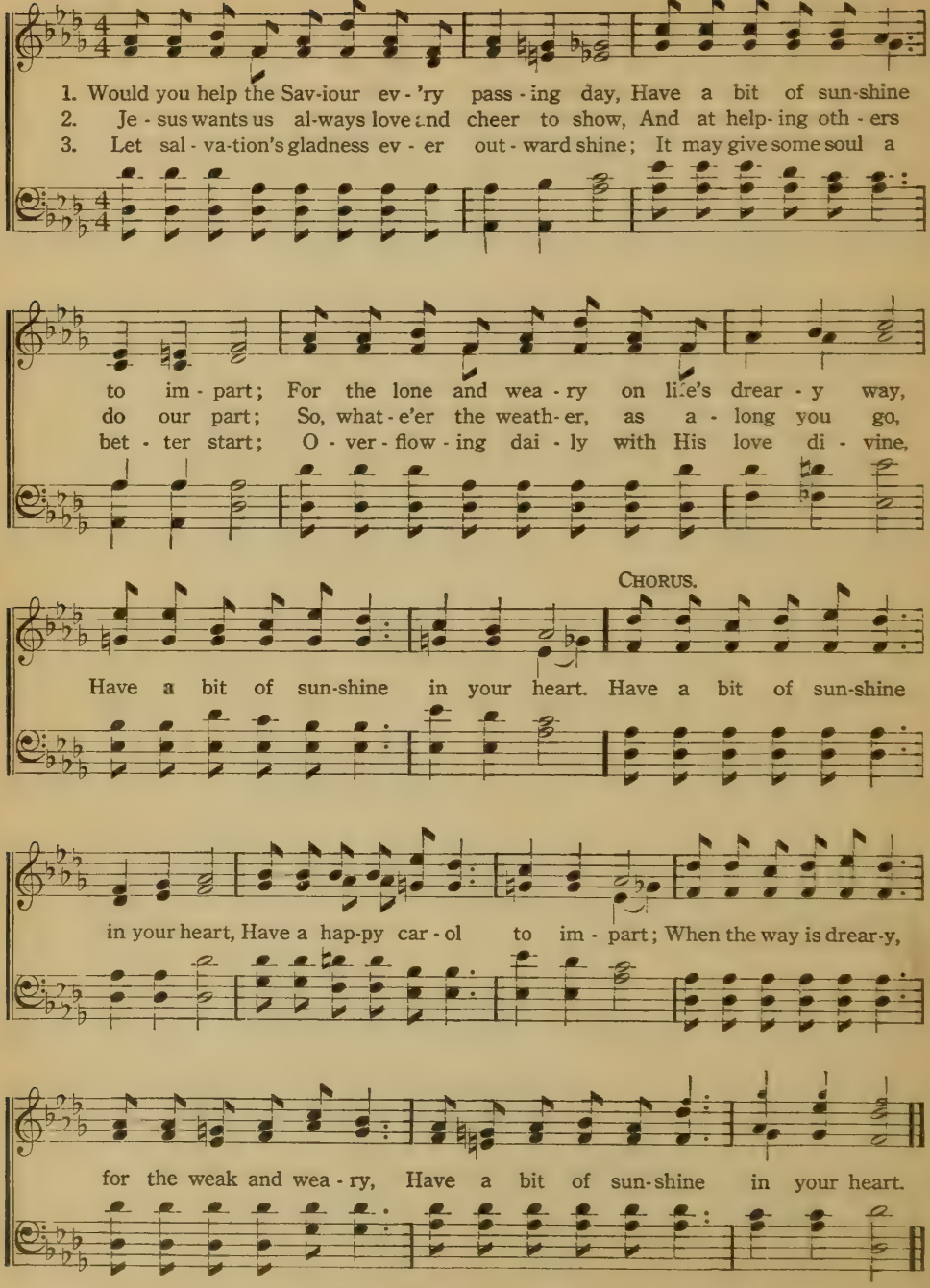
# No. 22. A Bit of Sunshine.

JAMES ROWE. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. Would you help the Sav-iour ev-'ry pass-ing day, Have a bit of sun-shine
2. Je-sus wants us al-ways love and cheer to show, And at help-ing oth-ers
3. Let sal-va-tion's gladness ev-er out-ward shine; It may give some soul a
to im-part; For the lone and wea-ry on life's drear-y way,
do our part; So, what-e'er the weath-er, as a-long you go,
bet-ter start; O-ver-flow-ing dai-ly with His love di-vine,
CHORUS.
Have a bit of sun-shine in your heart. Have a bit of sun-shine
in your heart, Have a hap-py car-ol to im-part; When the way is drear-y,
for the weak and wea-ry, Have a bit of sun-shine in your heart.

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# No. 23. Good Morning to Heaven.

W. C. POOLE. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When the night is o'er, On the Day Break Shore, On the morn of that endless day,
2. With the voy-age past, And my an-chor cast, Vic-to-ry for me shall be won,
3. With the day-break song, Of that wondrous throng, Singing to our Lord and our King,
There is welcome there, In that cit-y fair, And I'm go-ing up there to stay.
As the gates swing wide, And I step in-side, I shall hear my Lord say, "Well done."
I will join some day, As I go to stay, Where His prais-es shall ev-er ring.
CHORUS.
Good morn-ing to heav-en, some morn-ing, I'll say, Good morn-ing to
heav-en, and go there to stay, Where nev-er a shad-ow shall
dark-en the day, Good morn-ing to heav-en, some morn-ing I'll say.

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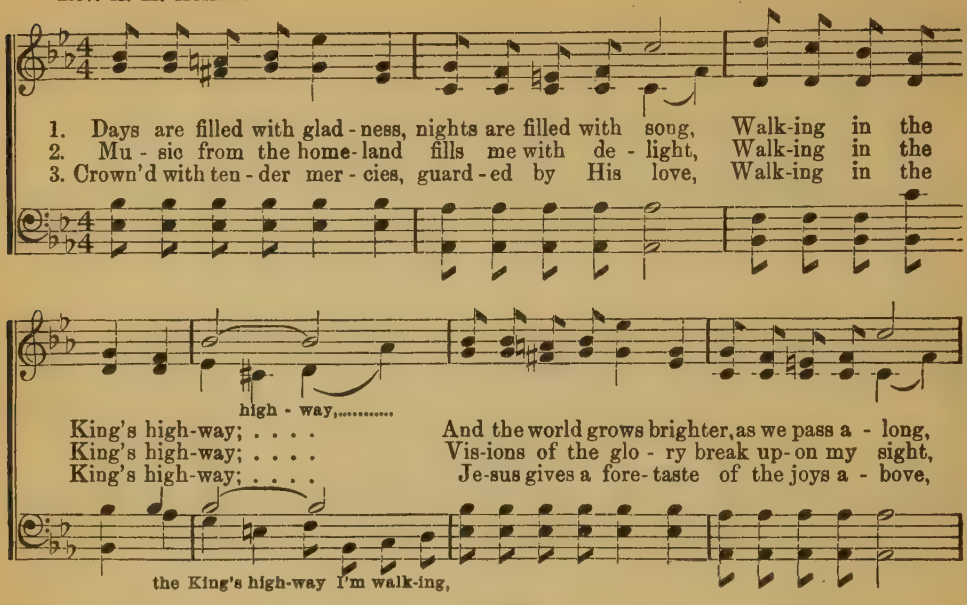
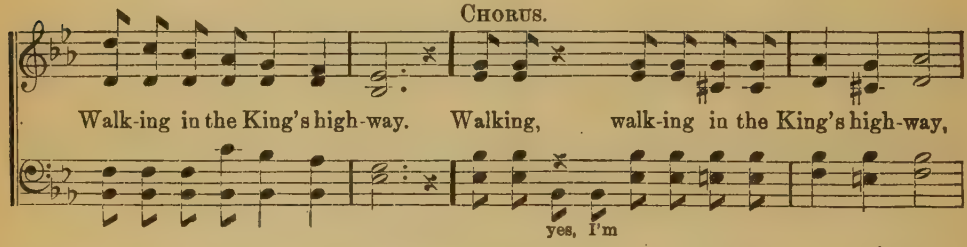
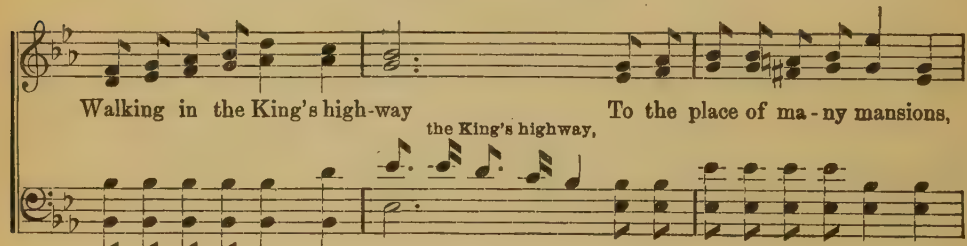
# No. 24. Walking in the King's Highway.

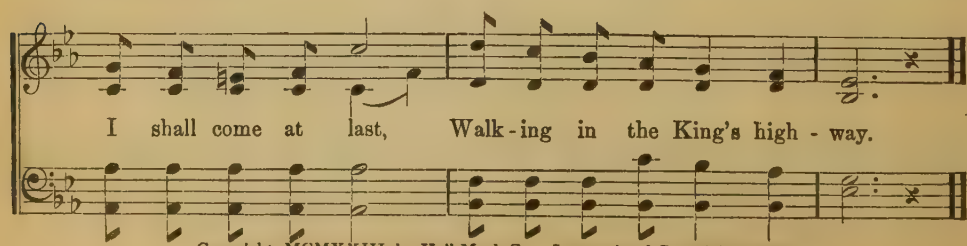
Rev. A. H. Ackley B. D. Ackley.


1. Days are filled with glad - ness, nights are filled with song, Walk-ing in the
2. Mu - sic from the home-land fills me with de - light, Walk-ing in the
3. Crown'd with ten - der mer - cies, guard - ed by His love, Walk-ing in the
high - way,.....
King's high-way; . . . . And the world grows brighter, as we pass a - long,
King's high-way; . . . . Vis-ions of the glo - ry break up-on my sight,
King's high-way; . . . . Je-sus gives a fore-taste of the joys a - bove,
the King's high-way I'm walk-ing,

Chorus.

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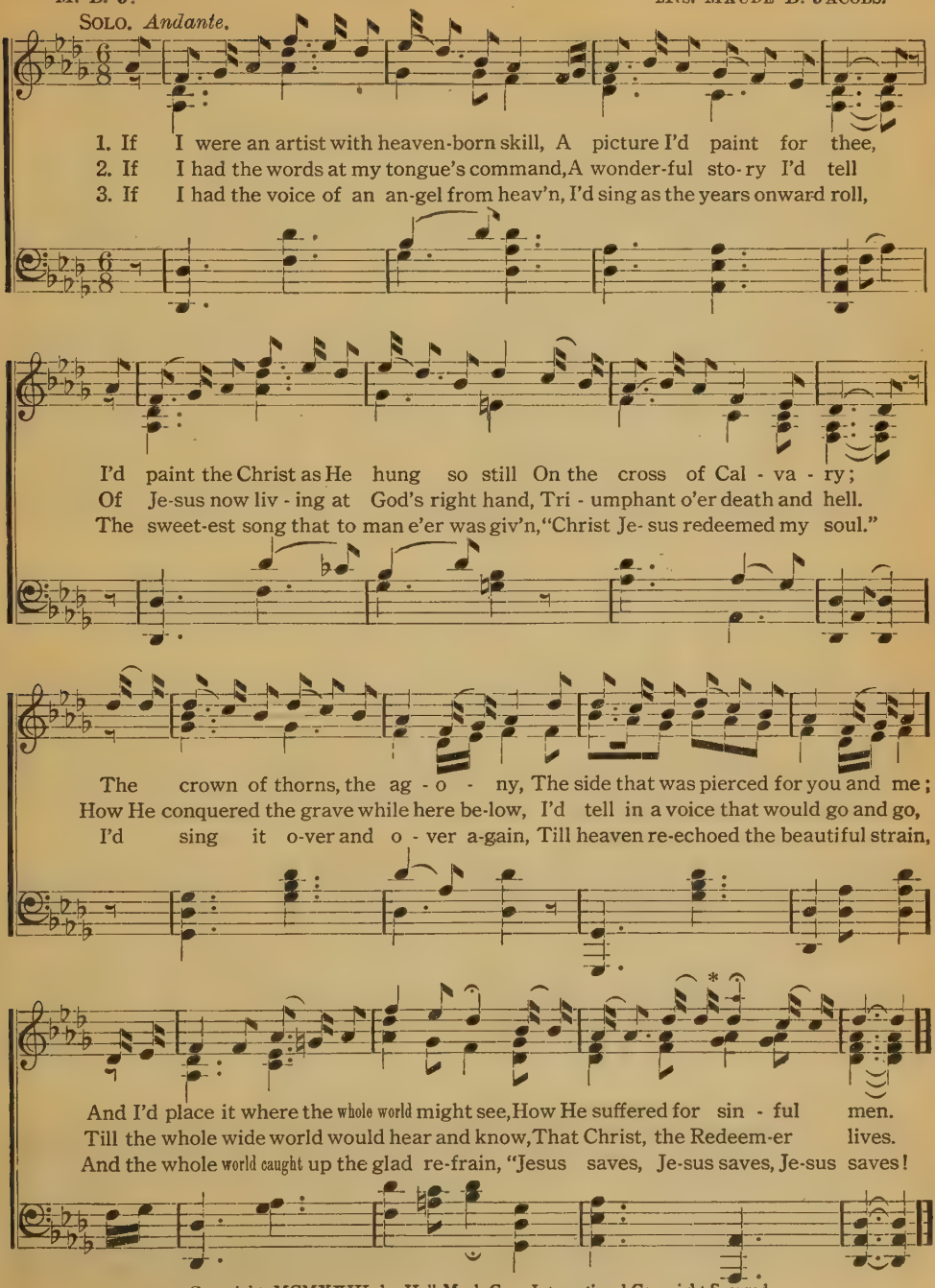
# No. 25. That the World Might Know.

M. B. J. Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.

Solo. *Andante.*


1. If I were an artist with heaven-born skill, A picture I'd paint for thee,
2. If I had the words at my tongue's command, A wonder-ful sto-ry I'd tell
3. If I had the voice of an an-gel from heav'n, I'd sing as the years onward roll,
I'd paint the Christ as He hung so still On the cross of Cal - va - ry;
Of Je-sus now liv - ing at God's right hand, Tri - umphant o'er death and hell.
The sweet-est song that to man e'er was giv'n, "Christ Je- sus redeemed my soul."
The crown of thorns, the ag - o - ny, The side that was pierced for you and me;
How He conquered the grave while here be-low, I'd tell in a voice that would go and go,
I'd sing it o-ver and o - ver a-gain, Till heaven re-echoed the beautiful strain,
And I'd place it where the whole world might see, How He suffered for sin - ful men.
Till the whole wide world would hear and know, That Christ, the Redeem-er lives.
And the whole world caught up the glad re-frain, "Jesus saves, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves!

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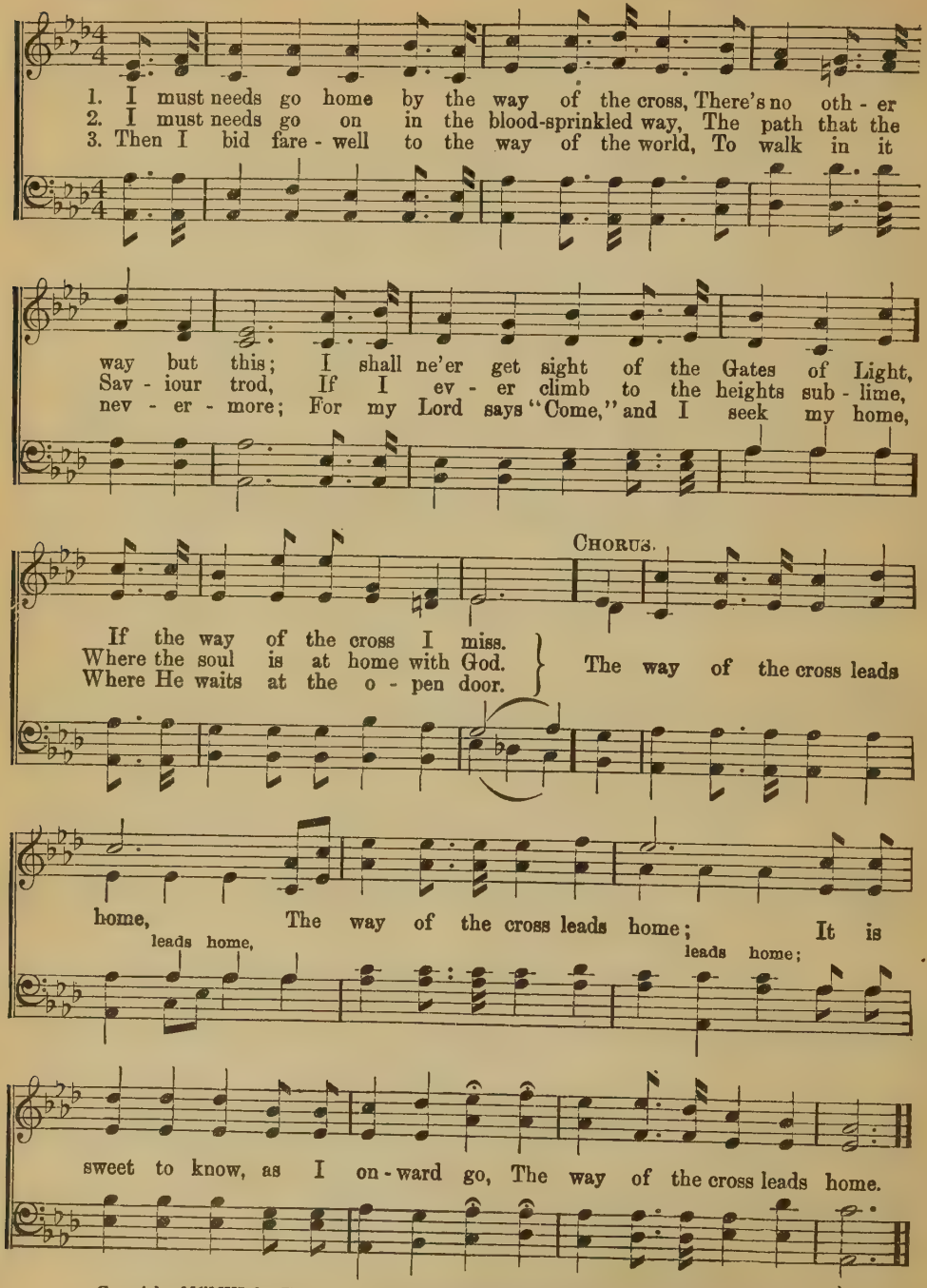
* Small note last verse only.

# No. 26. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - iour trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
The way of the cross leads
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home,
leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

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# No. 27. I've Enlisted in the Army of the King.

Rev. Alexander Blackburn, D. D. Harry M. Ross.

1. As a sol- dier of the King-dom I will gird my loins with truth—I've en-
2. Shod with Gos - pel prep - a - ra - tion, I shall ne'er have wea- ry feet, I've en-
3. With the hel - met of sal - va - tion not a stroke can reach my head, I've en-
4. My sup- plies shall not be lack - ing while I go to God in pray'r; I've en-
list - ed in the ar- my of the King; With His righteousness for breastplate o - ver
list - ed in the ar- my of the King; And with shield of faith pro-tect-ing, I shall
list - ed in the ar- my of the King; With God's word my sword in bat-tle not a
list - ed in the ar- my of the King; Then I'll join the hal - le - lu - jah in the
:S:
FINE
beat - ing heart of youth, I've en - list - ed in the ar - my of the King.
Sa - tan's ar- rows meet, I've en - list - ed in the ar - my of the King.
foe shall make me dread, I've en - list - ed in the ar - my of the King.
cho - rus o - ver there, I've en - list - ed in the ar - my of the King.
D.S.—I've en - list - ed in the ar - my of the King.
CHORUS.
En - list - ed, en - list - ed, I've en - list - ed in the ar - my of the
D.S.
King;..... When my Cap - tain gives command, I will fight, or march or stand;
of the King;

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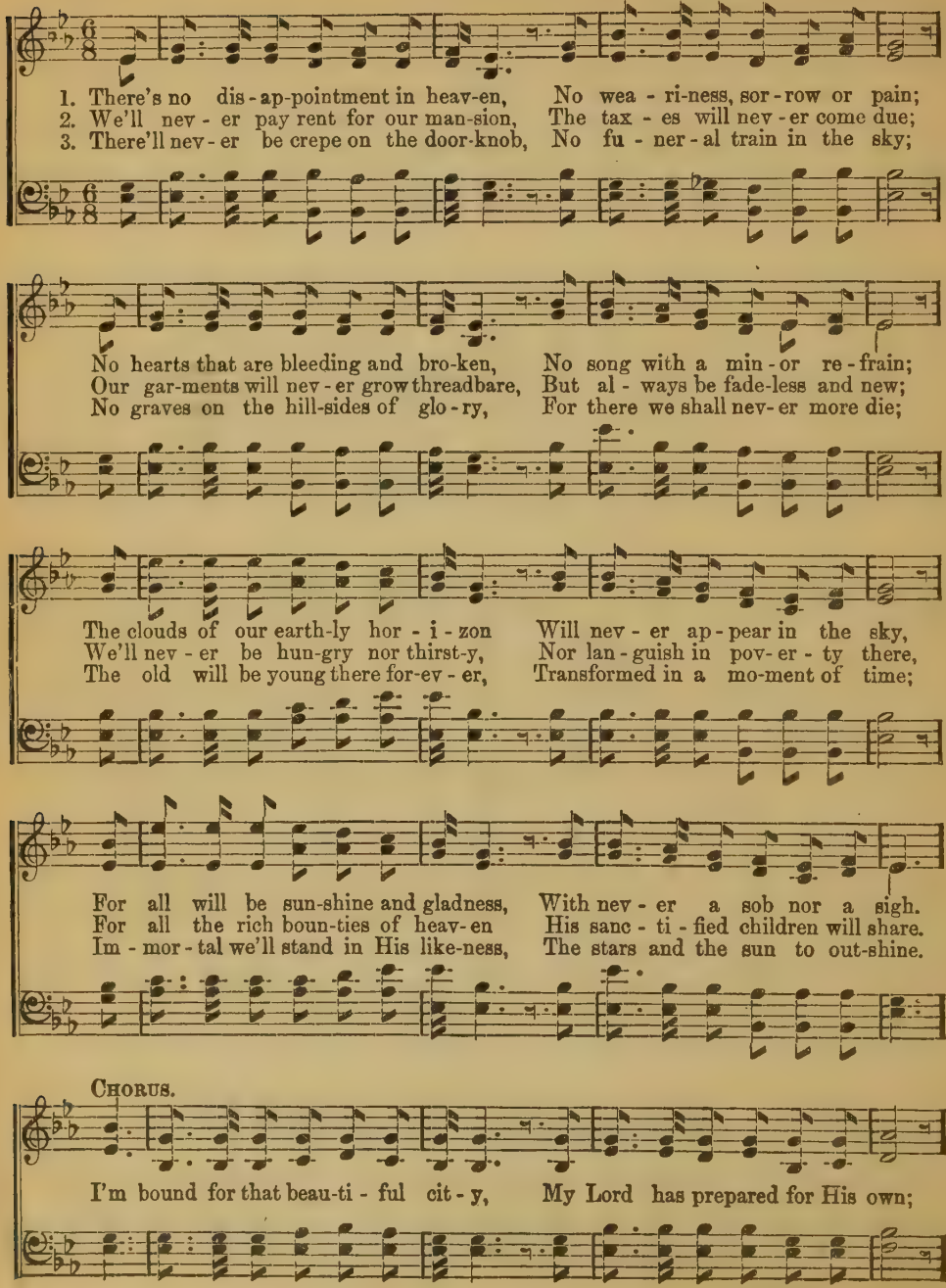
# No. 28. No Disappointment in Heaven.

F. M. L. F. M. Lehman. Har. by Miss Claudia Lehman.


1. There's no dis-ap-pointment in heav-en, No wea-ri-ness, sor-row or pain;
2. We'll nev-er pay rent for our man-sion, The tax-es will nev-er come due;
3. There'll nev-er be crepe on the door-knob, No fu-ner-al train in the sky;
No hearts that are bleeding and bro-ken, No song with a min-or re-frain;
Our gar-ments will nev-er grow threadbare, But al-ways be fade-less and new;
No graves on the hill-sides of glo-ry, For there we shall nev-er more die;
The clouds of our earth-ly hor-i-zon Will nev-er ap-pear in the sky,
We'll nev-er be hun-gry nor thirst-y, Nor lan-guish in pov-er-ty there,
The old will be young there for-ev-er, Transformed in a mo-ment of time;
For all will be sun-shine and gladness, With nev-er a sob nor a sigh.
For all the rich boun-ties of heav-en His sanc-ti-fied children will share.
Im-mor-tal we'll stand in His like-ness, The stars and the sun to out-shine.
Chorus.
I'm bound for that beau-ti-ful cit-y, My Lord has prepared for His own;

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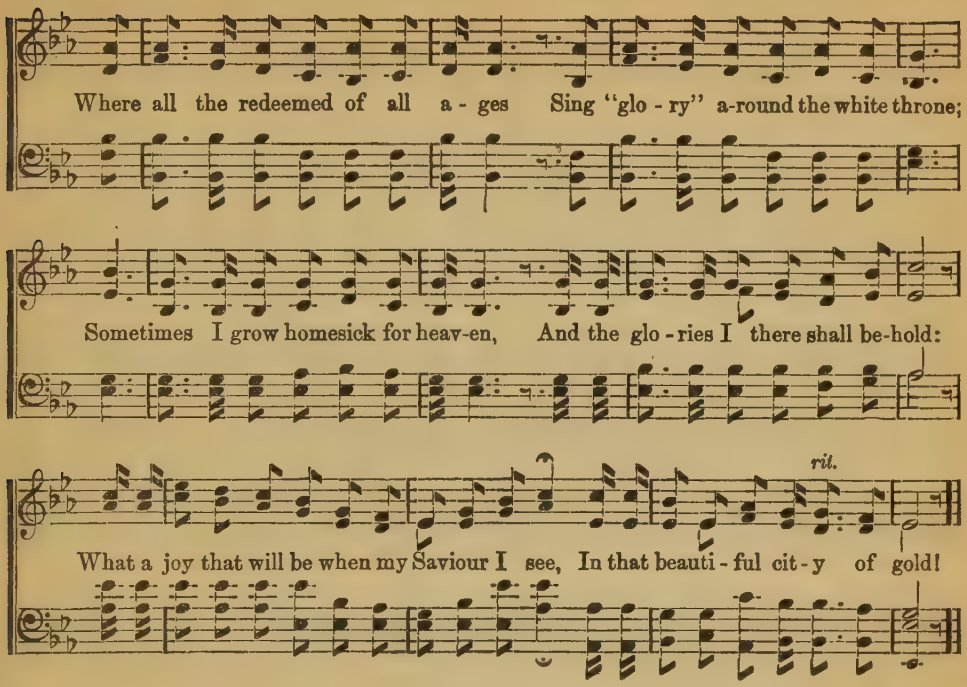
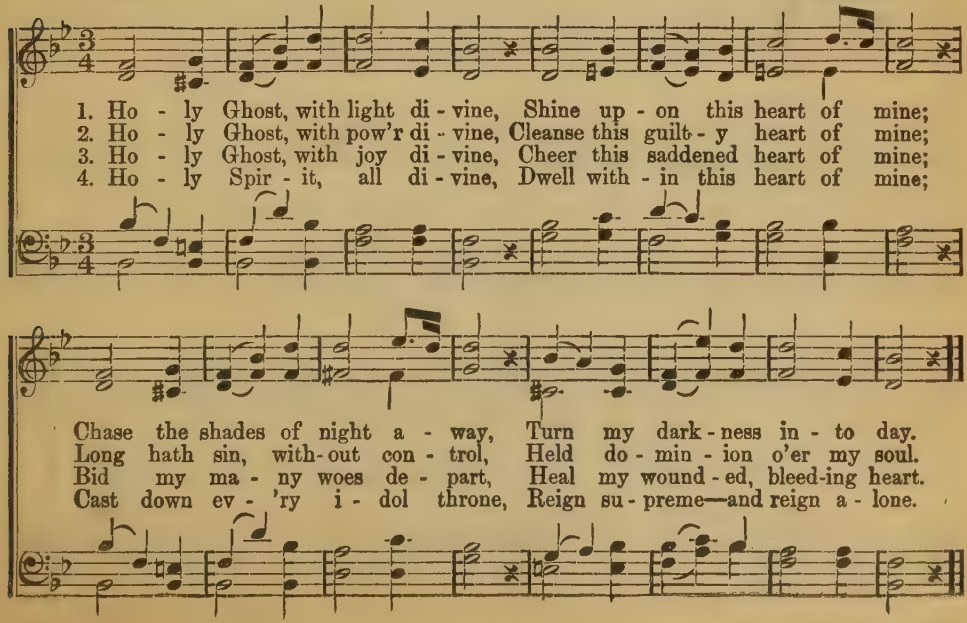

Where all the redeemed of all a - ges Sing "glo - ry" a-round the white throne;
Sometimes I grow homesick for heav-en, And the glo - ries I there shall be-hold:
rit.
What a joy that will be when my Saviour I see, In that beauti - ful cit - y of gold!

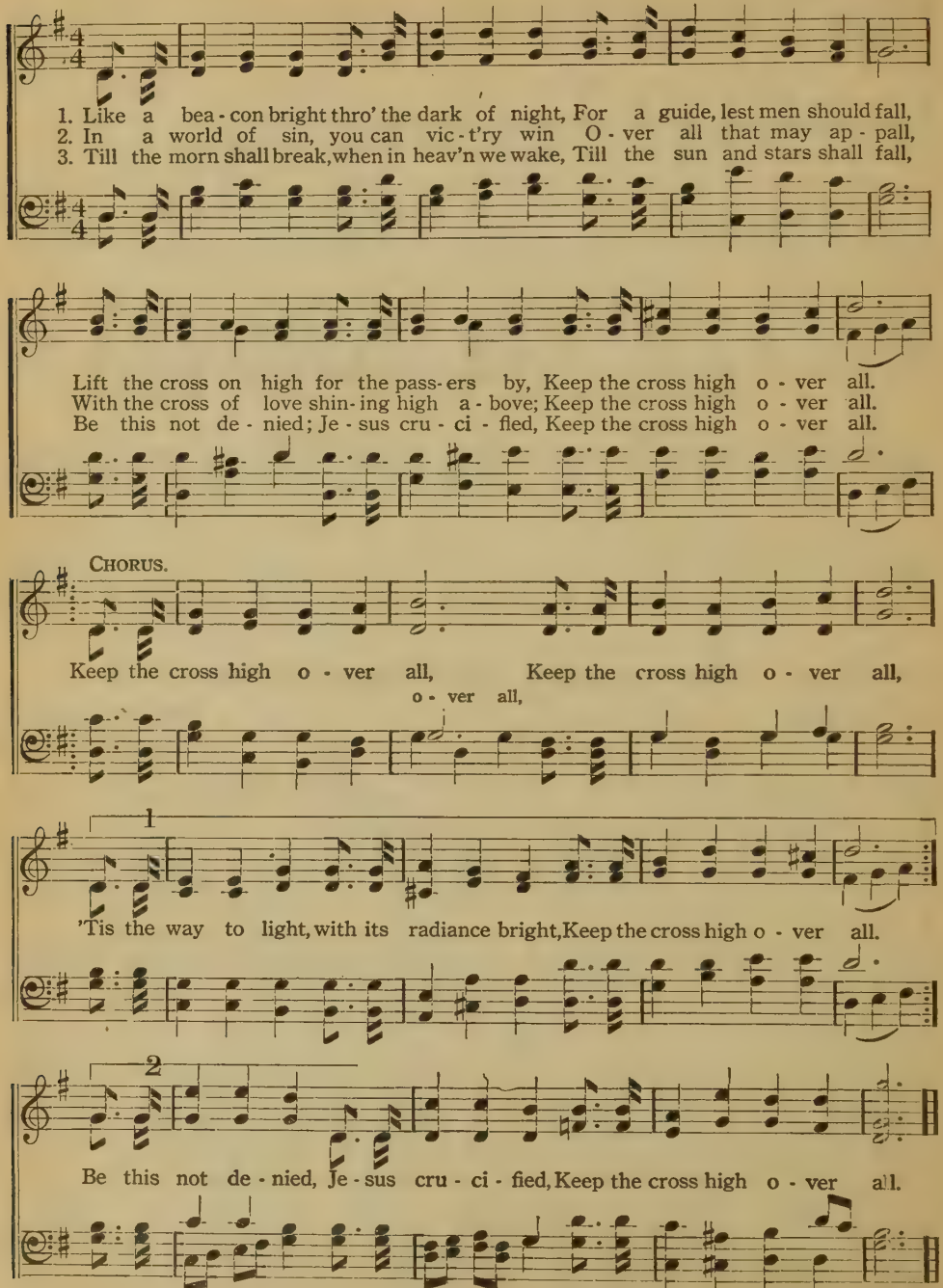
## No. 29. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

# No. 30. Keep the Cross High Over All.

Rev. W. C. POOLE. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. Like a bea - con bright thro' the dark of night, For a guide, lest men should fall,
2. In a world of sin, you can vic - t'ry win O - ver all that may ap - pall,
3. Till the morn shall break, when in heav'n we wake, Till the sun and stars shall fall,
Lift the cross on high for the pass-ers by, Keep the cross high o - ver all.
With the cross of love shin-ing high a - bove; Keep the cross high o - ver all.
Be this not de - nied; Je - sus cru - ci - fied, Keep the cross high o - ver all.
CHORUS.
Keep the cross high o - ver all, Keep the cross high o - ver all,
o - ver all,
1
'Tis the way to light, with its radiance bright, Keep the cross high o - ver all.
2
Be this not de - nied, Je - sus cru - ci - fied, Keep the cross high o - ver all.

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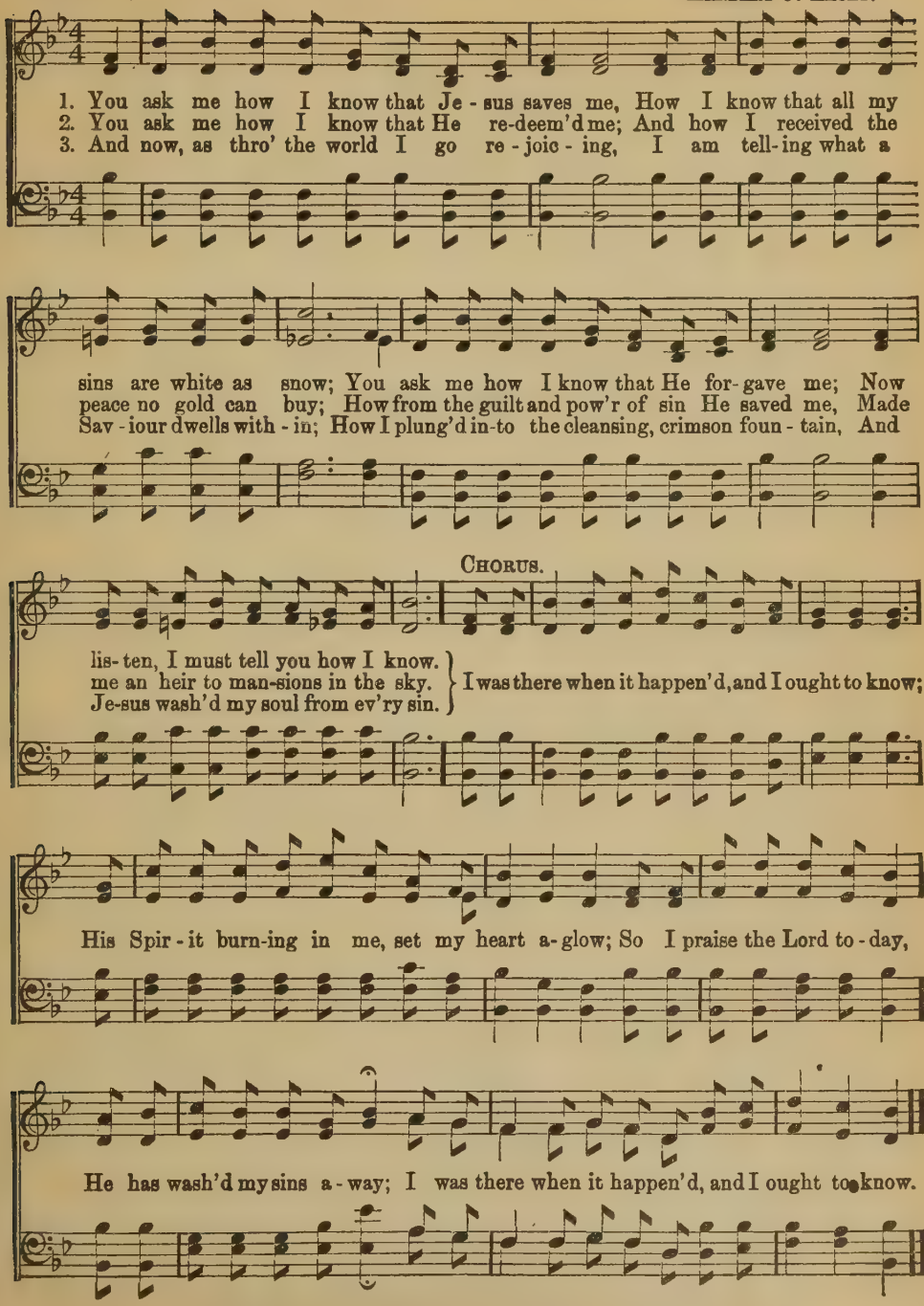
# No. 31. I Was There When It Happened.

H. J. L. HERBERT J. LACEY.


1. You ask me how I know that Je - sus saves me, How I know that all my
2. You ask me how I know that He re-deem'd me; And how I received the
3. And now, as thro' the world I go re - joic - ing, I am tell-ing what a
sins are white as snow; You ask me how I know that He for-gave me; Now
peace no gold can buy; How from the guilt and pow'r of sin He saved me, Made
Sav - iour dwells with - in; How I plung'd in-to the cleansing, crimson foun - tain, And
CHORUS.
lis- ten, I must tell you how I know.
me an heir to man-sions in the sky.
Je-sus wash'd my soul from ev'ry sin.
I was there when it happen'd, and I ought to know;
His Spir - it burn-ing in me, set my heart a-glow; So I praise the Lord to - day,
He has wash'd my sins a - way; I was there when it happen'd, and I ought to know.

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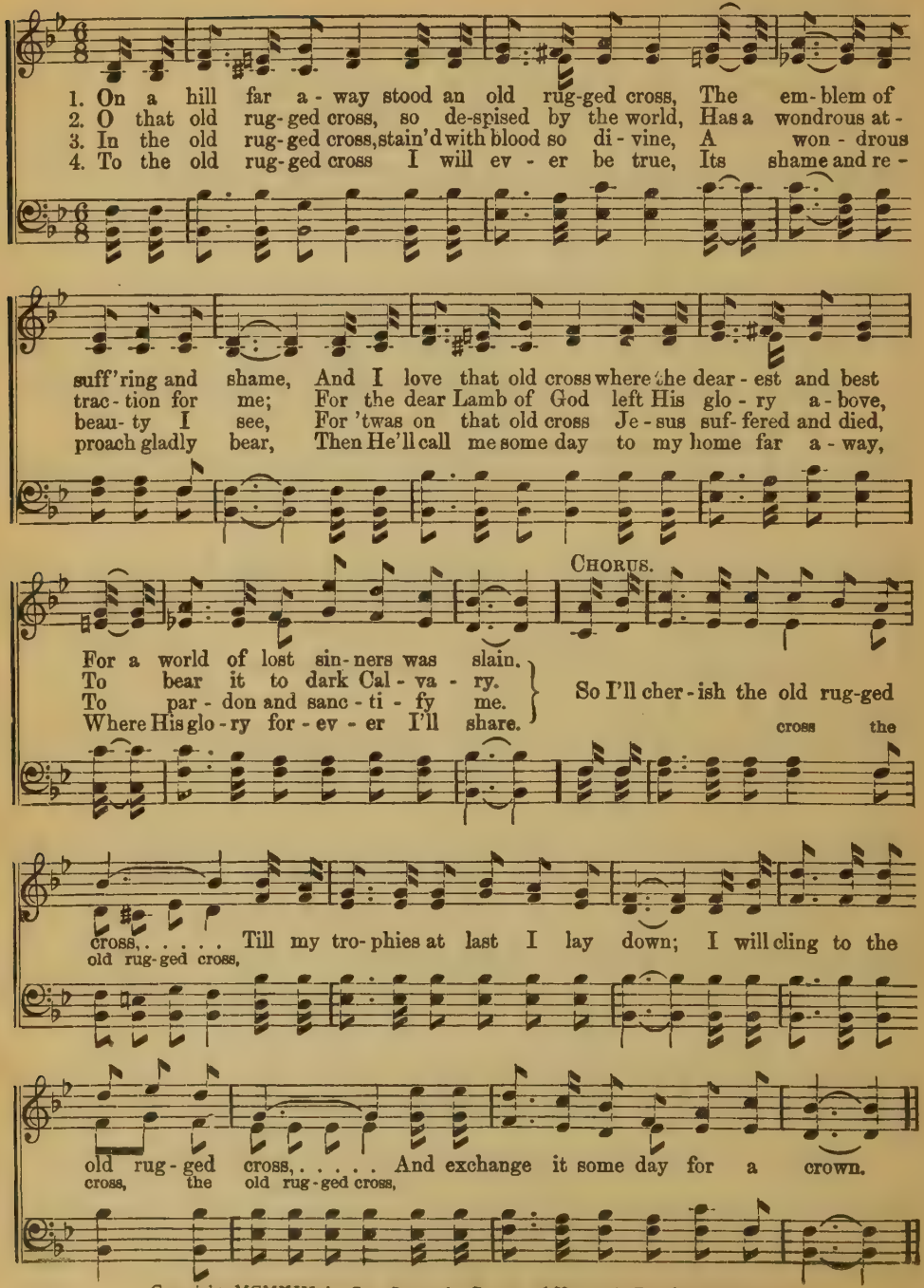
# No. 32. The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B. Rev. Geo. Bennard.


1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em- blem of
2. O that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at -
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stain'd with blood so di - vine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re -
suff'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau- ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf- fered and died,
proach gladly bear, Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,
Chorus.
For a world of lost sin- ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.
So I'll cher - ish the old rug-ged cross the
cross, . . . . . Till my tro- phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged cross,
old rug- ged cross, . . . . . And exchange it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

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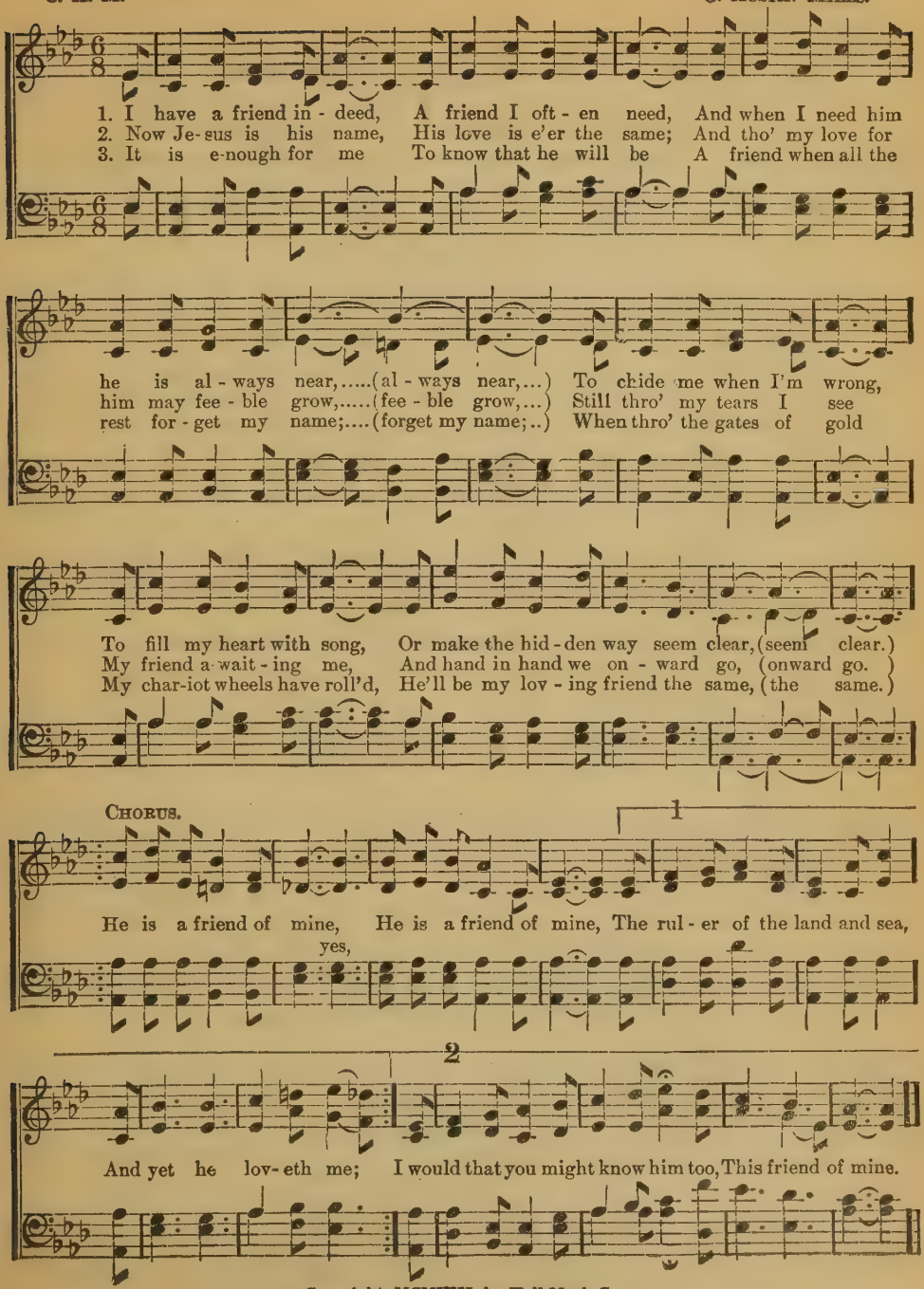
# No. 33. He is a Friend of Mine.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. I have a friend in - deed, A friend I oft - en need, And when I need him
2. Now Je-sus is his name, His love is e'er the same; And tho' my love for
3. It is e-nough for me To know that he will be A friend when all the
he is al - ways near,.....(al - ways near,...) To chide me when I'm wrong,
him may fee - ble grow,.....(fee - ble grow,...) Still thro' my tears I see
rest for - get my name;....(forget my name;..) When thro' the gates of gold
To fill my heart with song, Or make the hid - den way seem clear,(seem clear.)
My friend a-wait - ing me, And hand in hand we on - ward go, (onward go.)
My char-iot wheels have roll'd, He'll be my lov - ing friend the same, (the same.)
Chorus.
1
He is a friend of mine, He is a friend of mine, The rul - er of the land and sea,
yes,
2
And yet he lov-eth me; I would that you might know him too, This friend of mine.

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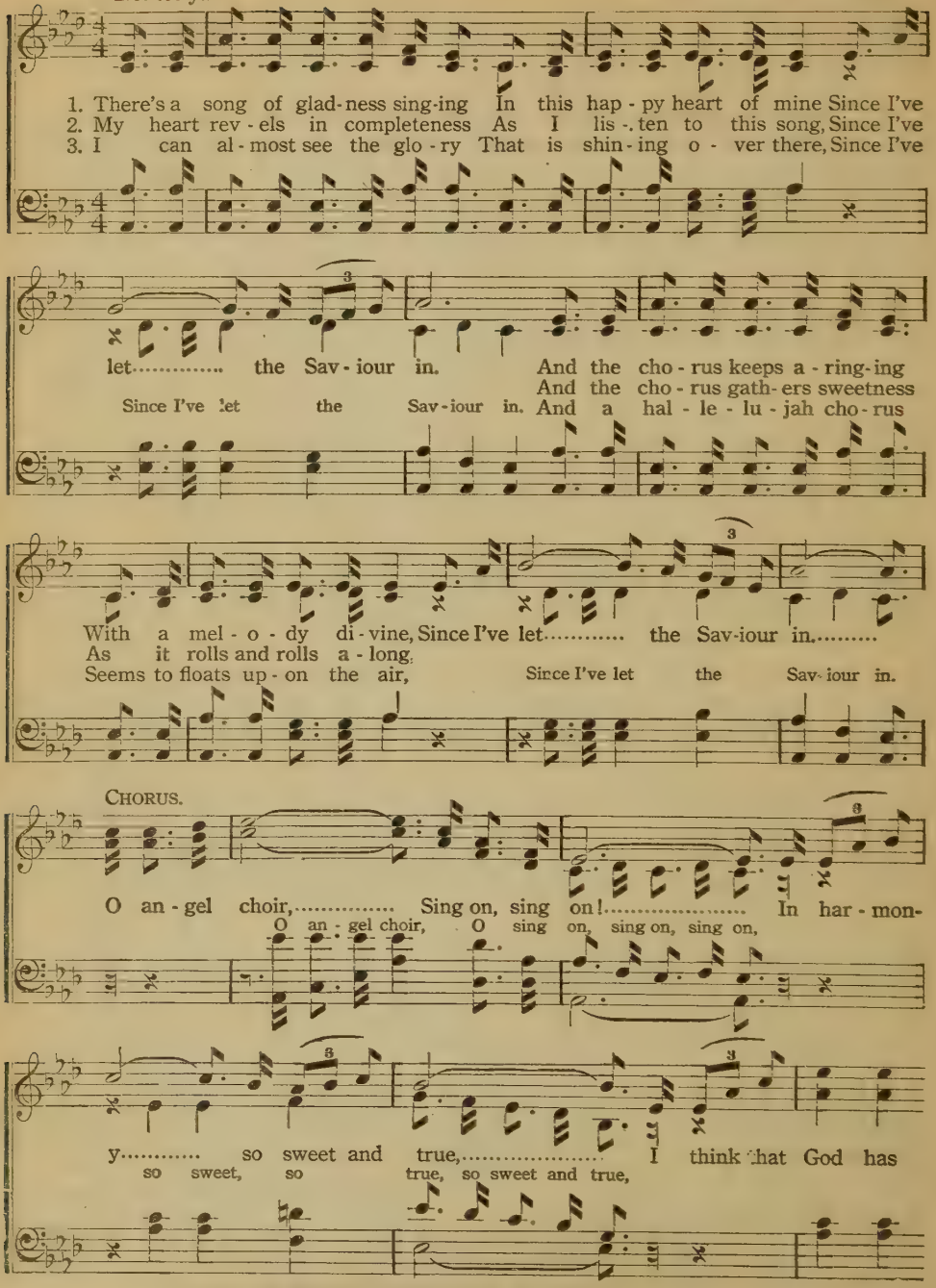
# No. 34. The Song of Gladness.

M. B. J. Mrs. MAUDE B. JACOBS.

*Not too fast.*


1. There's a song of glad-ness sing-ing In this hap-py heart of mine Since I've
2. My heart rev-els in completeness As I lis-ten to this song, Since I've
3. I can al-most see the glo-ry That is shin-ing o-ver there, Since I've
let..... the Sav-iour in. And the cho-rus keeps a-ring-ing
And the cho-rus gath-ers sweetness
Since I've let the Sav-iour in. And a hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus
With a mel-o-dy di-vine, Since I've let..... the Sav-iour in.....
As it rolls and rolls a-long,
Seems to floats up-on the air, Since I've let the Sav-iour in.
CHORUS.
O an-gel choir,..... Sing on, sing on!..... In har-mon-
O an-gel choir, O sing on, sing on, sing on,
y..... so sweet and true,..... I think that God has
so sweet, so true, so sweet and true,

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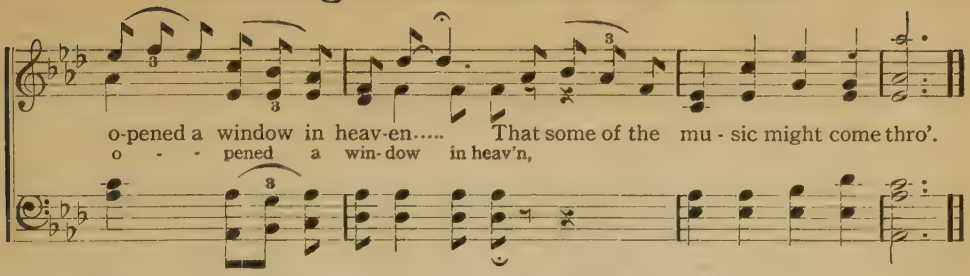
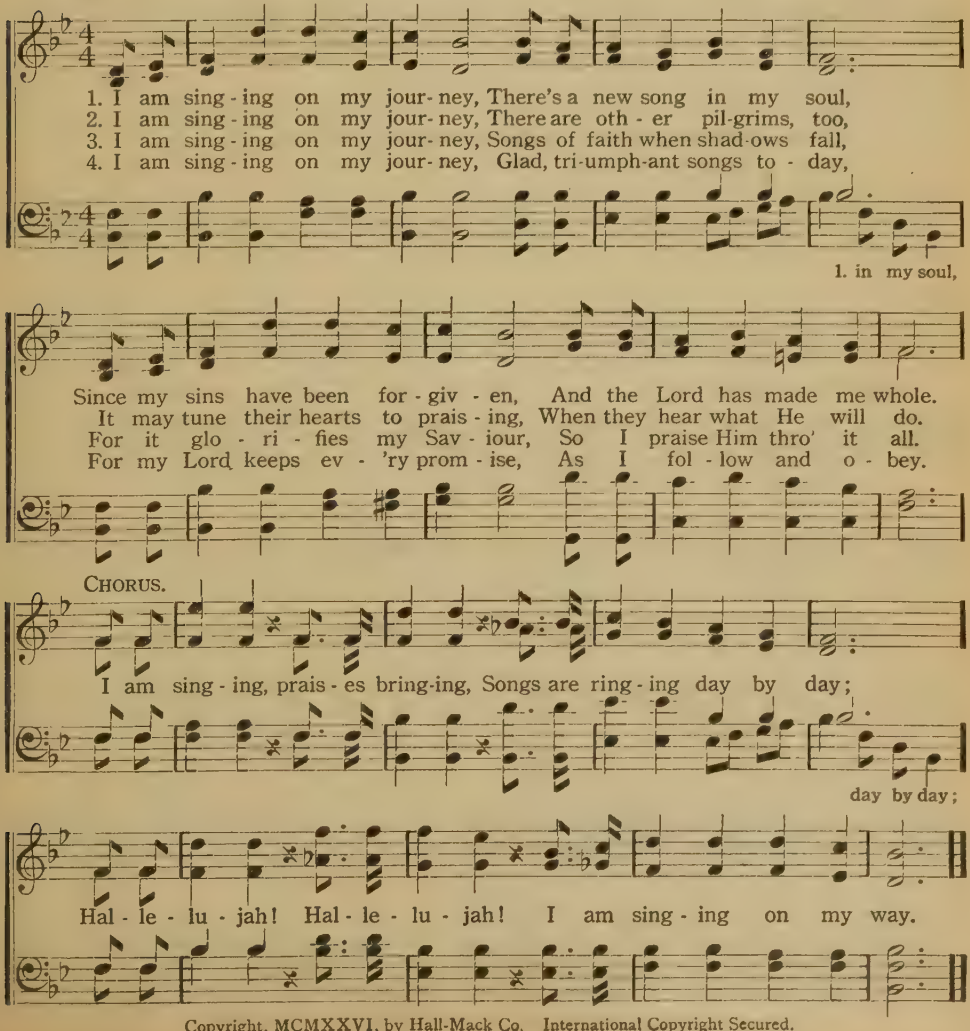
## The Song of Gladness.—Concluded.




## No. 35. I am Singing on My Way.

"With my song will I praise Him."—PSALM 28 : 7.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. I am sing - ing on my jour- ney, There's a new song in my soul,
2. I am sing - ing on my jour- ney, There are oth - er pil-grims, too,
3. I am sing - ing on my jour- ney, Songs of faith when shad-ows fall,
4. I am sing - ing on my jour- ney, Glad, tri-umph-ant songs to - day,
1. in my soul,
Since my sins have been for - giv - en, And the Lord has made me whole.
It may tune their hearts to prais - ing, When they hear what He will do.
For it glo - ri - fies my Sav - iour, So I praise Him thro' it all.
For my Lord keeps ev - 'ry prom - ise, As I fol - low and o - bey.
CHORUS.
I am sing - ing, prais - es bring-ing, Songs are ring - ing day by day;
day by day;
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sing - ing on my way.

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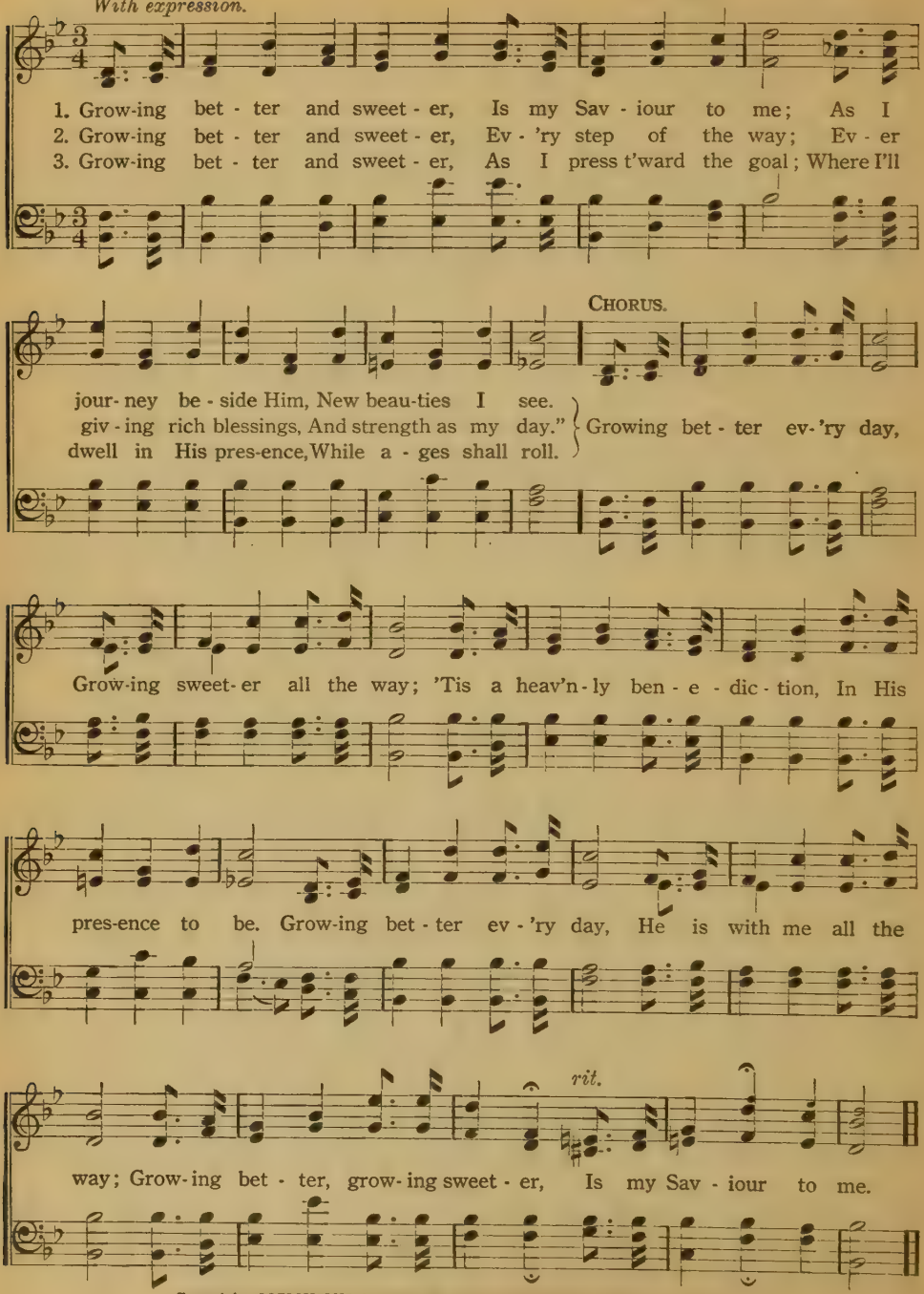
# No. 36. Growing Better and Sweeter to Me.

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

*With expression.*


1. Grow-ing bet - ter and sweet - er, Is my Sav - iour to me; As I
2. Grow-ing bet - ter and sweet - er, Ev - 'ry step of the way; Ev - er
3. Grow-ing bet - ter and sweet - er, As I press t'ward the goal; Where I'll
CHORUS.
jour- ney be - side Him, New beau-ties I see.
giv - ing rich blessings, And strength as my day."
dwell in His pres-ence, While a - ges shall roll.
Growing bet - ter ev-'ry day,
Grow-ing sweet- er all the way; 'Tis a heav'n - ly ben - e - dic - tion, In His
pres-ence to be. Grow-ing bet - ter ev - 'ry day, He is with me all the
rit.
way; Grow-ing bet - ter, grow- ing sweet - er, Is my Sav - iour to me.

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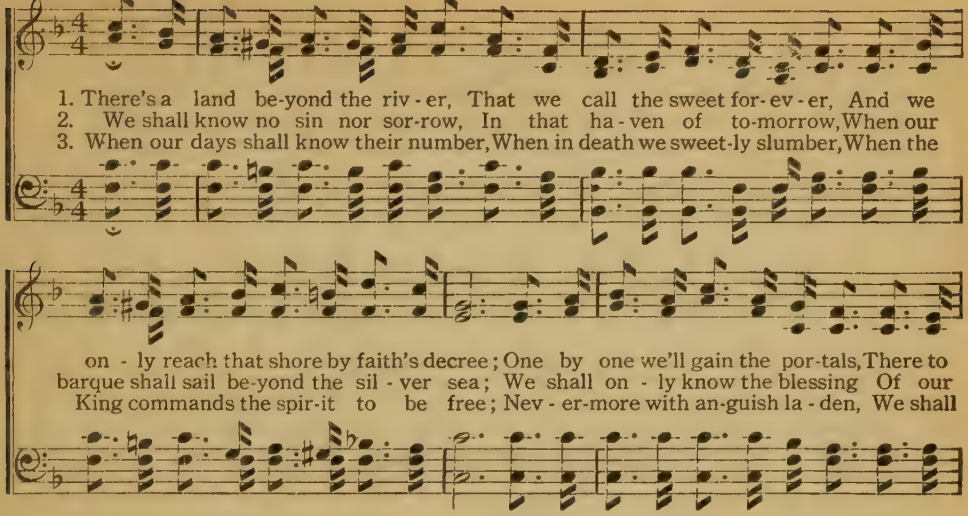
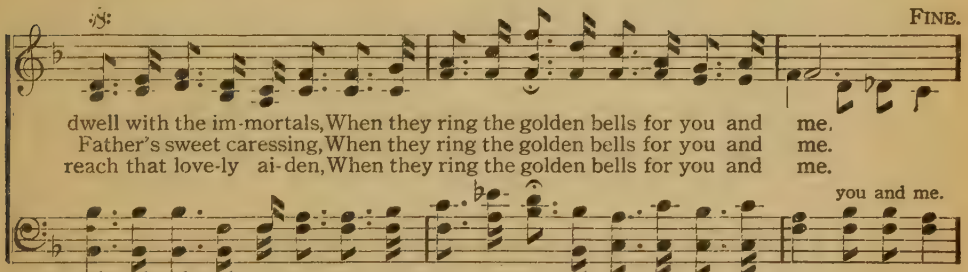
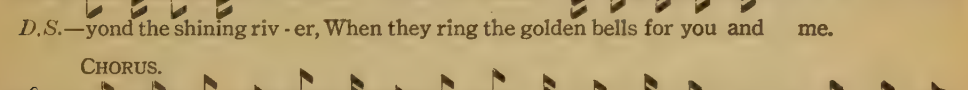
# No. 37. When They Ring the Golden Bells.

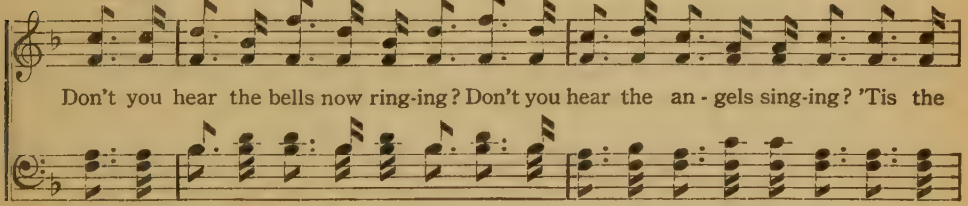
DION DE MARBELLE.


1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-morrow, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the
on-ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the por-tals, There to
barque shall sail be-yond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with an-guish la-den, We shall


S:
FINE.
dwell with the im-mortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Father's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.




CHORUS.


Don't you hear the bells now ring-ing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the
D.S.
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-
Ju-bi-lee.

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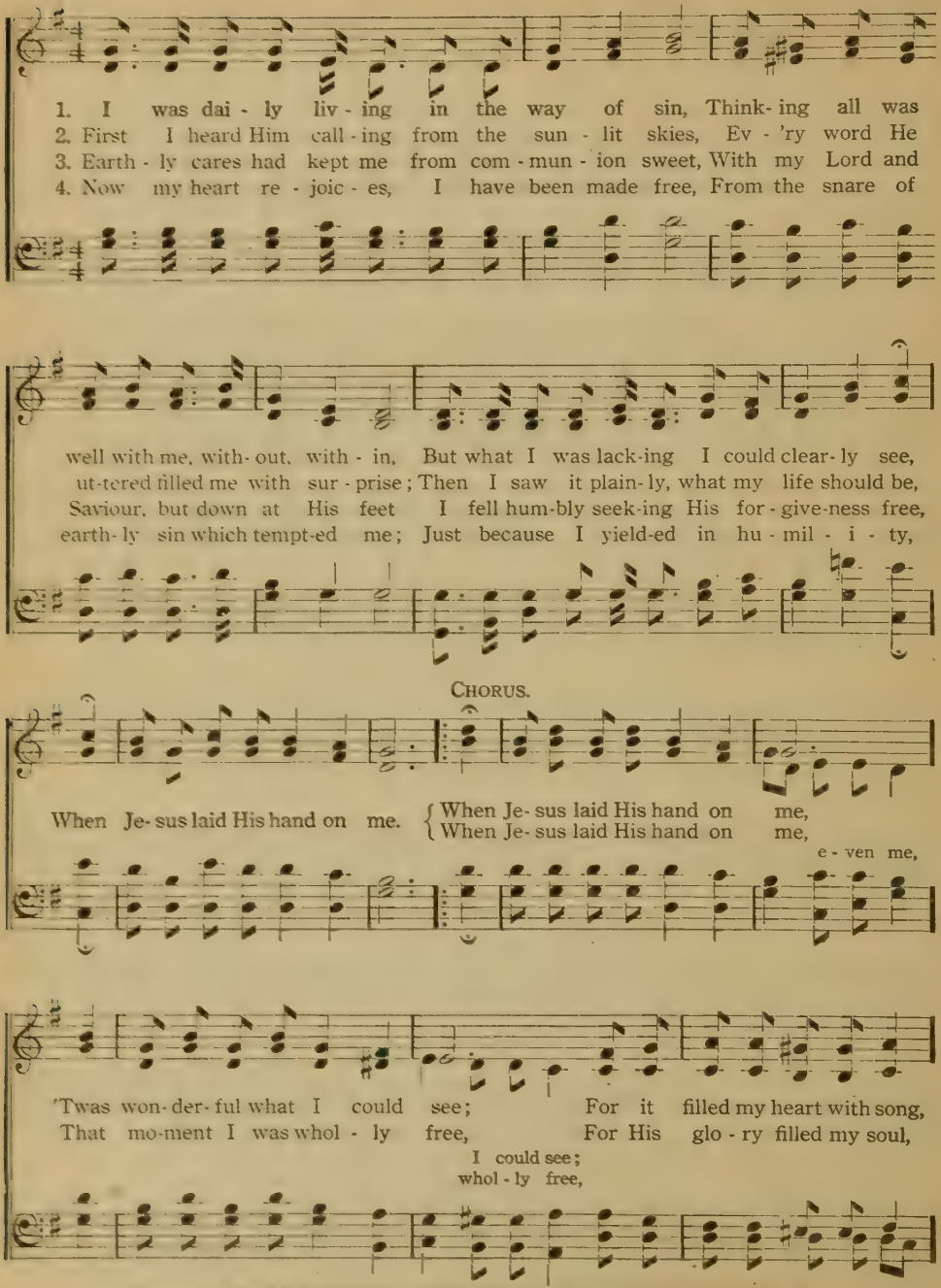
# No. 38. When Jesus Laid His Hand on Me.

F. E. H. FRANKLIN EARL HATHAWAY.


1. I was dai - ly liv - ing in the way of sin, Think - ing all was
2. First I heard Him call - ing from the sun - lit skies, Ev - 'ry word He
3. Earth - ly cares had kept me from com - mun - ion sweet, With my Lord and
4. Now my heart re - joic - es, I have been made free, From the snare of
well with me, with - out, with - in, But what I was lack-ing I could clear - ly see,
ut-tered filled me with sur - prise; Then I saw it plain-ly, what my life should be,
Saviour, but down at His feet I fell hum-bly seek-ing His for - give-ness free,
earth - ly sin which tempt-ed me; Just because I yield-ed in hu - mil - i - ty,
CHORUS.
When Je - sus laid His hand on me.
When Je - sus laid His hand on me,
When Je - sus laid His hand on me,
e - ven me,
'Twas won - der - ful what I could see; For it filled my heart with song,
That mo-ment I was whol - ly free, For His glo - ry filled my soul,
I could see;
whol - ly free,

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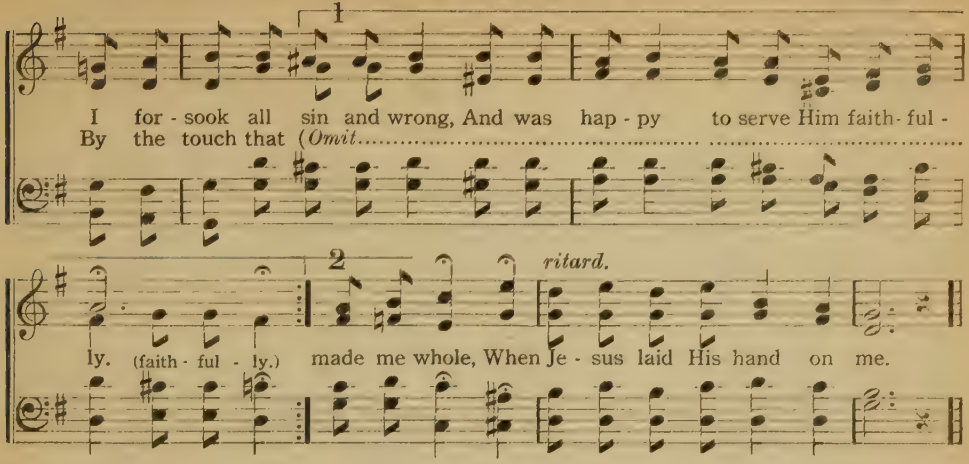
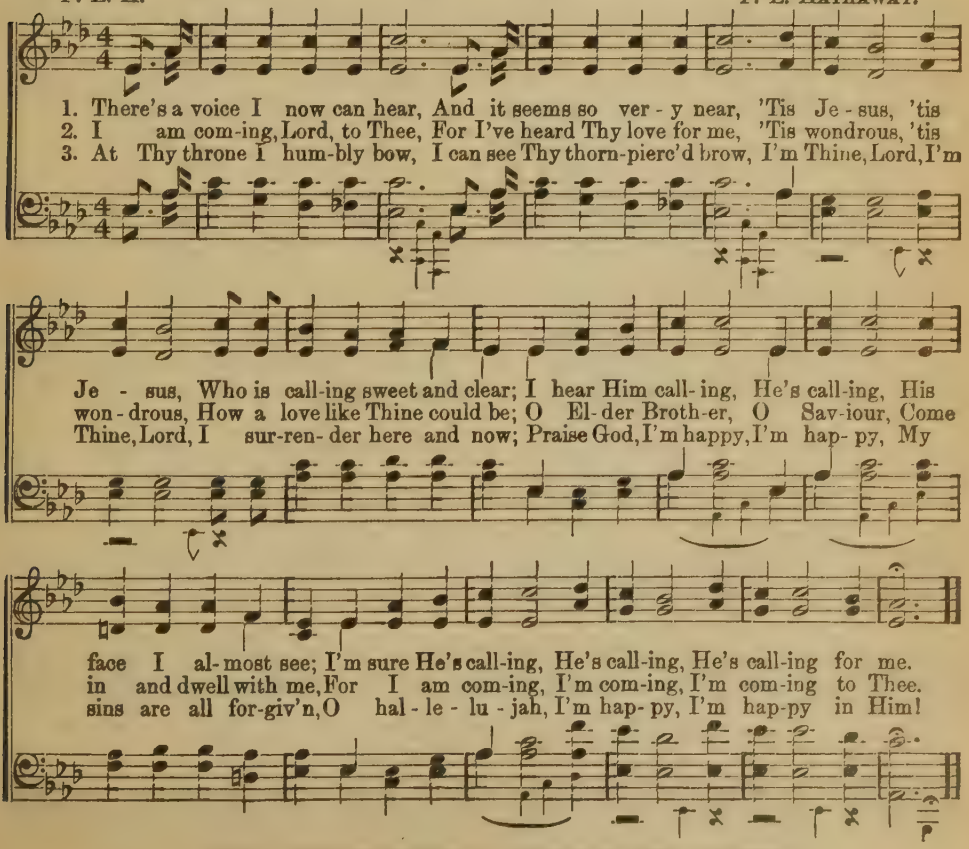
## When Jesus Laid His Hand on Me.—Concluded.


1
I for - sook all sin and wrong, And was hap - py to serve Him faith- ful -
By the touch that (Omit
2
ritard.
ly. (faith - ful - ly.) made me whole, When Je - sus laid His hand on me.

## No. 39. A Voice is Calling.

F. E. H. F. E. Hathaway.


1. There's a voice I now can hear, And it seems so ver - y near, 'Tis Je - sus, 'tis
2. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, For I've heard Thy love for me, 'Tis wondrous, 'tis
3. At Thy throne I hum-bly bow, I can see Thy thorn-pierc'd brow, I'm Thine, Lord, I'm
Je - sus, Who is call-ing sweet and clear; I hear Him call- ing, He's call-ing, His
won - drous, How a love like Thine could be; O El- der Broth-er, O Sav-iour, Come
Thine, Lord, I sur-ren- der here and now; Praise God, I'm happy, I'm hap- py, My
face I al- most see; I'm sure He's call-ing, He's call-ing, He's call-ing for me.
in and dwell with me, For I am com-ing, I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing to Thee.
sins are all for-giv'n, O hal - le - lu - jah, I'm hap- py, I'm hap-py in Him!

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# No. 40. Sunrise.

W. C. POOLE. B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.

1. When I shall come to the end of my way, When I shall
2. When in His beau - ty I see the great King, Join with the
3. When life is o - ver and day - light is past, In heav - en's

rest at the close of life's day, When "Wel-come home" I shall
ran - somed His prais - es to sing, When I shall join them my
har bor my an - chor is cast, When I see Je - sus my

hear Je - sus say, O that will be sun - rise for me. . . . . .
trib - utes to bring, O that will be sun rise for me. . . . . .
Sav - iour at last, O that will be sun rise for me. . . . . .

CHORUS.

1

Sun-rise to - mor - row, sun - rise to - mor - row, Sun-rise in glo - ry is

(*Omit*.....

2

wait - ing for me; Sun - rise with Je - sus for e - ter - ni - ty.

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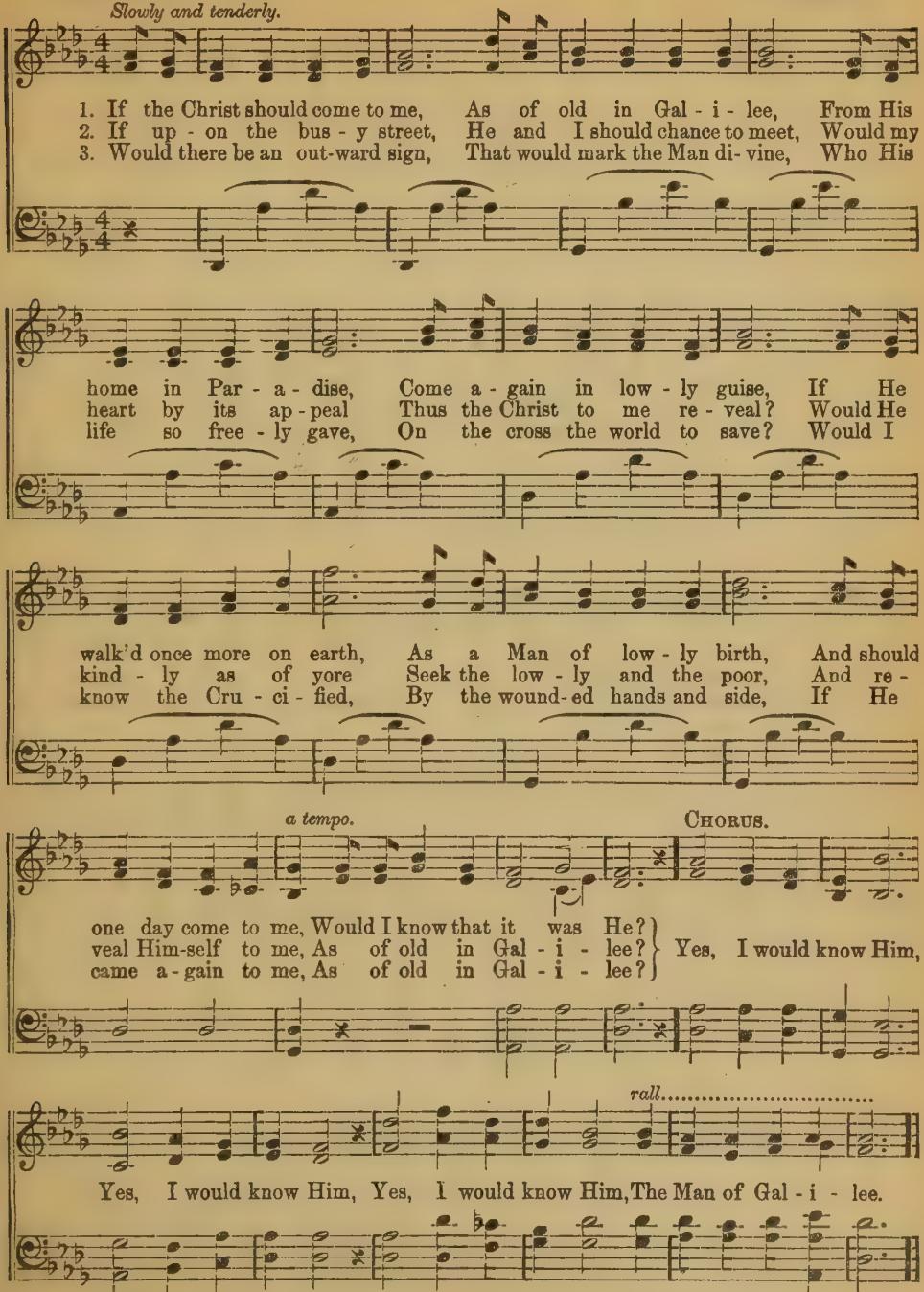
# No. 41. If Christ Should Come.

Rev. Geo. O. Webster. I. H. Meredith.

*Slowly and tenderly.*


1. If the Christ should come to me, As of old in Gal - i - lee, From His
2. If up - on the bus - y street, He and I should chance to meet, Would my
3. Would there be an out-ward sign, That would mark the Man di- vine, Who His
home in Par - a - dise, Come a - gain in low - ly guise, If He
heart by its ap - peal Thus the Christ to me re - veal? Would He
life so free - ly gave, On the cross the world to save? Would I
walk'd once more on earth, As a Man of low - ly birth, And should
kind - ly as of yore Seek the low - ly and the poor, And re -
know the Cru - ci - fied, By the wound-ed hands and side, If He
*a tempo.*
Chorus.
one day come to me, Would I know that it was He?
veal Him-self to me, As of old in Gal - i - lee?
came a - gain to me, As of old in Gal - i - lee?
Yes, I would know Him,
*rall.*
Yes, I would know Him, Yes, I would know Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee.

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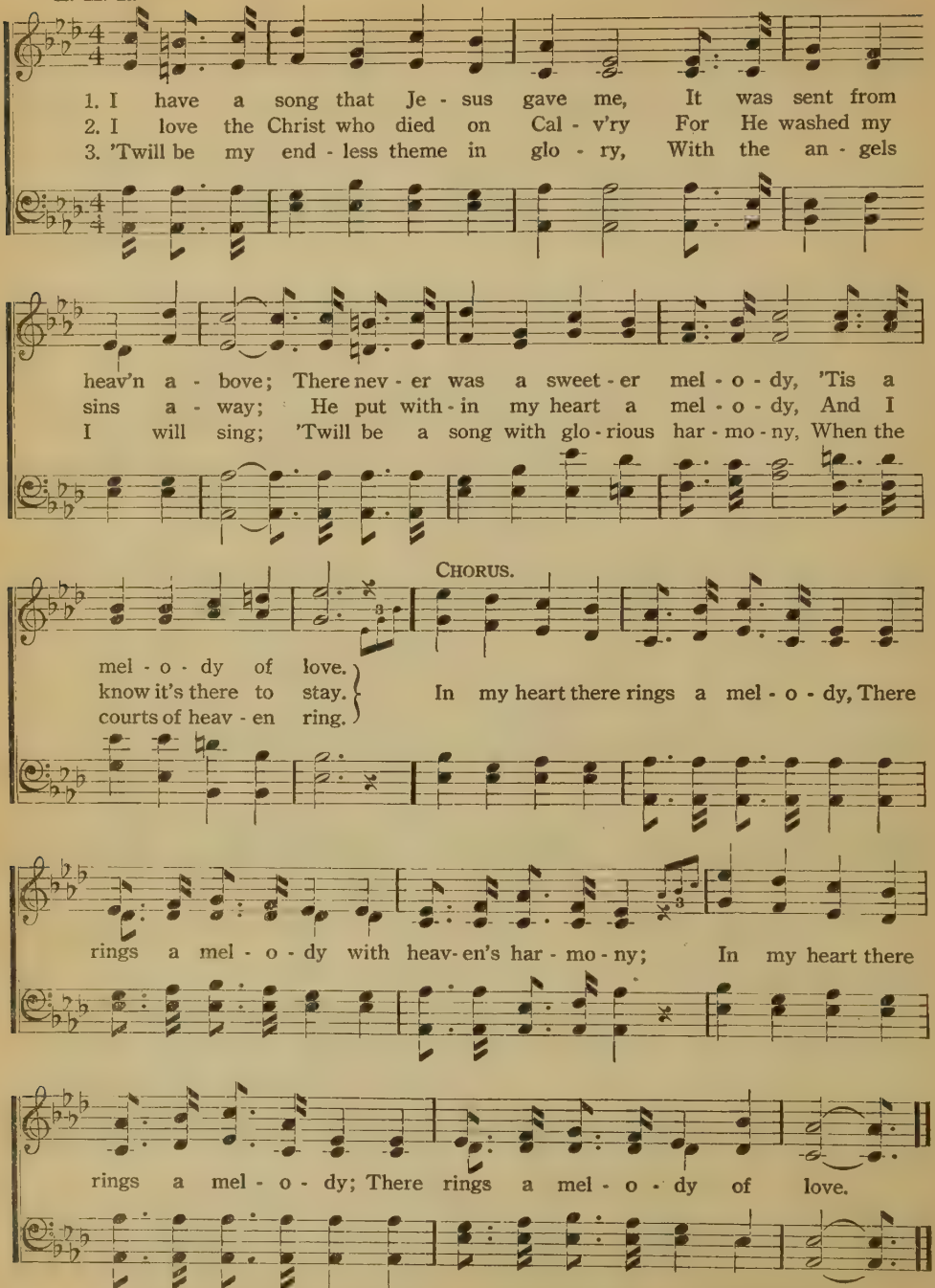
# No. 42. In My Heart There Rings a Melody.

E. M. R. ELTON M. ROTH.


1. I have a song that Je - sus gave me, It was sent from heav'n a - bove; There nev - er was a sweet - er mel - o - dy, 'Tis a mel - o - dy of love.
2. I love the Christ who died on Cal - v'ry For He washed my sins a - way; He put with - in my heart a mel - o - dy, And I know it's there to stay.
3. 'Twill be my end - less theme in glo - ry, With the an - gels I will sing; 'Twill be a song with glo - rious har - mo - ny, When the courts of heav - en ring.
CHORUS.
In my heart there rings a mel - o - dy, There rings a mel - o - dy with heav - en's har - mo - ny; In my heart there rings a mel - o - dy; There rings a mel - o - dy of love.

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# No. 43. Romans VI.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I am not un - der law, I'm un - der grace, As it tells me in His Word,
2. "Whether sin un - to death, or right - eous-ness, In o - be - di - ence al - way,"
3. "Sin shall not have do - min - ion o - ver me," For in grace I shall a - bide,
4. "For the wa - ges of sin is death" in - deed, As 'tis writ - ten in His Word,
It is grace that provides for me a place At the ta - ble of my Lord.
Know ye not that to whom yourselves ye yield, Ye are His whom ye o - bey.
And a serv - ant of righteous-ness I'd be, Since the Righteous for me died.
But the gift of our God, e - ter - nal life, Is thro' Je - sus Christ, the Lord.
Chorus.
1
I am not, un - der law, I'm un - der grace,
I have sought, I have found my (Omit.....
I am not un - der law, un - der law, I'm un - der grace, I'm un - der grace,
I have sought, I have found, I have found my (Omit.....
It is grace that res-cued me, It is grace that keeps me free,
It is grace that res-cued me, It is grace that keeps me free,
2
hid - ing place, I am not un - der law, I'm un - der grace.
hid - ing place, my hid - ing place,

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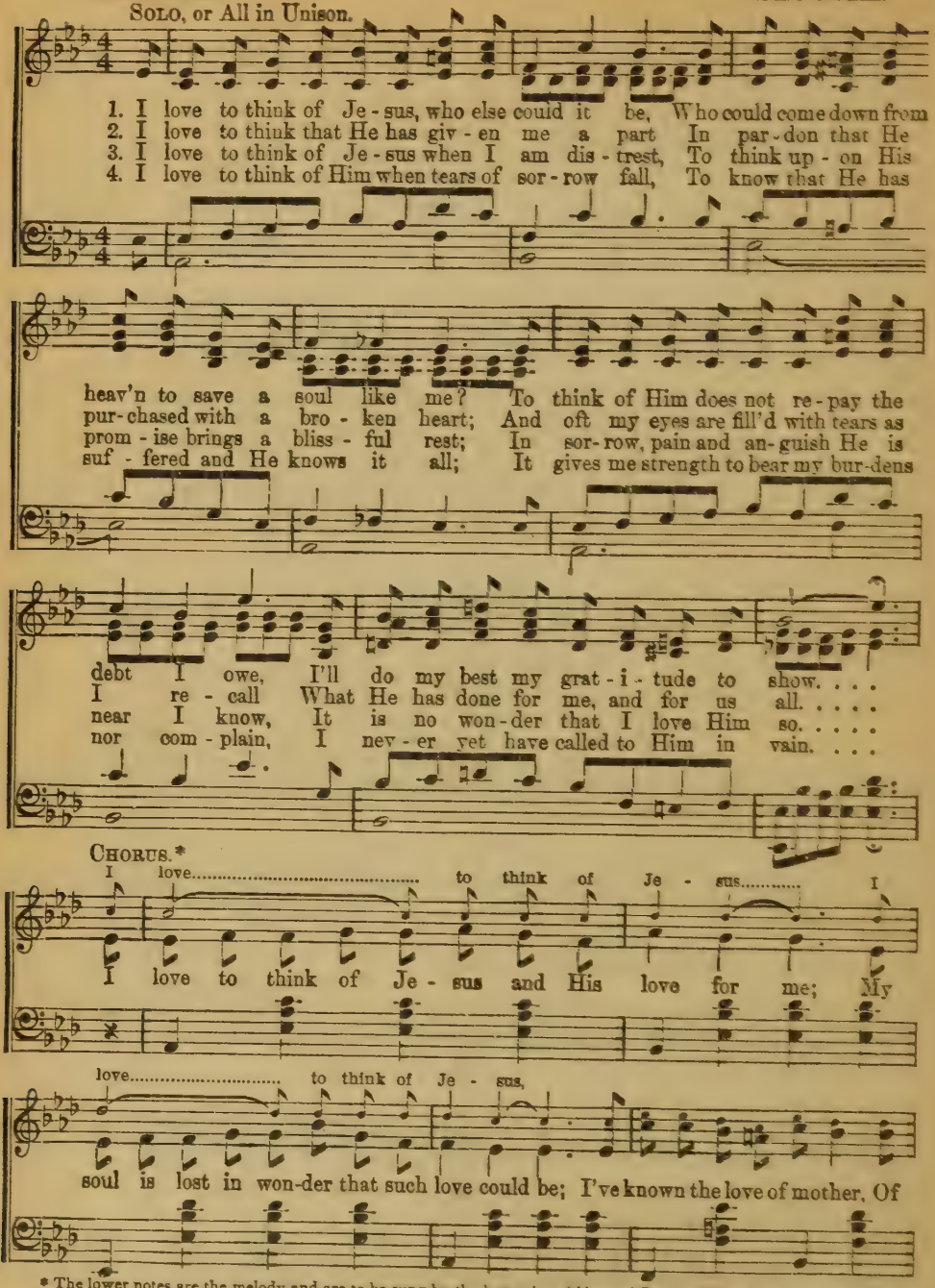
# No. 44. I Love to Think of Jesus.

C. Austin Miles. Adam Geibel.

Solo, or All in Unison.


1. I love to think of Je - sus, who else could it be, Who could come down from heav'n to save a soul like me? To think of Him does not re - pay the debt I owe, I'll do my best my grat - i - tude to show. . . .
2. I love to think that He has giv - en me a part In par - don that He pur - chased with a bro - ken heart; And oft my eyes are fill'd with tears as I re - call What He has done for me, and for us all. . . . .
3. I love to think of Je - sus when I am dis - trest, To think up - on His prom - ise brings a bliss - ful rest; In sor - row, pain and an - guish He is near I know, It is no won - der that I love Him so. . . . .
4. I love to think of Him when tears of sor - row fall, To know that He has suf - fered and He knows it all; It gives me strength to bear my bur - dens nor com - plain, I nev - er yet have called to Him in vain. . . .
Chorus.*
I love..... to think of Je - sus..... I love to think of Je - sus and His love for me; My soul is lost in won - der that such love could be; I've known the love of mother, Of
love..... to think of Je - sus,

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the low voices (Alto and Bass). The upper notes, (small) are to be sung by the high voices (Soprano and Tenor), or they may be merely played.

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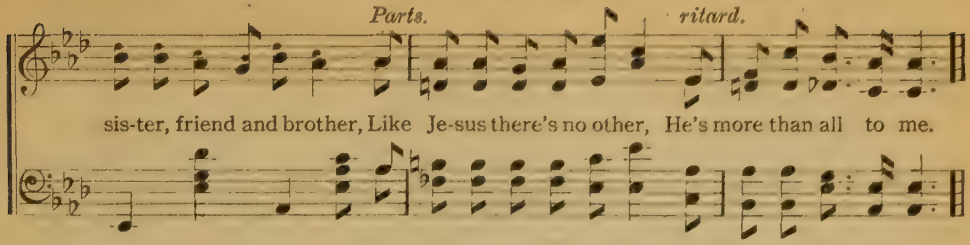
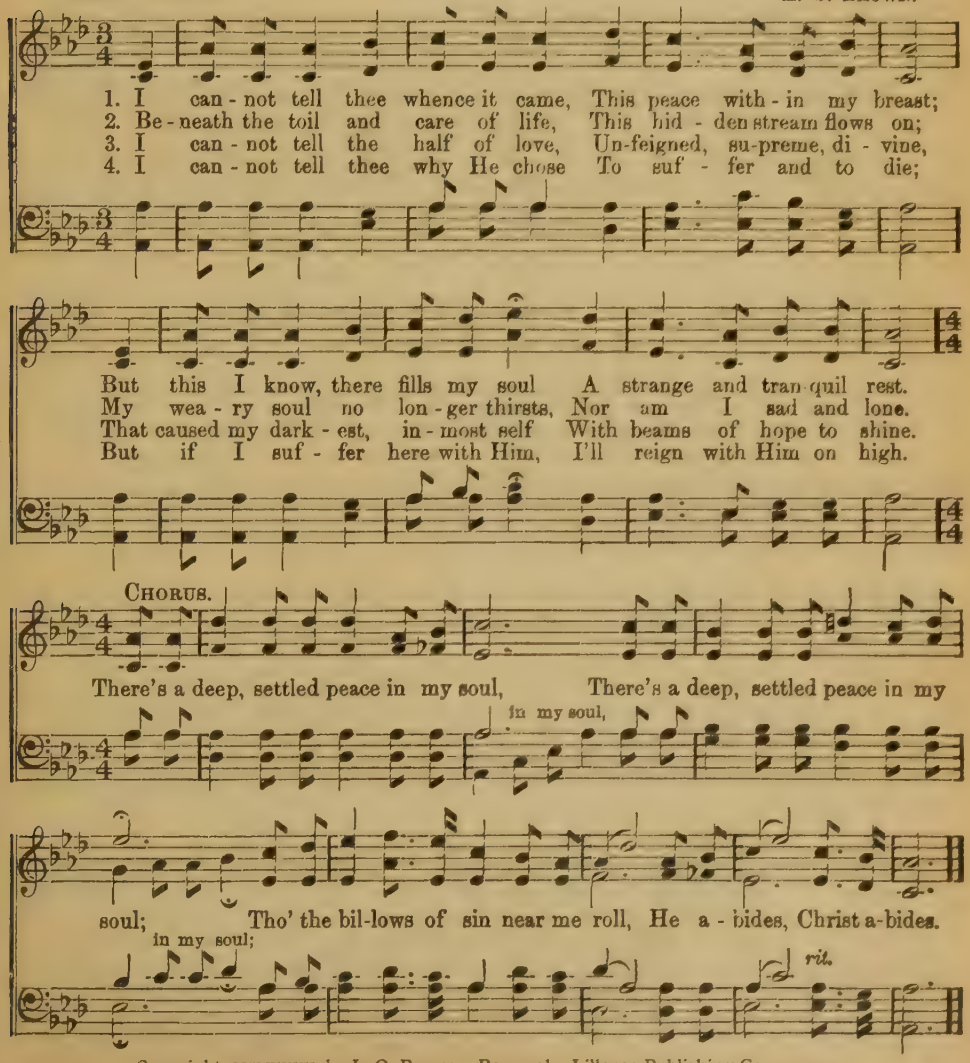
# I Love to Think of Jesus.—Concluded.




## No. 45. Hidden Peace.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.


1. I can - not tell thee whence it came, This peace with - in my breast;
2. Be - neath the toil and care of life, This hid - den stream flows on;
3. I can - not tell the half of love, Un-feigned, su-preme, di - vine,
4. I can - not tell thee why He chose To suf - fer and to die;
But this I know, there fills my soul A strange and tran-quil rest.
My wea - ry soul no lon - ger thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.
That caused my dark - est, in - most self With beams of hope to shine.
But if I suf - fer here with Him, I'll reign with Him on high.
CHORUS.
There's a deep, settled peace in my soul, There's a deep, settled peace in my
in my soul,
soul; Tho' the bil-lows of sin near me roll, He a - bides, Christ a-bides.
in my soul;
rit.

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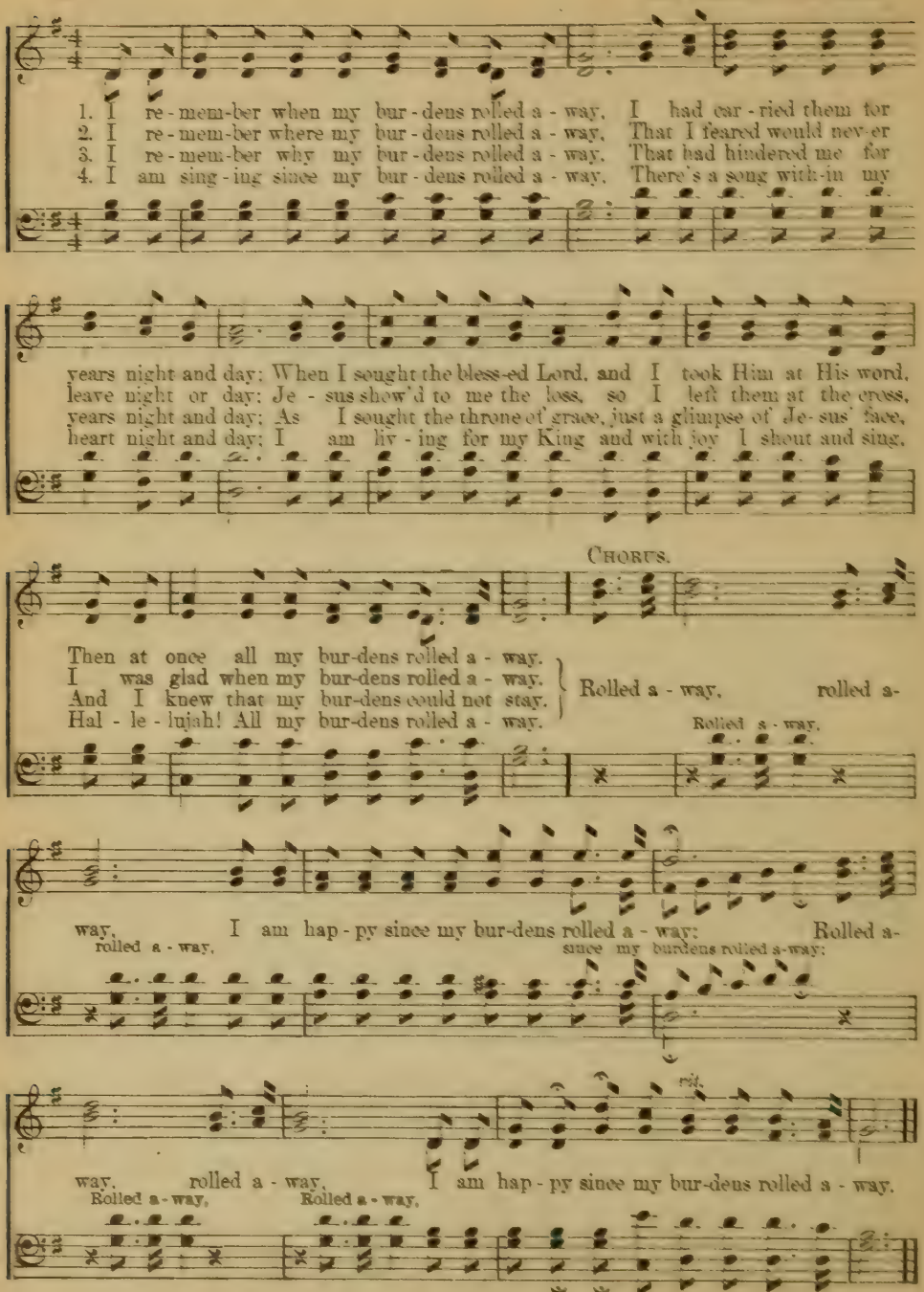
# No. 46. My Burdens Rolled Away.

M. A. S. Mrs. Minnie A. Steele.


1. I re-mem-ber when my bur-dens rolled a-way, I had car-ried them for
2. I re-mem-ber where my bur-dens rolled a-way, That I feared would nev-er
3. I re-mem-ber why my bur-dens rolled a-way, That had hindered me for
4. I am sing-ing since my bur-dens rolled a-way, There's a song with-in my
years night and day; When I sought the bless-ed Lord, and I took Him at His word,
leave night or day; Je-sus show'd to me the loss, so I left them at the cross,
years night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je-sus' face,
heart night and day; I am liv-ing for my King and with joy I shout and sing,
Chorus.
Then at once all my bur-dens rolled a-way.
I was glad when my bur-dens rolled a-way.
And I knew that my bur-dens could not stay.
Hal-le-lujah! All my bur-dens rolled a-way.
Rolled a-way, rolled a-
Rolled a-way.
way, I am hap-py since my bur-dens rolled a-way; Rolled a-
rolled a-way,
since my burdens rolled a-way;
way, rolled a-way, I am hap-py since my bur-dens rolled a-way.
Rolled a-way, Rolled a-way,

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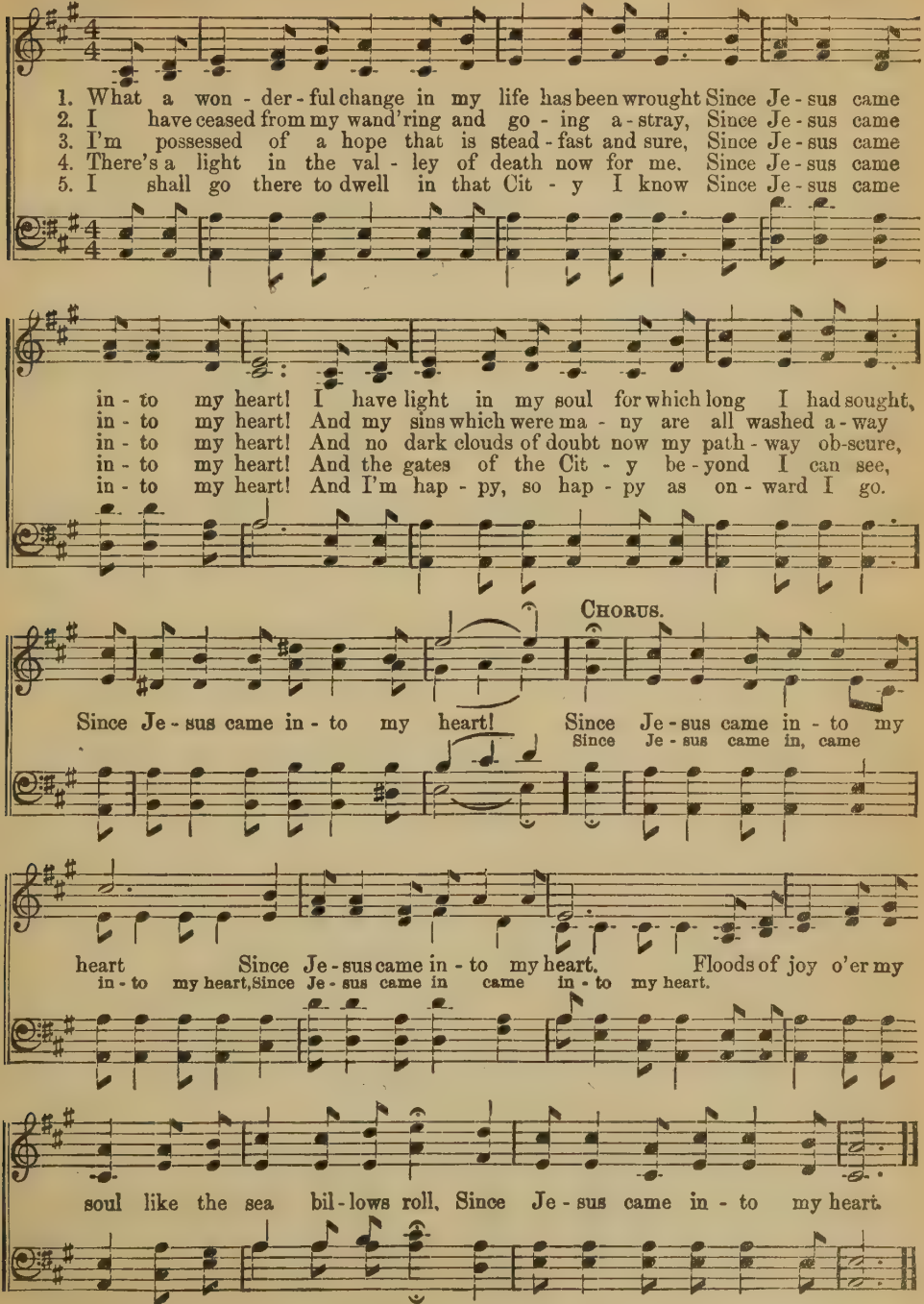
# No. 47. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came
3. I'm possessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me. Since Je - sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know Since Je - sus came
in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a - way
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py as on - ward I go.
Chorus.
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je - sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came
heart Since Je - sus came in - to my heart. Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in came in - to my heart.
soul like the sea bil - lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

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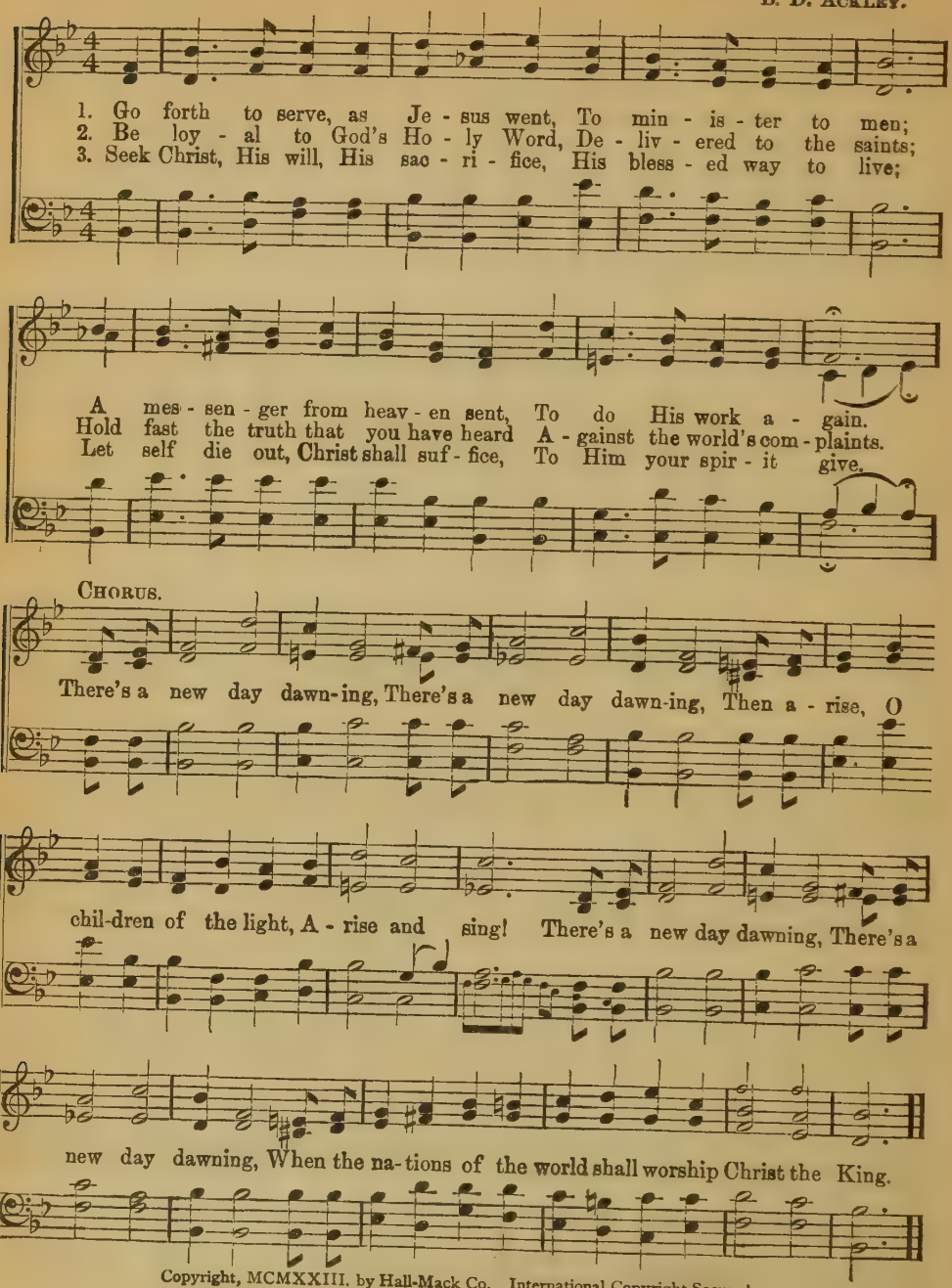
# No. 48. There's a New Day Dawning.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. Go forth to serve, as Je - sus went, To min - is - ter to men;
2. Be loy - al to God's Ho - ly Word, De - liv - ered to the saints;
3. Seek Christ, His will, His sac - ri - fice, His bless - ed way to live;
A mes - sen - ger from heav - en sent, To do His work a - gain.
Hold fast the truth that you have heard A - gainst the world's com - plaints.
Let self die out, Christ shall suf - fice, To Him your spir - it give.
Chorus.
There's a new day dawn-ing, There's a new day dawn-ing, Then a - rise, O
chil-dren of the light, A - rise and sing! There's a new day dawning, There's a
new day dawning, When the na-tions of the world shall worship Christ the King.

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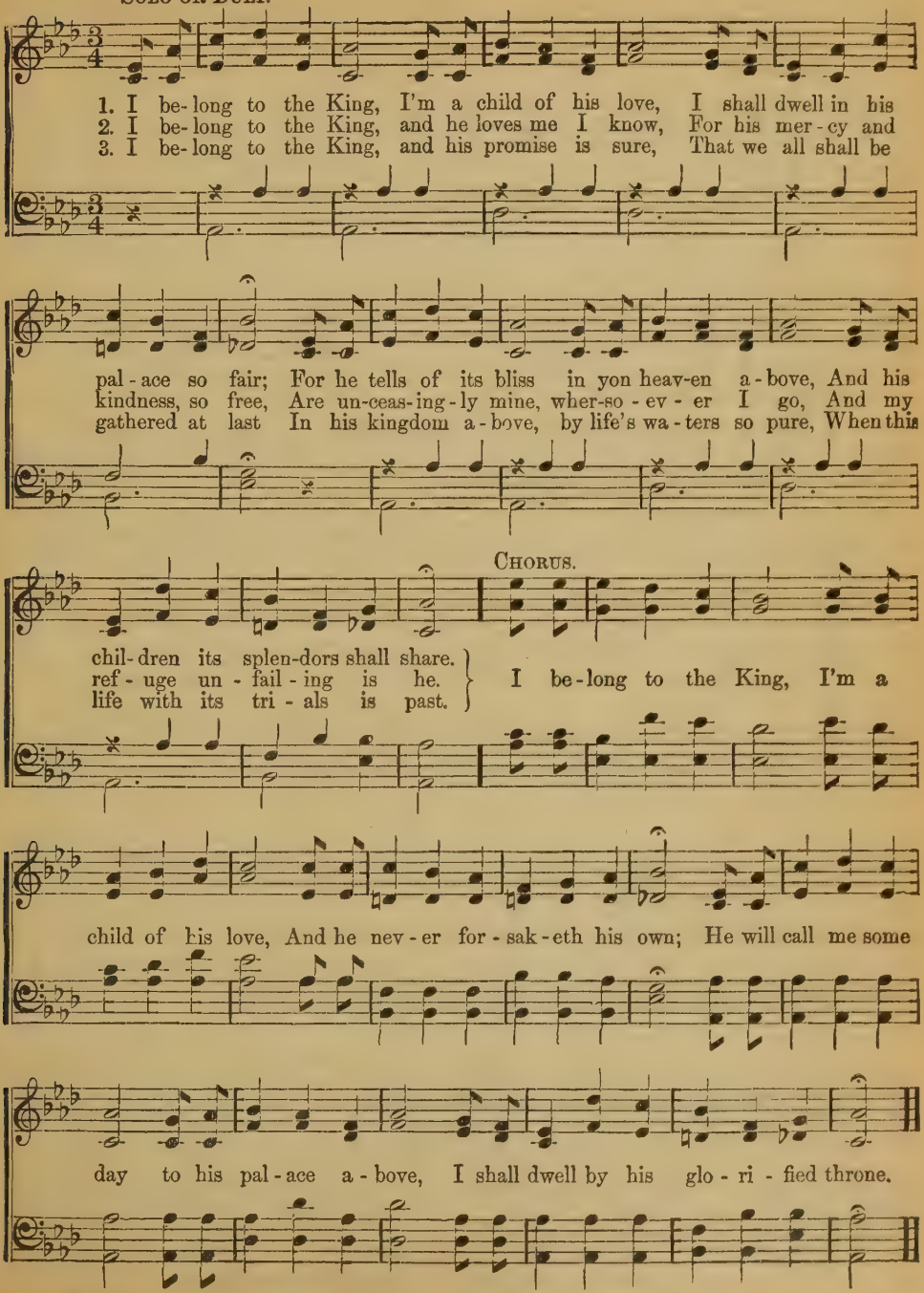
# No. 49. I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.


1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
2. I be-long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and
3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be
pal-ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And his
kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, wher-so-ev-er I go, And my
gathered at last In his kingdom a-bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this
CHORUS.
chil-dren its splen-dors shall share.
ref-uge un-fail-ing is he.
life with its tri-als is past.
I be-long to the King, I'm a
child of his love, And he nev-er for-sak-eth his own; He will call me some
day to his pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo-ri-fied throne.

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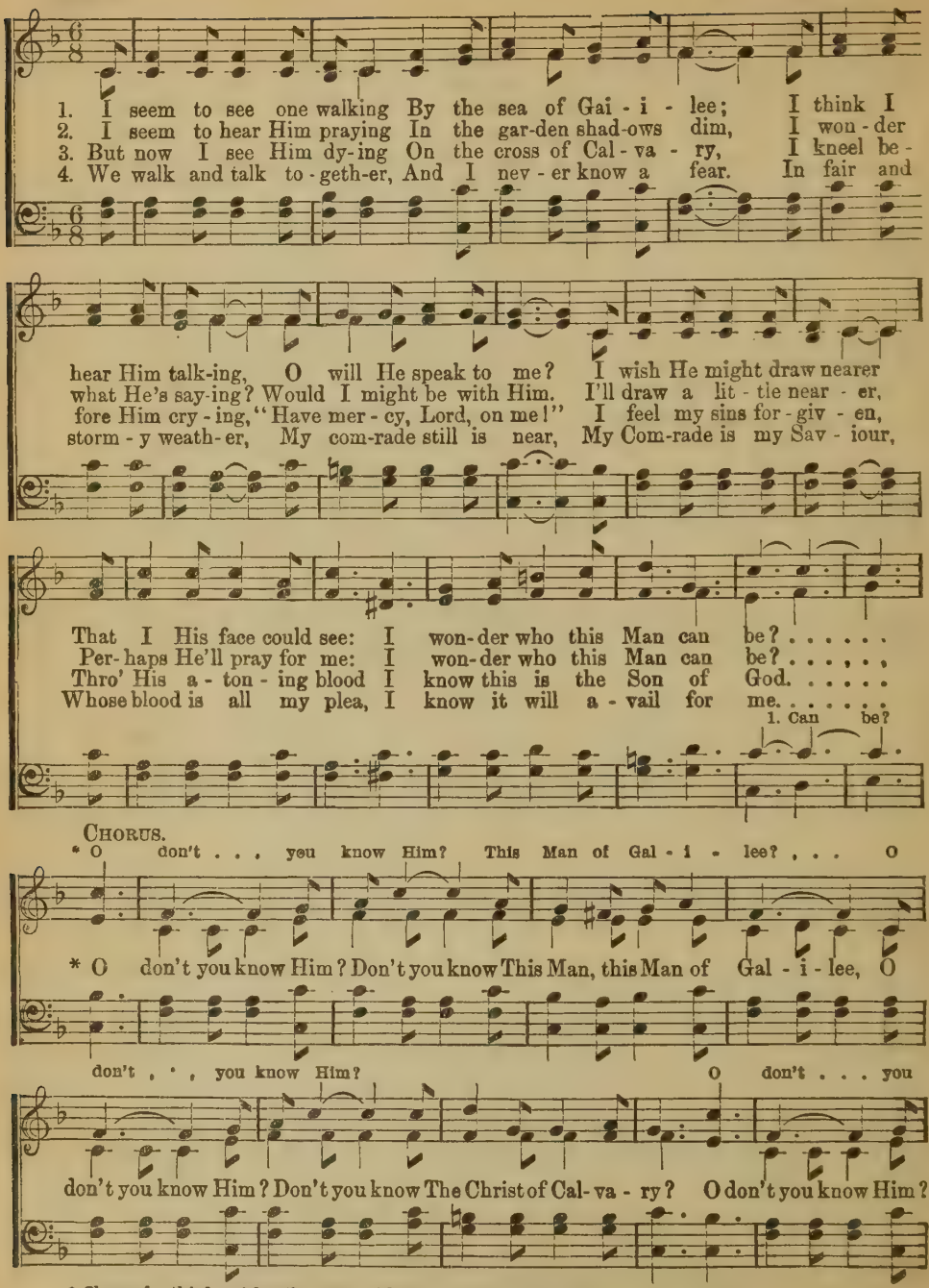
# No. 50.
C. A. M.

# My Comrade.

C. Austin Miles.


1. I seem to see one walking By the sea of Gal - i - lee; I think I
2. I seem to hear Him praying In the gar-den shad-ows dim, I won - der
3. But now I see Him dy-ing On the cross of Cal - va - ry, I kneel be -
4. We walk and talk to - geth-er, And I nev - er know a fear. In fair and
hear Him talk-ing, O will He speak to me? I wish He might draw nearer
what He's say-ing? Would I might be with Him. I'll draw a lit - tle near - er,
fore Him cry - ing, "Have mer - cy, Lord, on me!" I feel my sins for - giv - en,
storm - y weath - er, My com-rade still is near, My Com-rade is my Sav - iour,
That I His face could see: I won-der who this Man can be? . . . . . .
Per-haps He'll pray for me: I won-der who this Man can be? . . . . . .
Thro' His a - ton - ing blood I know this is the Son of God. . . . . .
Whose blood is all my plea, I know it will a - vail for me. . . . . .
1. Can be?
Chorus.
* O don't . . . you know Him? This Man of Gal - i - lee? . . . O
* O don't you know Him? Don't you know This Man, this Man of Gal - i - lee, O
don't . . . you know Him? O don't . . . you
don't you know Him? Don't you know The Christ of Cal - va - ry? O don't you know Him?

* Chorus for third and fourth verses—"O yes, I know Him," etc.

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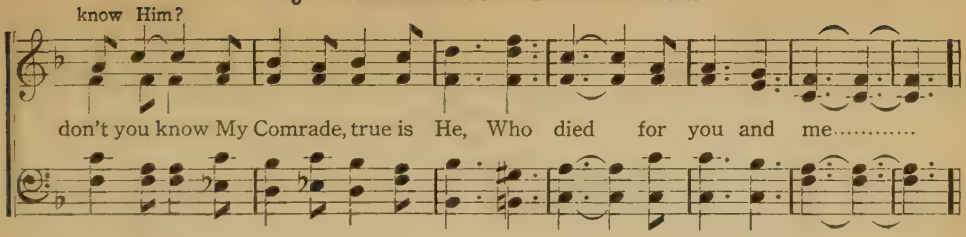
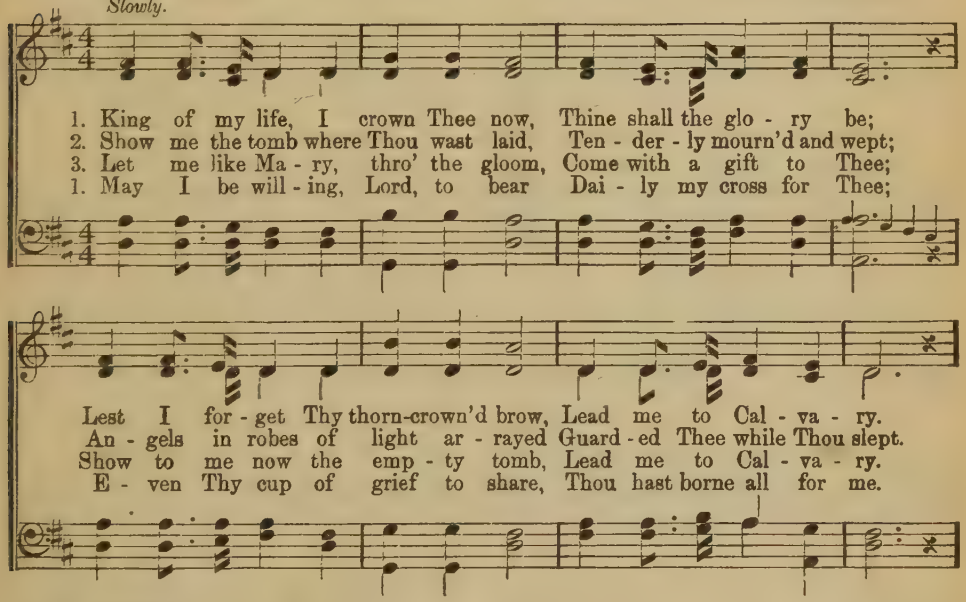
## My Comrade.—Concluded.




## No. 51. Lead Me to Calvary.

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Slowly.*


1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo - ry be;
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten - der - ly mourn'd and wept;
3. Let me like Ma - ry, thro' the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;
1. May I be will - ing, Lord, to bear Dai - ly my cross for Thee;
Lest I for - get Thy thorn-crown'd brow, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
An - gels in robes of light ar - rayed Guard - ed Thee while Thou slept.
Show to me now the emp - ty tomb, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
E - ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

CHORUS.

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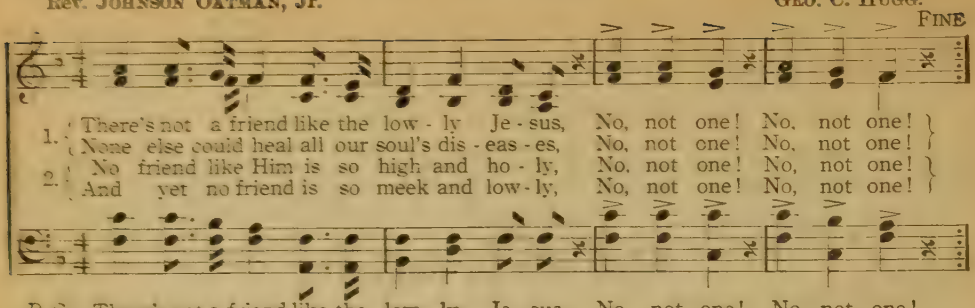
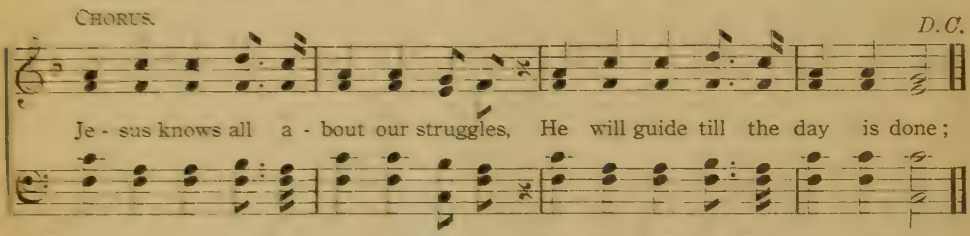
## No. 52. No, Not One!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.


FINE
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! No, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! No, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! No, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! No, not one!
D.C.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! No, not one!

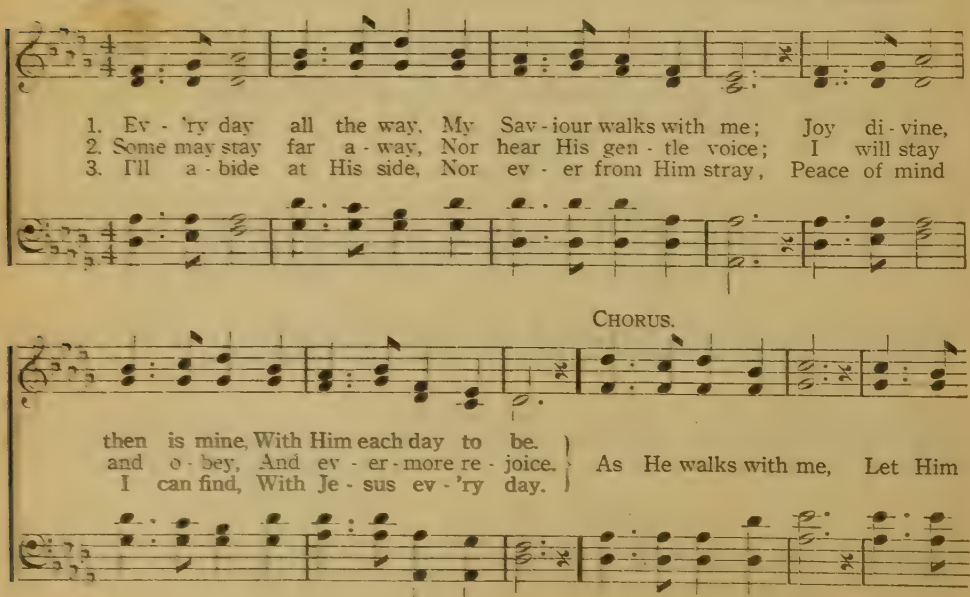



3 There's not an hour that He is not near us,
No, not one! No, not one!
No night so dark, but His love can cheer us,
No, not one! No, not one!

4 Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?
No, not one! No, not one!
Will He refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one! No, not one!

## No. 53. While He Walks With Me.

J. G. J. JOS. G. JOHNSON.


1. Ev - 'ry day all the way, My Sav - iour walks with me; Joy di - vine,
2. Some may stay far a - way, Nor hear His gen - tle voice; I will stay
3. I'll a - bide at His side, Nor ev - er from Him stray, Peace of mind
CHORUS.
then is mine, With Him each day to be.
and o - bey, And ev - er - more re - joice.
I can find, With Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
As He walks with me, Let Him

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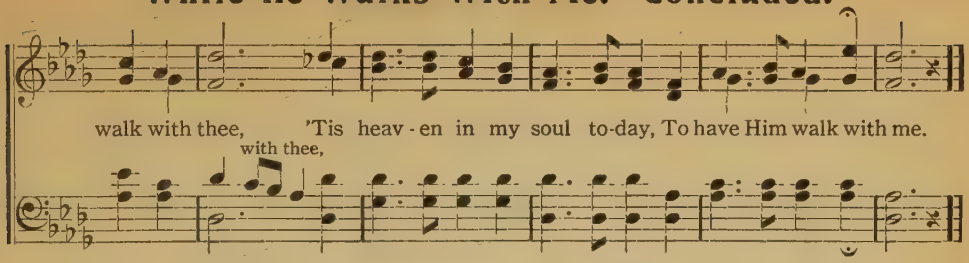
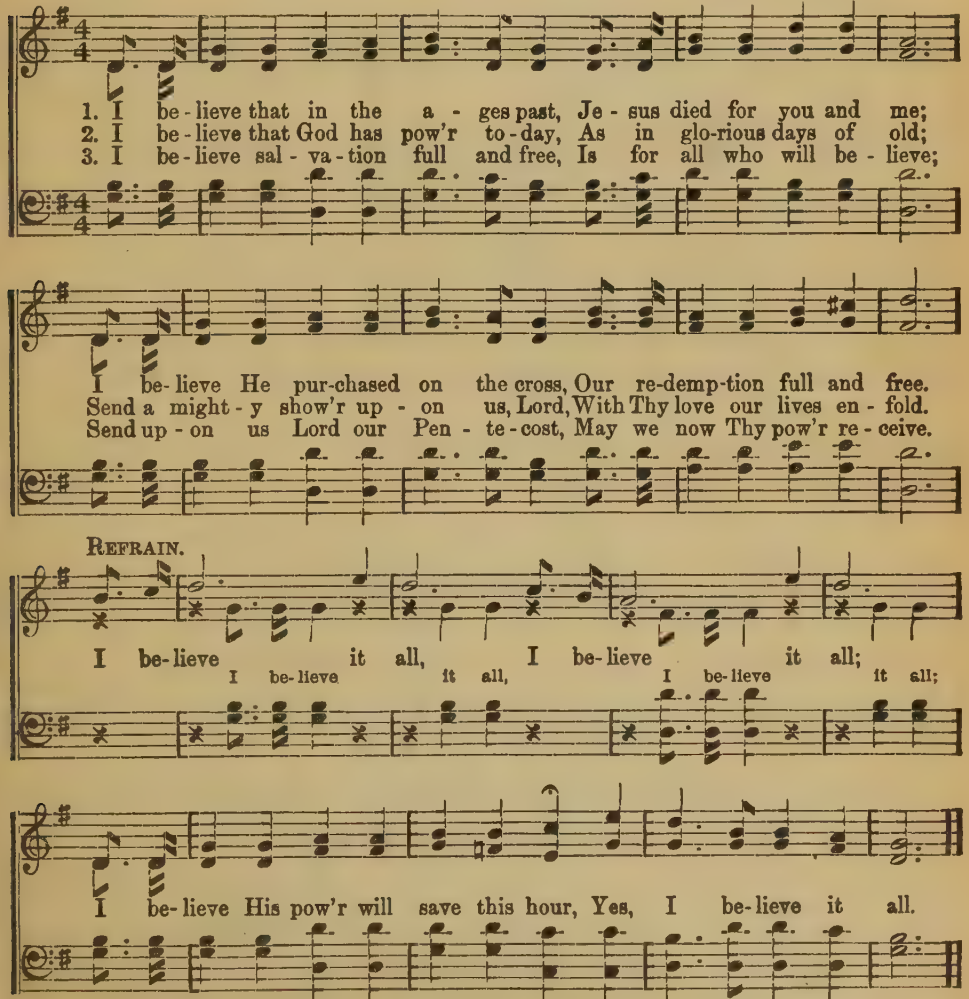
## While He Walks With Me.—Concluded.




## No. 54. I Believe It All.

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.


1. I be - lieve that in the a - ges past, Je - sus died for you and me;
2. I be - lieve that God has pow'r to - day, As in glo-rious days of old;
3. I be - lieve sal - va - tion full and free, Is for all who will be - lieve;
I be - lieve He pur-chased on the cross, Our re-demp-tion full and free.
Send a might - y show'r up - on us, Lord, With Thy love our lives en - fold.
Send up - on us Lord our Pen - te - cost, May we now Thy pow'r re - ceive.
REFRAIN.
I be - lieve it all, I be - lieve it all;
I be - lieve it all, I be - lieve it all;
I be - lieve His pow'r will save this hour, Yes, I be - lieve it all.

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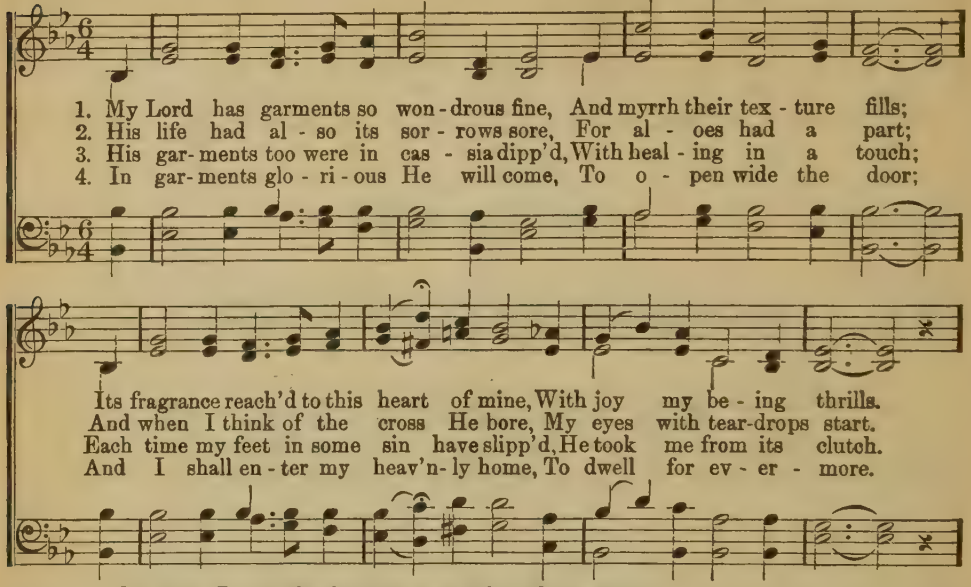
Suggested Choruses to follow—"At the Cross;" "Happy Day;" "Hallelujah, 'Tis Done;" "I Believe Jesus Saves."

# No. 55. Ivory Palaces.

(Suggested by a sermon of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's on Psalm 45 : 8, in which Christ is pictured coming out of the ivory palaces of heaven to redeem mankind, clothed in garments which are perfumed with myrrh for beauty, with aloes for bitterness, and with cassia for healing, the fragrance of which remain to tell of His near presence.)

H. B. HENRY BARRACLOUGH.


1. My Lord has garments so won - drous fine, And myrrh their tex - ture fills;
2. His life had al - so its sor - rows sore, For al - oes had a part;
3. His gar - ments too were in cas - sia dipp'd, With heal - ing in a touch;
4. In gar - ments glo - ri - ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door;
Its fragrance reach'd to this heart of mine, With joy my be - ing thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
Each time my feet in some sin have slipp'd, He took me from its clutch.
And I shall en - ter my heav'n - ly home, To dwell for ev - er - more.
CHORUS. DUET. Slowly, softly, and with much expression.
Out of the iv - o - ry pal - a - ces In - to a world of woe,
FULL CHORUS.
DUET. Very softly.
On - ly His great e - ter - nal love Made my Sav - iour go.

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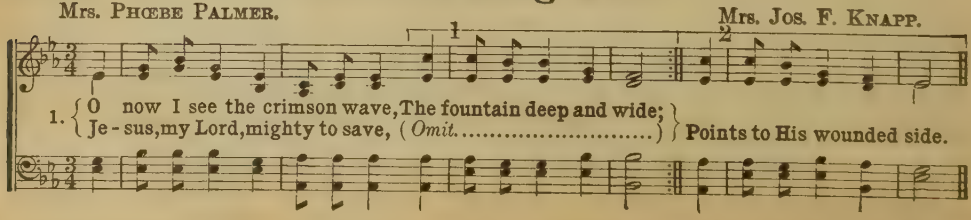
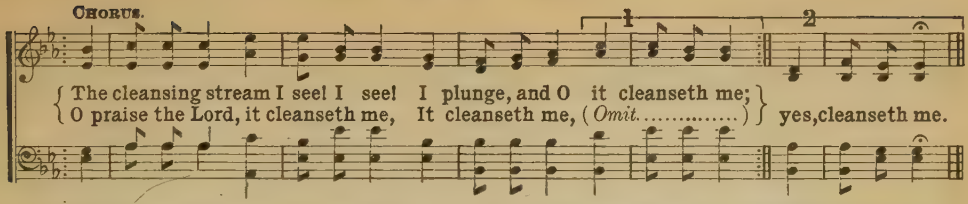
# No. 56. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



# The Cleansing Wave.—Concluded.

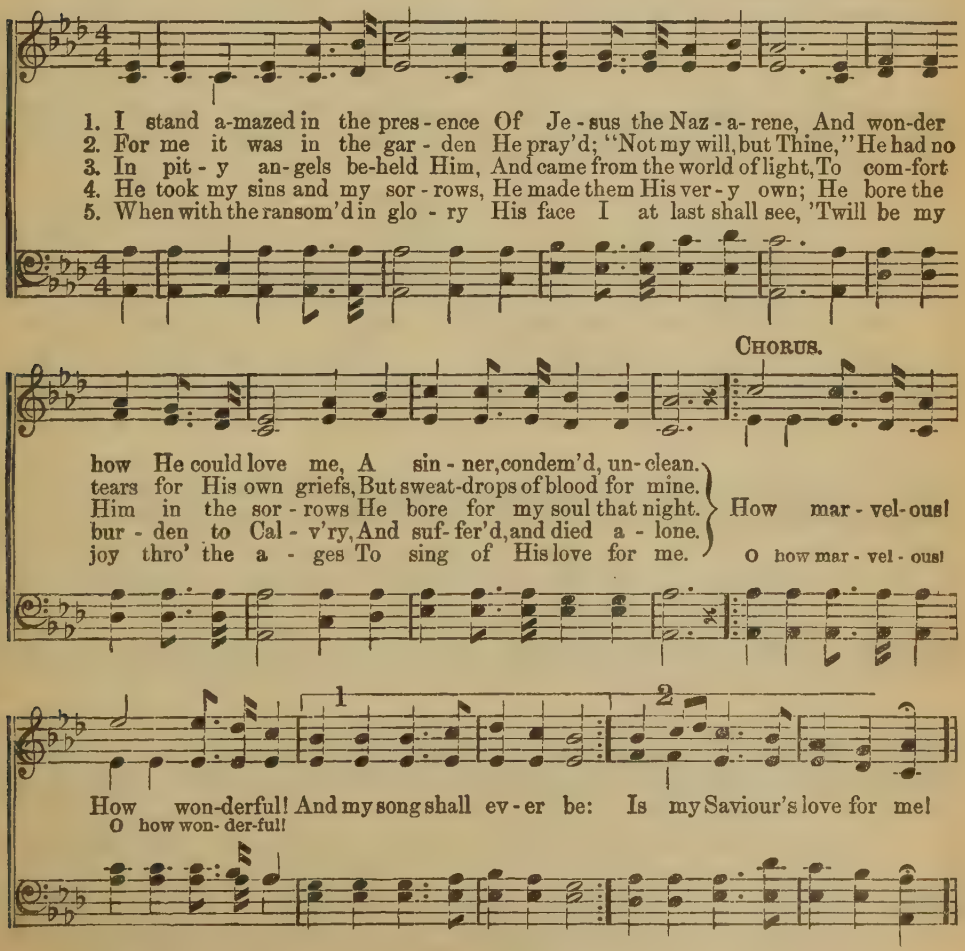

Chorus.
1
2
The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and O it cleanseth me;
O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, (Omit.....) yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'T is heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

## No. 57. My Saviour's Love.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I stand a-mazed in the pres - ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene, And won-der
2. For me it was in the gar - den He pray'd; "Not my will, but Thine," He had no
3. In pit - y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light, To com-fort
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own; He bore the
5. When with the ransom'd in glo - ry His face I at last shall see, 'Twill be my
Chorus.
how He could love me, A sin - ner, condem'd, un - clean.
tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fer'd, and died a - lone.
joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.
How mar - vel-ous!
O how mar - vel - ous!
How won-derful! And my song shall ev - er be: Is my Saviour's love for me!
O how won- der-ful!

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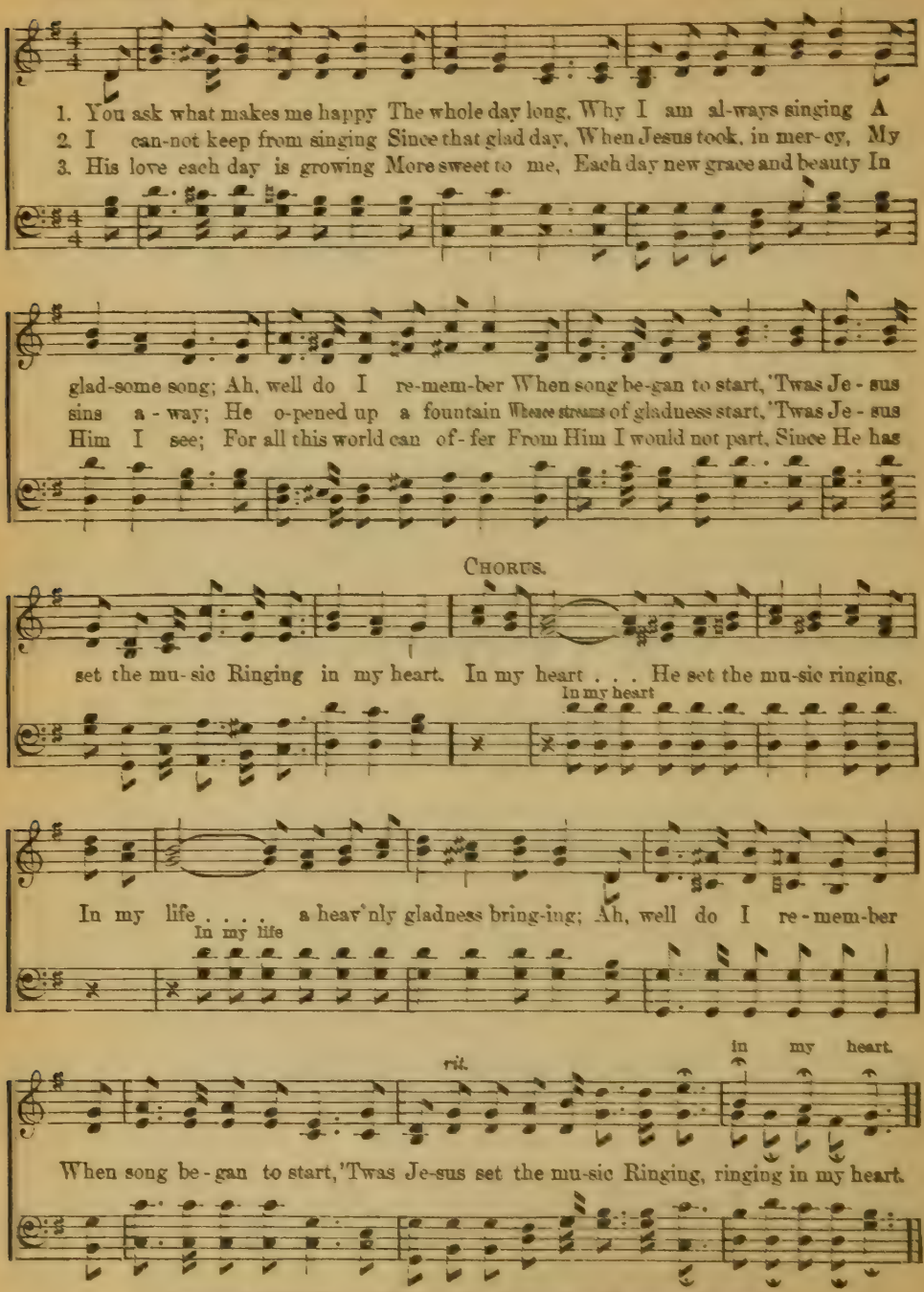
# No. 58. Jesus Set the Music Ringing.

Rev. George O. Webster. C. Austin Miles.


1. You ask what makes me happy The whole day long, Why I am al-ways singing A
2. I can-not keep from singing Since that glad day, When Jesus took, in mer-cy, My
3. His love each day is growing More sweet to me, Each day new grace and beauty In
glad-some song; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Je - sus
sins a - way; He o-pened up a fountain Where streams of gladness start, 'Twas Je - sus
Him I see; For all this world can of-fer From Him I would not part, Since He has
Chorus.
set the mu-sic Ringing in my heart. In my heart . . . He set the mu-sic ringing,
In my heart
In my life . . . . a heav'nly gladness bring-ing; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber
In my life
rit.
in my heart.
When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Je-sus set the mu-sic Ringing, ringing in my heart.

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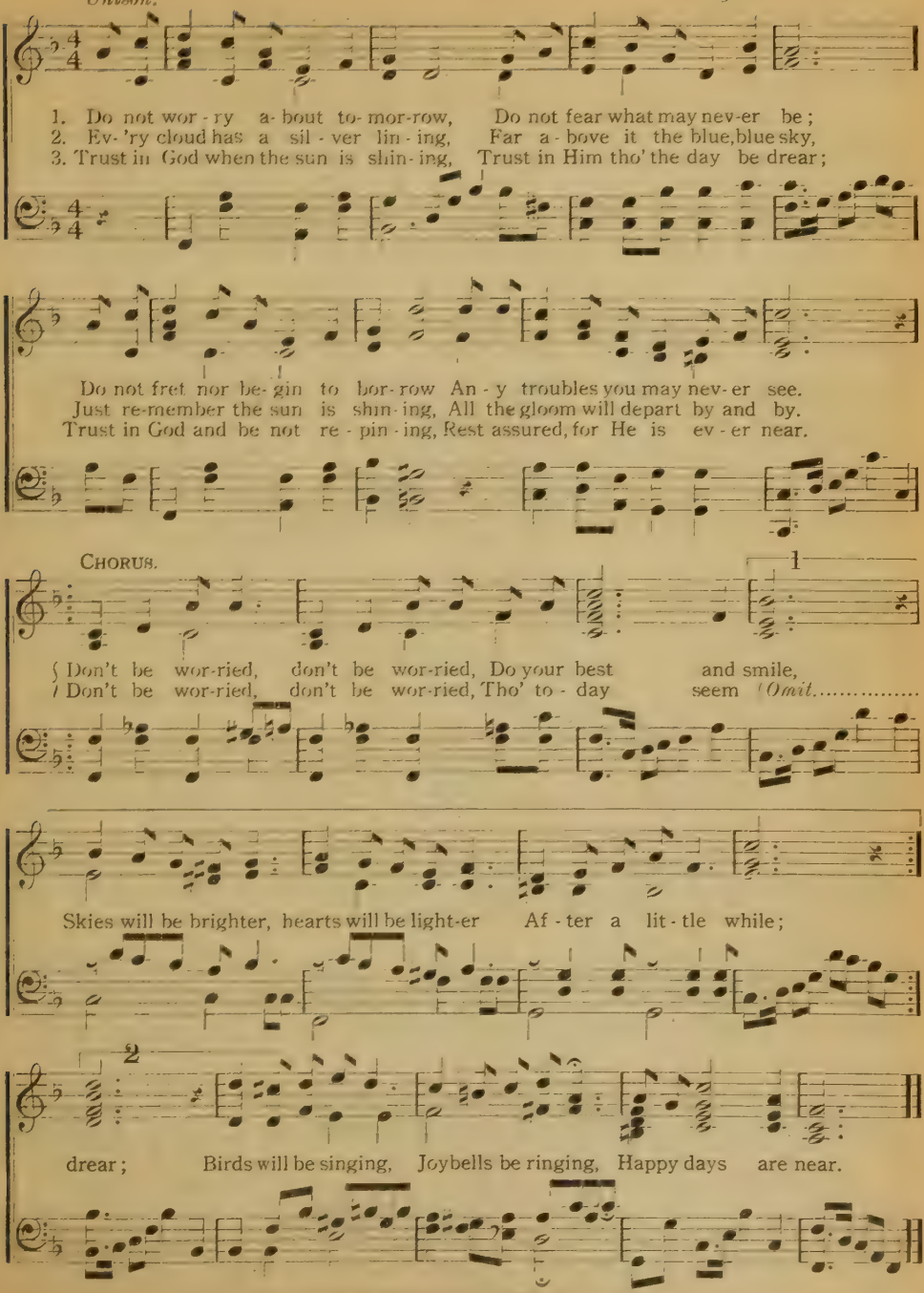
# No. 59. Don't Be Worried.

C. F. W. C. F. Weigle.

*Unison.*


1. Do not wor - ry a- bout to- mor-row, Do not fear what may nev-er be;
2. Ev- 'ry cloud has a sil - ver lin - ing, Far a - bove it the blue, blue sky,
3. Trust in God when the sun is shin - ing, Trust in Him tho' the day be drear;
Do not fret nor be- gin to bor- row An - y troubles you may nev- er see.
Just re-member the sun is shin - ing, All the gloom will depart by and by.
Trust in God and be not re - pin - ing, Rest assured, for He is ev - er near.
Chorus.
1
Don't be wor-ried, don't be wor-ried, Do your best and smile,
Don't be wor-ried, don't be wor-ried, Tho' to - day seem (Omit.....
Skies will be brighter, hearts will be light-er Af - ter a lit - tle while;
2
drear; Birds will be singing, Joybells be ringing, Happy days are near.

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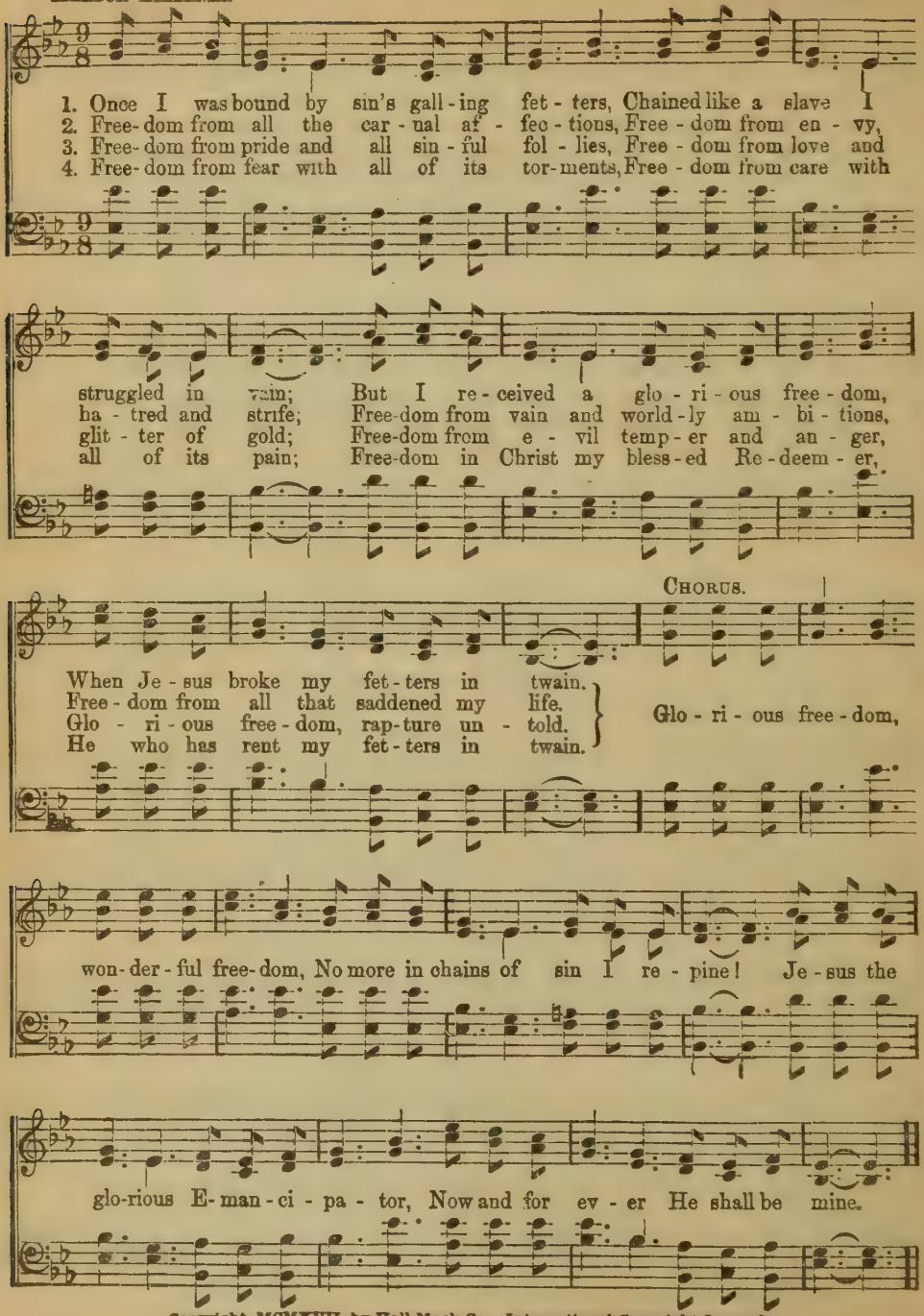
# No. 60. Glorious Freedom.

HALDOR LILLENAS. ALFRED JUDSON.


1. Once I was bound by sin's gall-ing fet-ters, Chained like a slave I
2. Free-dom from all the car-nal af-fec-tions, Free-dom from en-vy,
3. Free-dom from pride and all sin-ful fol-lies, Free-dom from love and
4. Free-dom from fear with all of its tor-ments, Free-dom from care with
struggled in vain; But I re-ceived a glo-ri-ous free-dom,
ha-tred and strife; Free-dom from vain and world-ly am-bi-tions,
glit-ter of gold; Free-dom from e-vil temp-er and an-ger,
all of its pain; Free-dom in Christ my bless-ed Re-deem-er,
CHORUS.
When Je-sus broke my fet-ters in twain.
Free-dom from all that saddened my life.
Glo-ri-ous free-dom, rap-ture un-told.
He who has rent my fet-ters in twain.
Glo-ri-ous free-dom,
won-der-ful free-dom, No more in chains of sin I re-pine! Je-sus the
glo-rious E-man-ci-pa-tor, Now and for ev-er He shall be mine.

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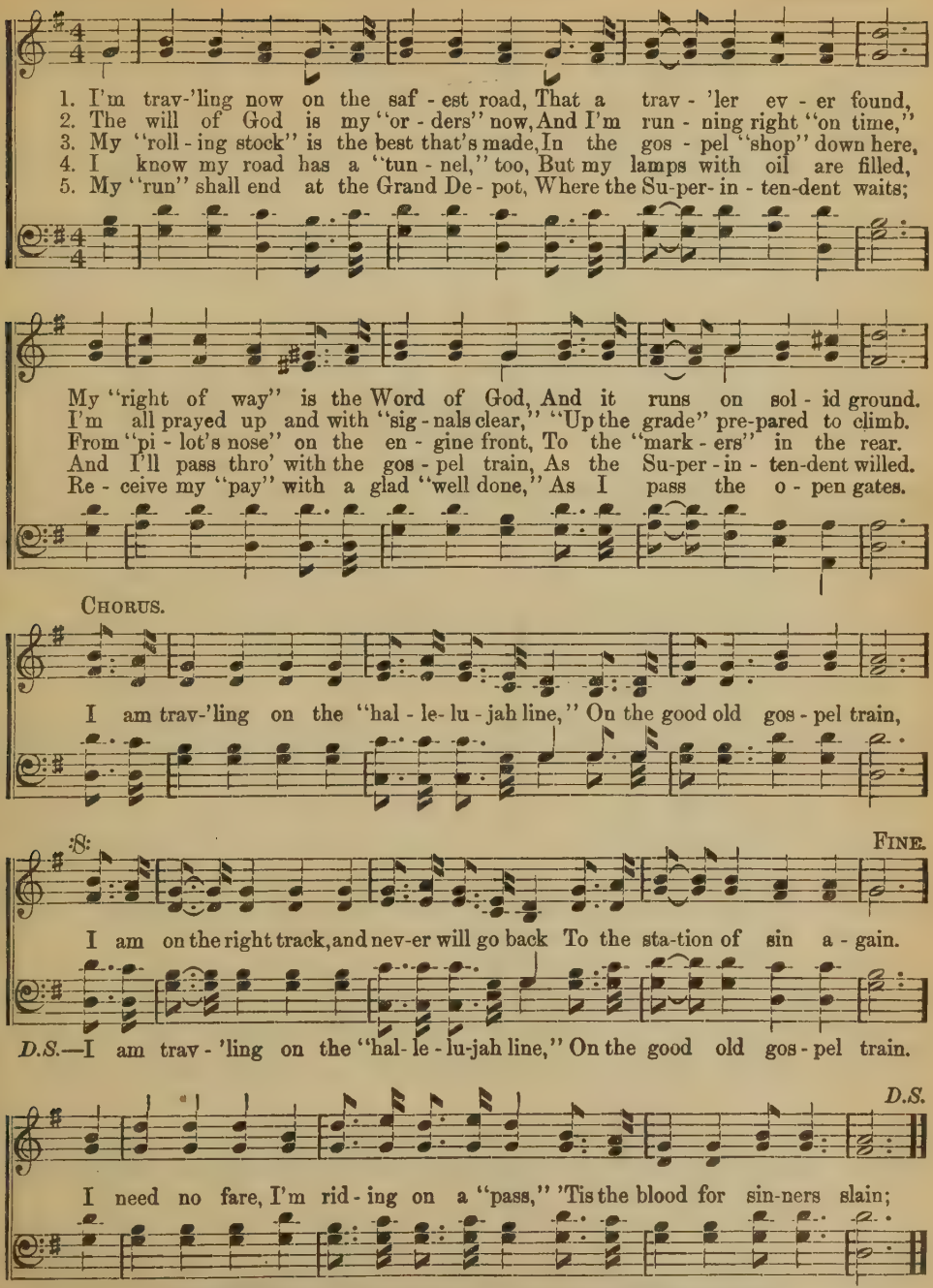
# No. 61. The Gospel Train.

C. A. M. (Dedicated to Railroad Men.) C. Austin Miles.


1. I'm trav-'ling now on the saf - est road, That a trav - 'ler ev - er found,
2. The will of God is my "or - ders" now, And I'm run - ning right "on time,"
3. My "roll - ing stock" is the best that's made, In the gos - pel "shop" down here,
4. I know my road has a "tun - nel," too, But my lamps with oil are filled,
5. My "run" shall end at the Grand De - pot, Where the Su-per- in - ten-dent waits;
My "right of way" is the Word of God, And it runs on sol - id ground.
I'm all prayed up and with "sig - nals clear," "Up the grade" pre-pared to climb.
From "pi - lot's nose" on the en - gine front, To the "mark - ers" in the rear.
And I'll pass thro' with the gos - pel train, As the Su-per - in - ten-dent willed.
Re - ceive my "pay" with a glad "well done," As I pass the o - pen gates.
Chorus.
I am trav-'ling on the "hal - le- lu - jah line," On the good old gos - pel train,
Fine.
I am on the right track, and nev-er will go back To the sta-tion of sin a - gain.
D.S.—I am trav - 'ling on the "hal- le - lu-jah line," On the good old gos - pel train.
D.S.
I need no fare, I'm rid - ing on a "pass," 'Tis the blood for sin-ners slain;

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# No. 62. Pearls by the Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. While your face is t'ward that cit - y with its wealth of jas - per walls,
2. Would you have your crown to spar - kle like the stars that shine at night?
3. Ev - 'ry crown of earth will per - ish, ev - 'ry gem re - turn to dust,
4. Ev - 'ry lit - tle act of kind-ness, ev - 'ry lov - ing no - ble deed,
Where the pearl - y gates are o - pen wide to stay; Still re -
Bright - er than our gold - en sun which shines to - day? Do not
There is writ - ten o - ver all the word "de - cay," Not a
Ev - 'ry word that for the Mas - ter you may say, Ev - 'ry
mem - ber there are dia-monds scat - ter'd all a - long life's road, There are
wait to get to heav - en to se - lect your jew - els there, But keep
thing, how - ev - er pre- cious, can you take to yon - der shore, But the
soul that you may gar - ner for the har - vest of our God, Are the
CHORUS.
man - y, man - y pearls by the way.
look - ing for life's pearls by the way.
pearls that you may find by the way.
pearls that you may find by the way.
There are man - y, man - y
pearls by the way, (by the way.) You may find them if you watch as well as

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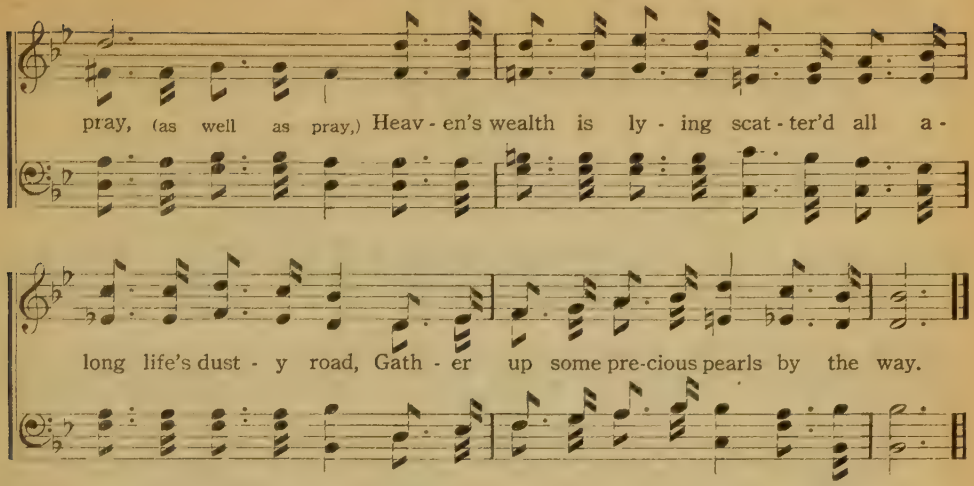
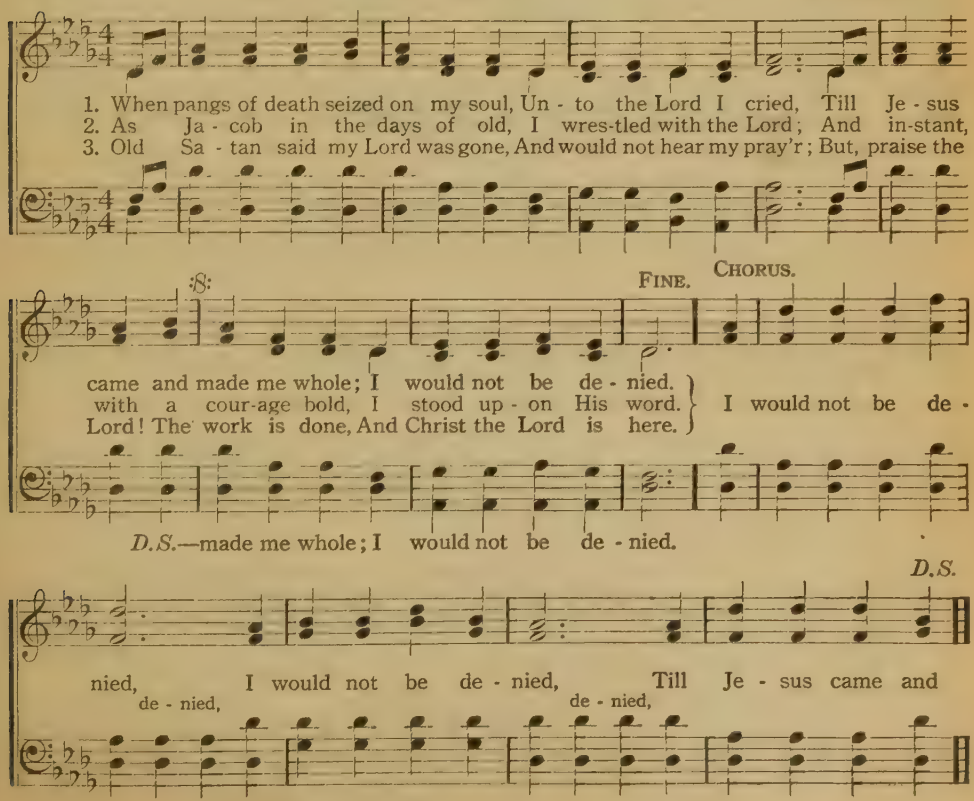

pray, (as well as pray,) Heav - en's wealth is ly - ing scat - ter'd all a -
long life's dust - y road, Gath - er up some pre-cious pearls by the way.

## No. 63. I Would Not be Denied.

C. P. JONES.


1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried, Till Je - sus
2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord; And in-stant,
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone, And would not hear my pray'r; But, praise the
:S:
FINE.
CHORUS.
came and made me whole; I would not be de - nied.
with a cour-age bold, I stood up - on His word.
Lord! The work is done, And Christ the Lord is here.
I would not be de -
D.S.—made me whole; I would not be de - nied.
D.S.
nied, I would not be de - nied, Till Je - sus came and
de - nied,
de - nied,

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# No. 64. I Have Left All.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Clyde Willard.

1. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Where He may lead by night or by day;
2. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Ev-'ry de - sire I merge in His will;
3. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, All of my pride and sin-ful de - sires;
4. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Nev-er will I turn back to the world;
And I'm resolved that I will be faith-ful To my dear Friend the whole of the way.
Tho' He may walk the val-ley of sor-row, All of the way I'll go with Him still.
Will-ing to be conformed to His im-age, Ready to do whate'er He re - quires.
Then I shall reign with Je-sus in glo-ry, Af-ter the stars from heaven are hurl'd.
Chorus.
I have left all . . . . . to fol-low my Sav - iour, To fol - low my
I have left all to fol - low, to fol - low my Sav-iour, To
Lord . . . each hour of the day, . . . . I have left all . . . . . to fol-low my
fol-low my Lord, each hour of the day, I have left all to fol-low, to
Sav - iour, Will-ing to go . . . . . each step of the way. . . . .
fol-low my Sav-iour, Will-ing to go of the way.

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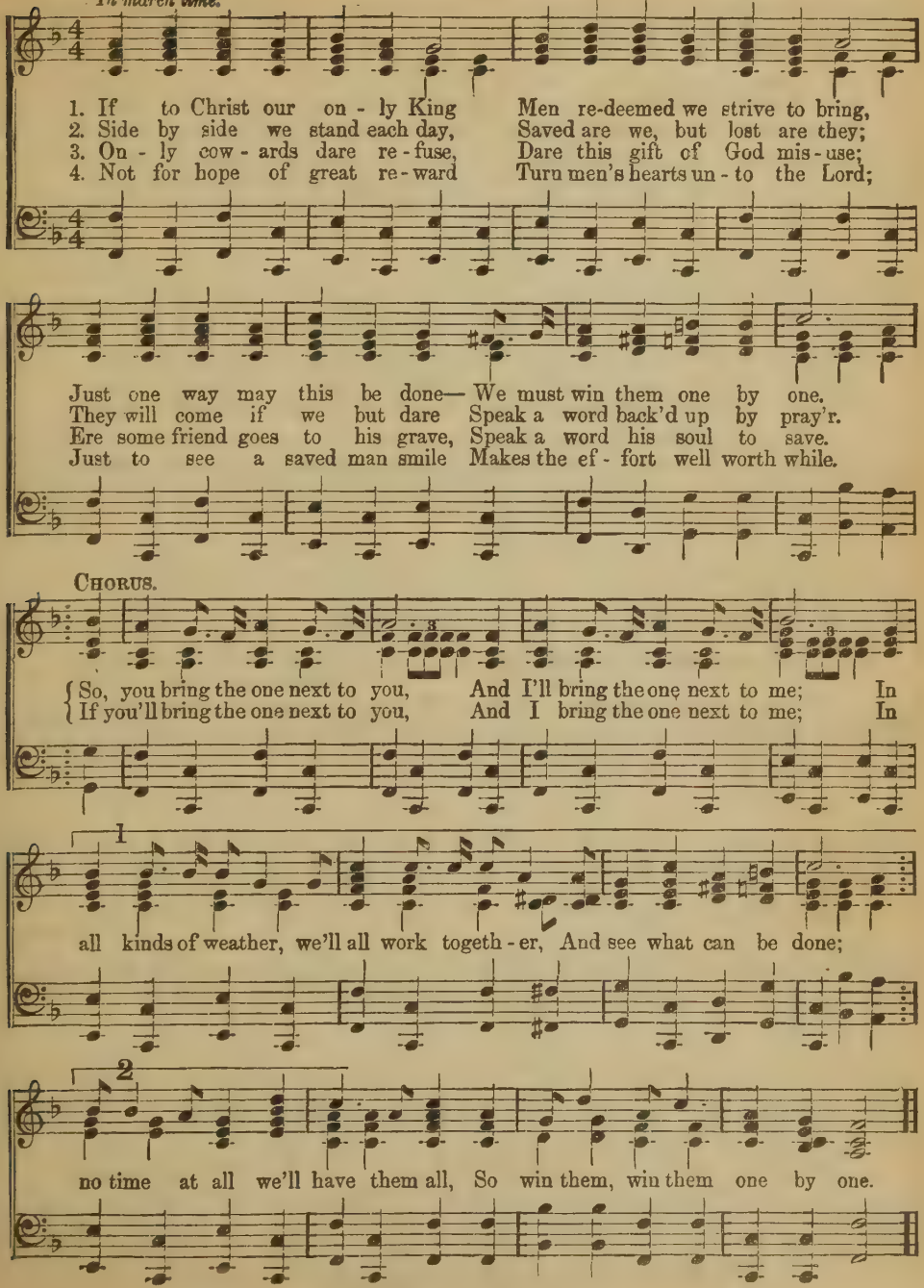
# No. 65. Win Them One by One.

C. A. M. (March Song for Men.) C. Austin Miles.

*In march time.*


1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men re-deemed we strive to bring,
2. Side by side we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;
3. On - ly cow - ards dare re - fuse, Dare this gift of God mis - use;
4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn men's hearts un - to the Lord;
Just one way may this be done— We must win them one by one.
They will come if we but dare Speak a word back'd up by pray'r.
Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.
Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.
Chorus.
So, you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me; In
If you'll bring the one next to you, And I bring the one next to me; In
1
all kinds of weather, we'll all work togeth - er, And see what can be done;
2
no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

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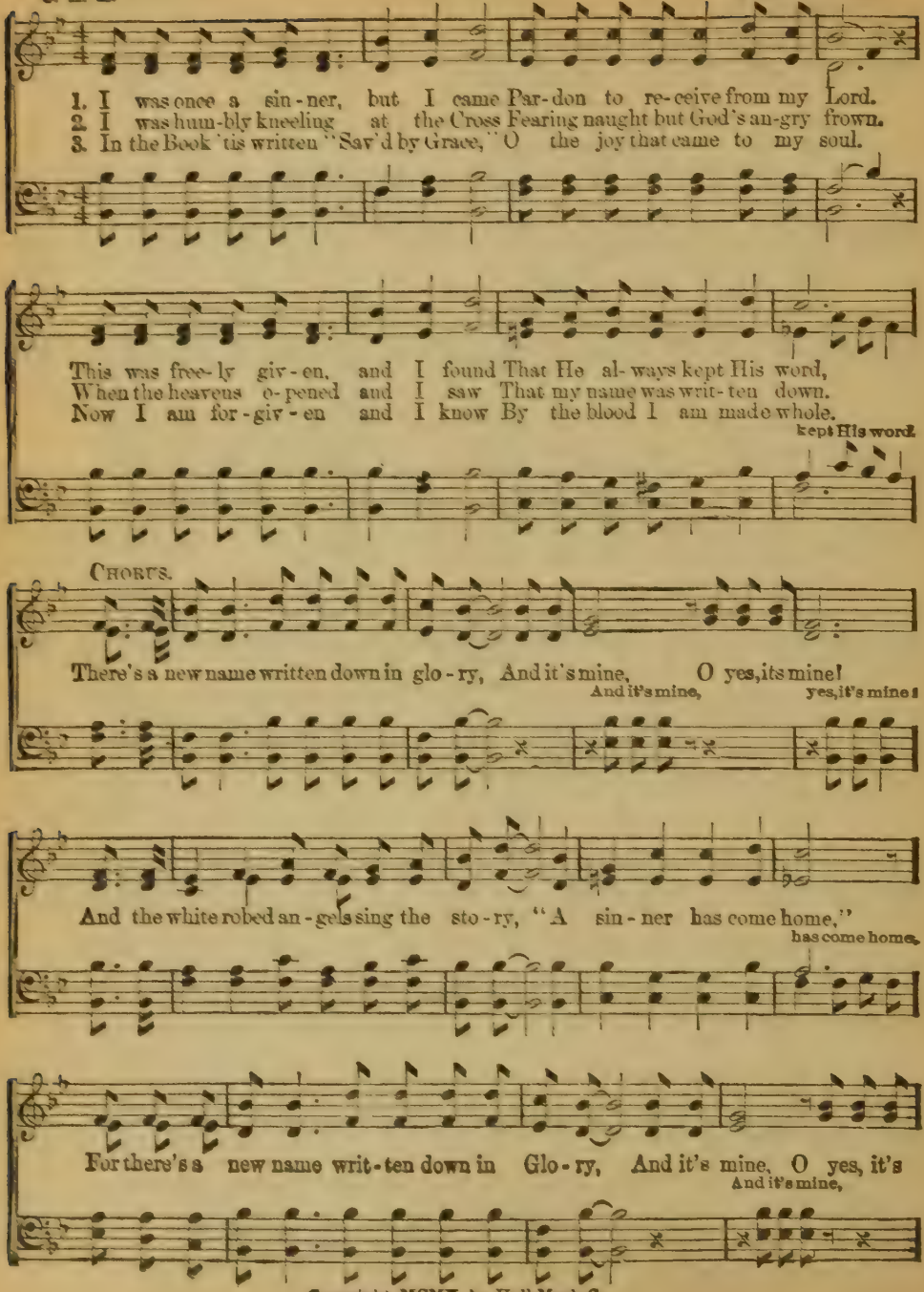
# No. 66. A New Name in Glory.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. I was once a sin-ner, but I came Par-don to re-ceive from my Lord.
2. I was hum-bly kneeling at the Cross Fearing naught but God's an-gry frown.
3. In the Book 'tis written "Sav'd by Grace," O the joy that came to my soul.
This was free-ly giv-en, and I found That He al-ways kept His word,
When the heavens o-pened and I saw That my name was writ-ten down.
Now I am for-giv-en and I know By the blood I am made whole.
kept His word.
CHORUS.
There's a new name written down in glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, its mine!
And it's mine, yes, it's mine!
And the white robed an-gels sing the sto-ry, "A sin-ner has come home,"
has come home,
For there's a new name writ-ten down in Glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's
And it's mine,

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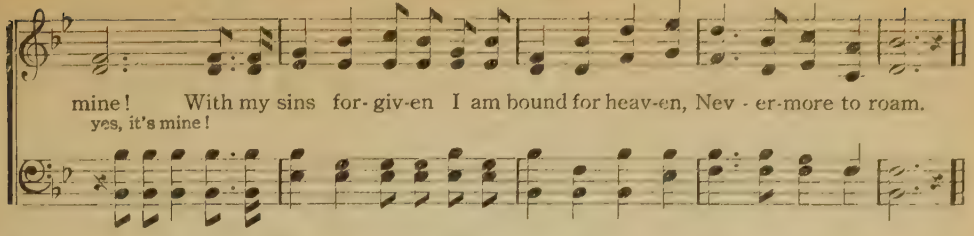
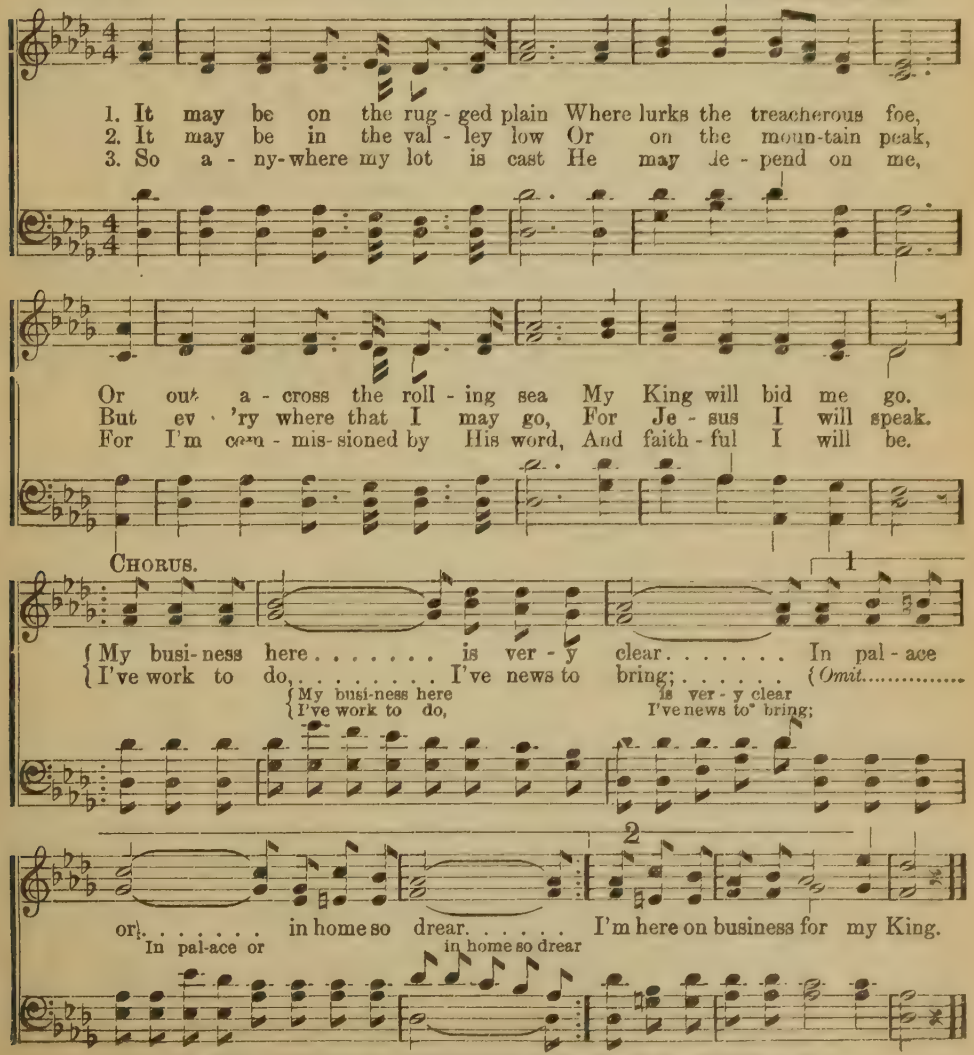



## No. 67. My Business Here.

F. E. H. F. E. Hathaway.


1. It may be on the rug - ged plain Where lurks the treacherous foe,
2. It may be in the val - ley low Or on the moun-tain peak,
3. So a - ny-where my lot is cast He may de - pend on me,
Or out a - cross the roll - ing sea My King will bid me go.
But ev - 'ry where that I may go, For Je - sus I will speak.
For I'm com - mis-sioned by His word, And faith - ful I will be.
Chorus.
1
{My busi-ness here . . . . . is ver - y clear . . . . . In pal - ace
{I've work to do, . . . . . I've news to bring; . . . . . {Omit.....
{My busi-ness here
{I've work to do,
is ver - y clear
I've news to bring;
2
or . . . . . in home so drear . . . . . I'm here on business for my King.
In pal-ace or
in home so drear

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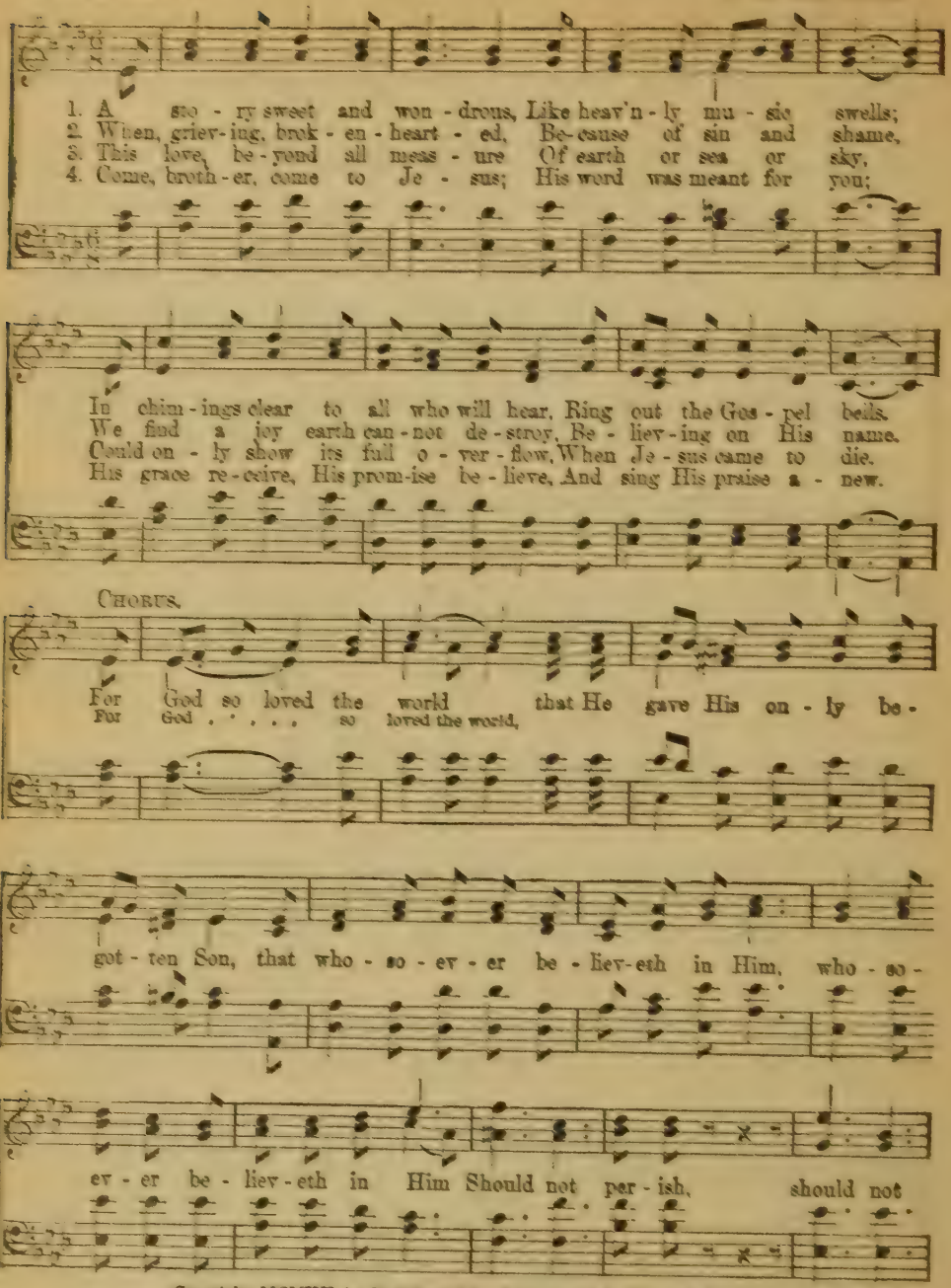
# No. 68. For God so Loved the World.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. A sto - ry sweet and won - drous, Like heav'n - ly mu - sic swells;
2. When, griev - ing, brok - en - heart - ed, Be - cause of sin and shame,
3. This love, be - yond all meas - ure Of earth or sea or sky,
4. Come, broth - er, come to Je - sus; His word was meant for you;
In chim - ings clear to all who will hear, Ring out the Gos - pel bells.
We find a joy earth can - not de - stroy, Be - liev - ing on His name.
Could on - ly show its full o - ver - flow, When Je - sus came to die.
His grace re - ceive, His prom - ise be - lieve, And sing His praise a - new.
Chorus.
For God so loved the world that He gave His on - ly be -
For God . . . . so loved the world,
got - ten Son, that who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, who - so -
ev - er be - liev - eth in Him Should not per - ish, should not

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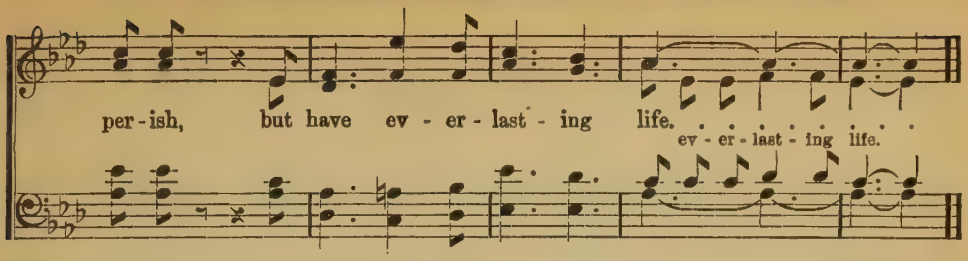
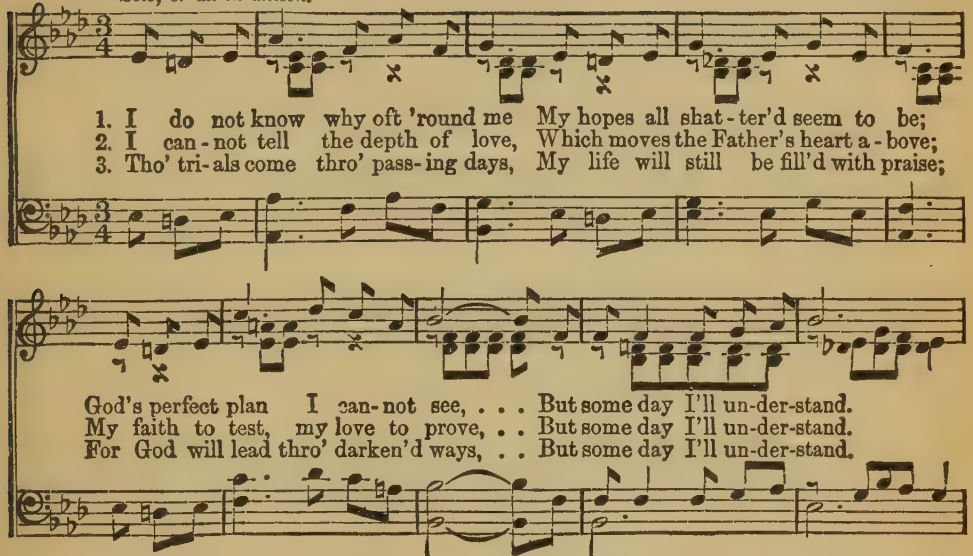


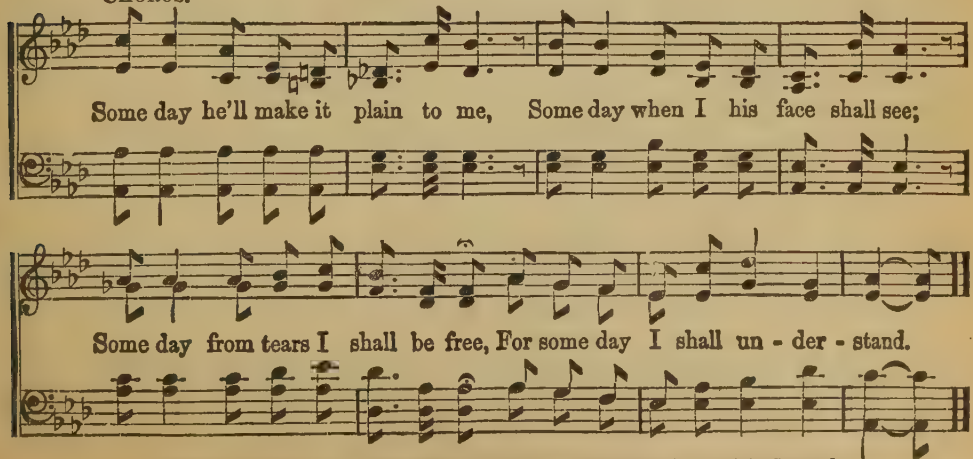

## No. 69. Some Day He'll Make It Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. ADAM GEIBEL.

*Solo, or all in unison.*


1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shat-ter'd seem to be;
2. I can-not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Father's heart a-bove;
3. Tho' tri-als come thro' pass-ing days, My life will still be fill'd with praise;
God's perfect plan I can-not see, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
My faith to test, my love to prove, . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
For God will lead thro' darken'd ways, . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS.


Some day he'll make it plain to me, Some day when I his face shall see;
Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un-der-stand.

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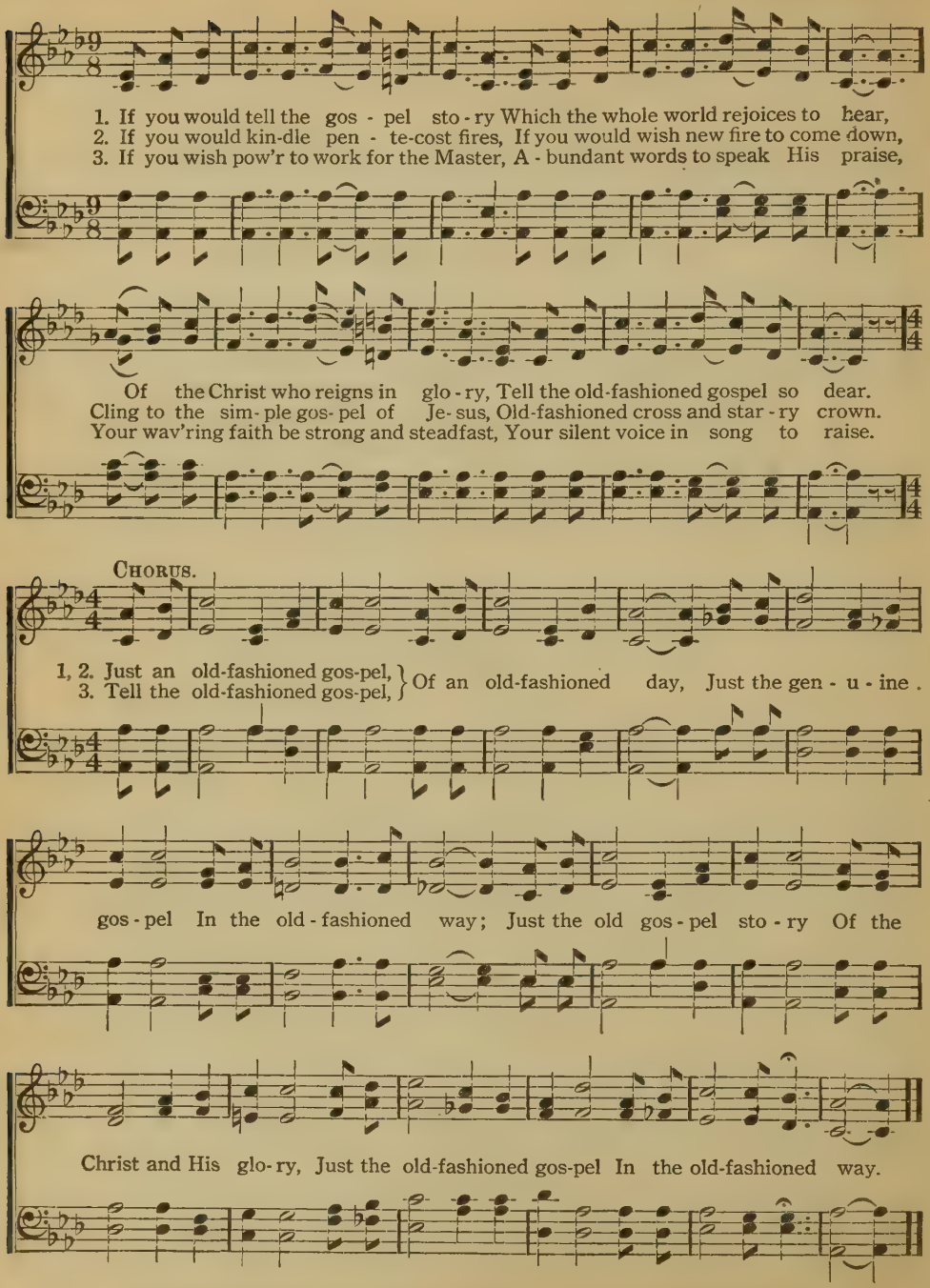
# No. 70. Old-Fashioned Gospel.

F. E. H. FRANKLIN EARL HATHAWAY.


1. If you would tell the gos - pel sto - ry Which the whole world rejoices to hear,
2. If you would kin-dle pen - te-cost fires, If you would wish new fire to come down,
3. If you wish pow'r to work for the Master, A - bundant words to speak His praise,
Of the Christ who reigns in glo - ry, Tell the old-fashioned gospel so dear.
Cling to the sim- ple gos- pel of Je- sus, Old-fashioned cross and star - ry crown.
Your wav'ring faith be strong and steadfast, Your silent voice in song to raise.
CHORUS.
1, 2. Just an old-fashioned gos-pel,
3. Tell the old-fashioned gos-pel,
Of an old-fashioned day, Just the gen - u - ine .
gos - pel In the old - fashioned way; Just the old gos - pel sto - ry Of the
Christ and His glo- ry, Just the old-fashioned gos-pel In the old-fashioned way.

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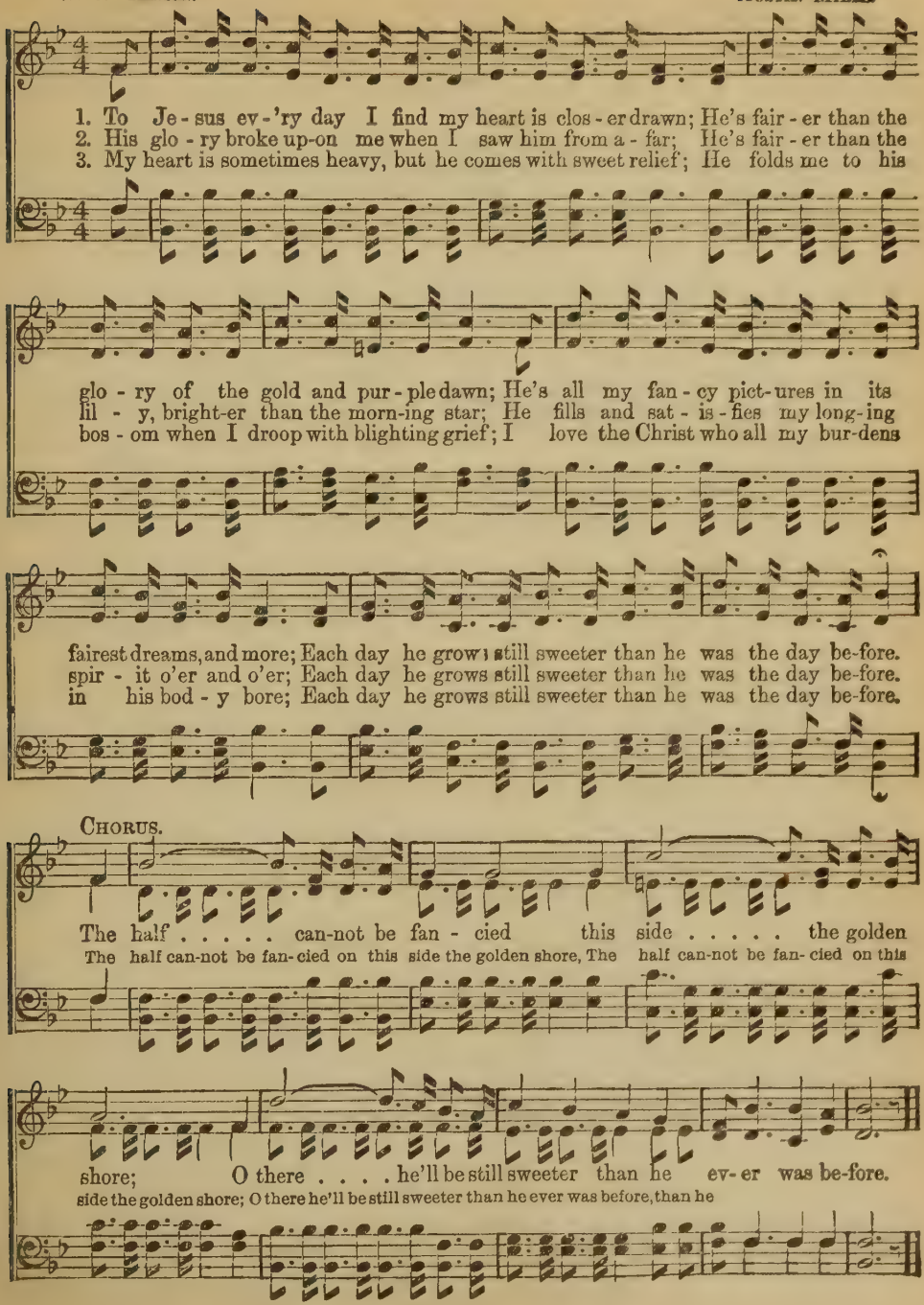
# No. 71. Still Sweeter Every Day.

W. C. MARTIN. AUSTIN MILES.


1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is clos - er drawn; He's fair - er than the
2. His glo - ry broke up-on me when I saw him from a - far; He's fair - er than the
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but he comes with sweet relief; He folds me to his
glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's all my fan - cy pict-ures in its
lil - y, bright-er than the morn-ing star; He fills and sat - is - fies my long-ing
bos - om when I droop with blighting grief; I love the Christ who all my bur-dens
fairest dreams, and more; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.
spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.
in his bod - y bore; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.
CHORUS.
The half . . . . . can-not be fan - cied this side . . . . . the golden
The half can-not be fan-cied on this side the golden shore, The half can-not be fan- cied on this
shore; O there . . . . he'll be still sweeter than he ev- er was be-fore.
side the golden shore; O there he'll be still sweeter than he ever was before, than he

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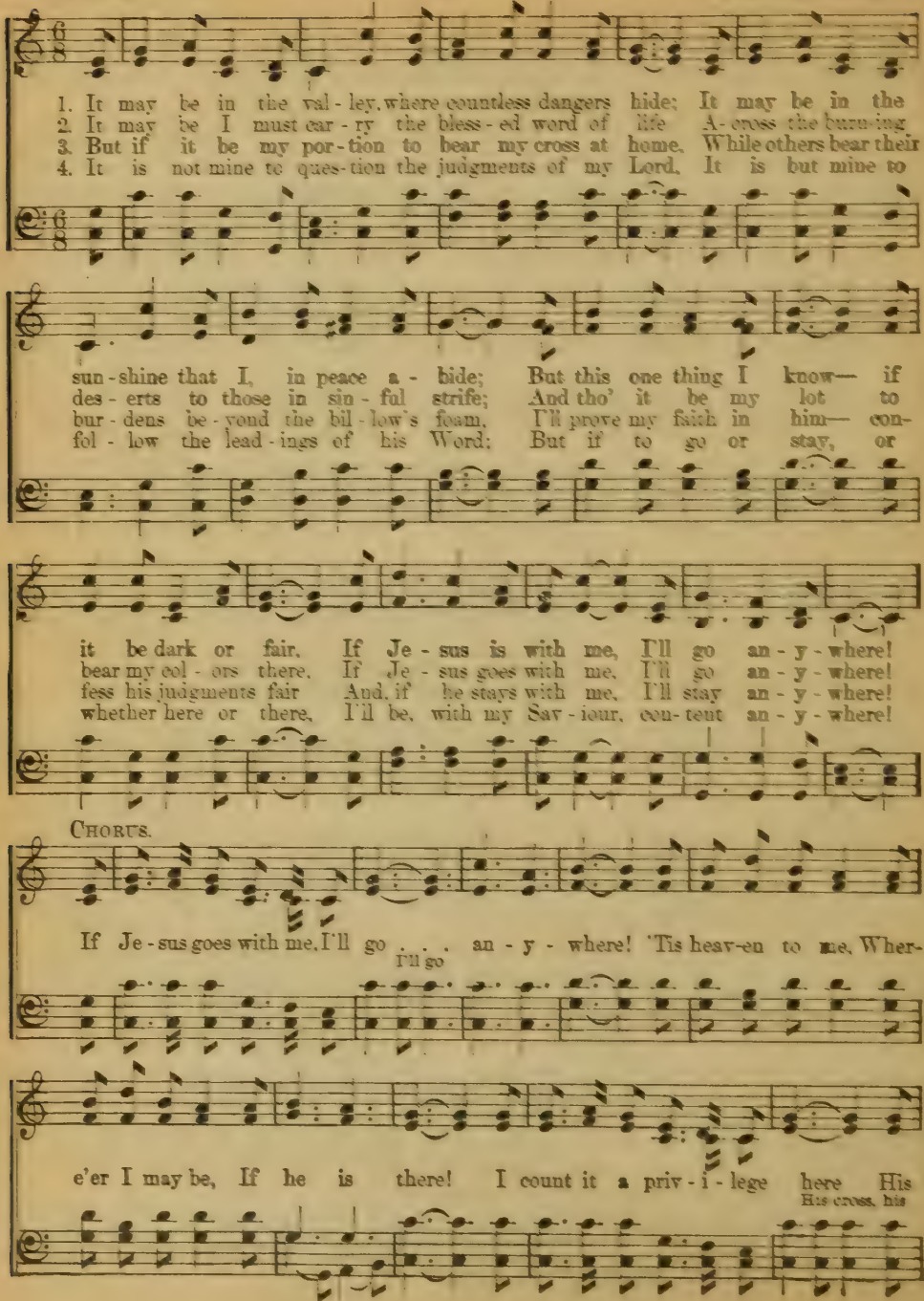
# No. 72. If Jesus Goes with Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless - ed word of life A - cross the burn - ing
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques - tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to
sun - shine that I, in peace a - bide; But this one thing I know— if
des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur - dens be - yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con -
fol - low the lead - ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or
it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess his judgments fair And, if he stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - iour, con - tent an - y - where!
Chorus.
If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go . . . an - y - where! 'Tis heav - en to me, Wher -
I'll go
e'er I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here His
His cross, his

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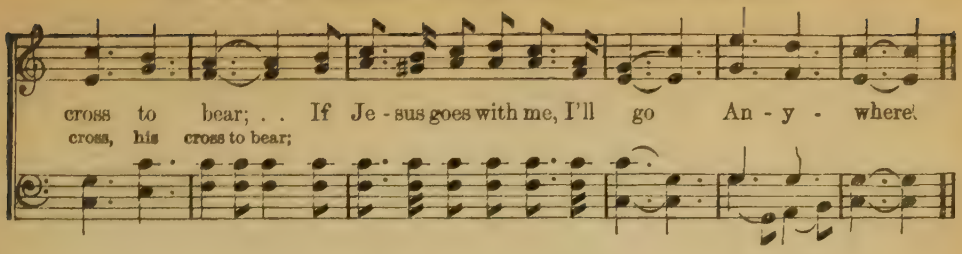
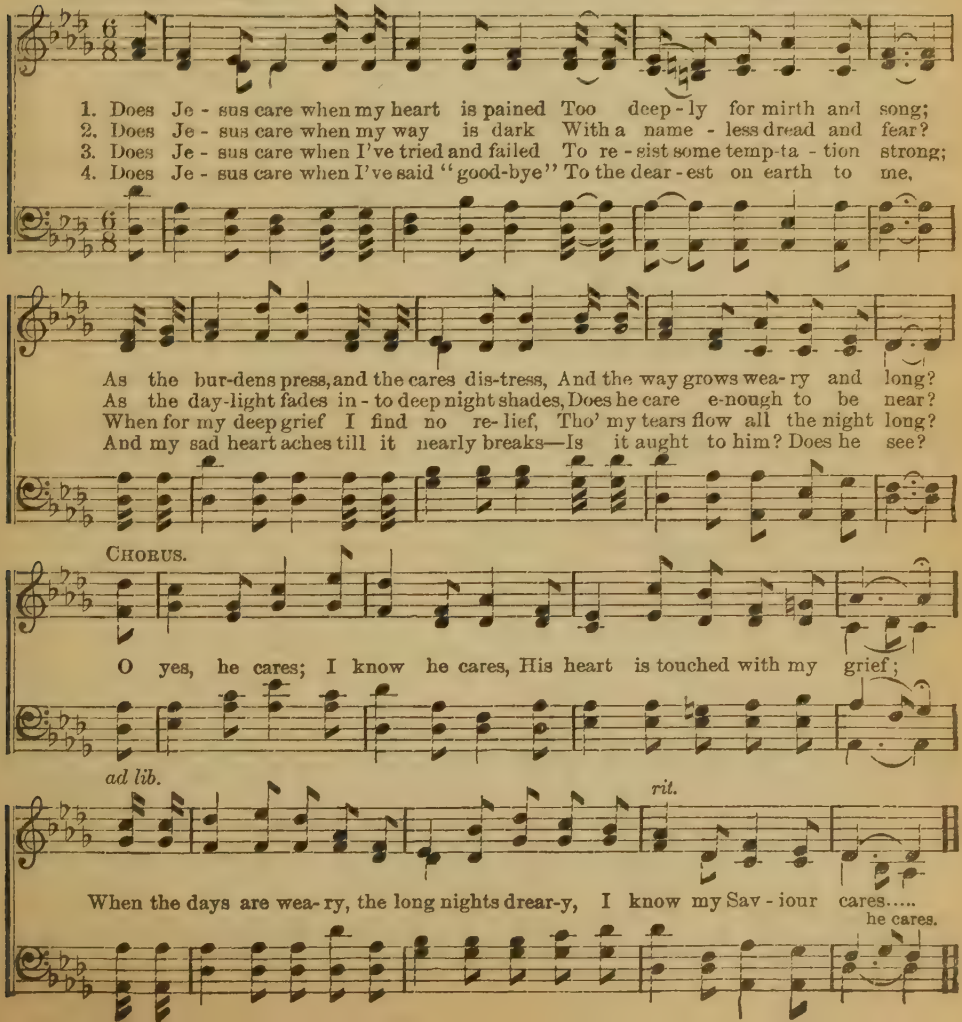
## If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.



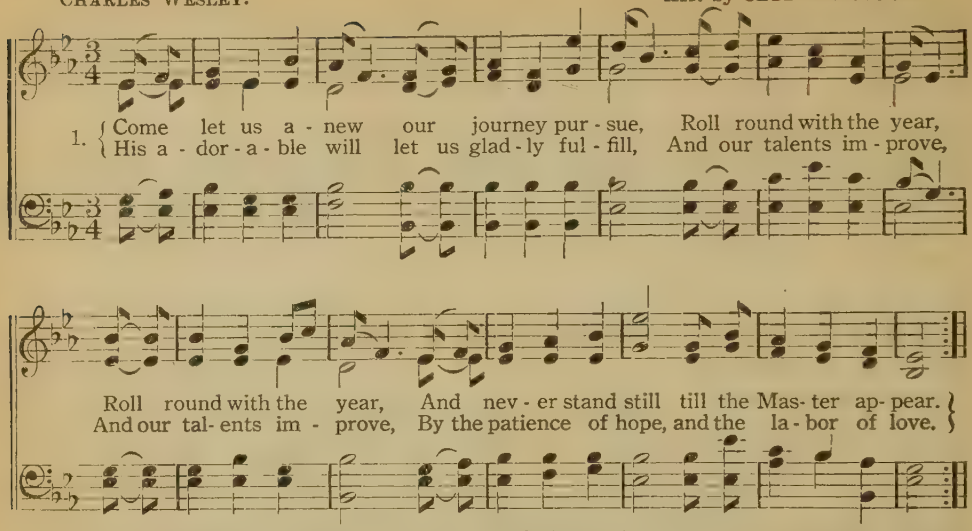

## No. 73. Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth and song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-ta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on earth to me,
As the bur-dens press, and the cares dis-tress, And the way grows wea - ry and long?
As the day-light fades in - to deep night shades, Does he care e-nough to be near?
When for my deep grief I find no re- lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?
CHORUS.
O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;
ad lib.
rit.
When the days are wea- ry, the long nights drear-y, I know my Sav - iour cares.....
he cares.

## No. 74. Come Let Us Anew.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by CLYDE WILLARD.

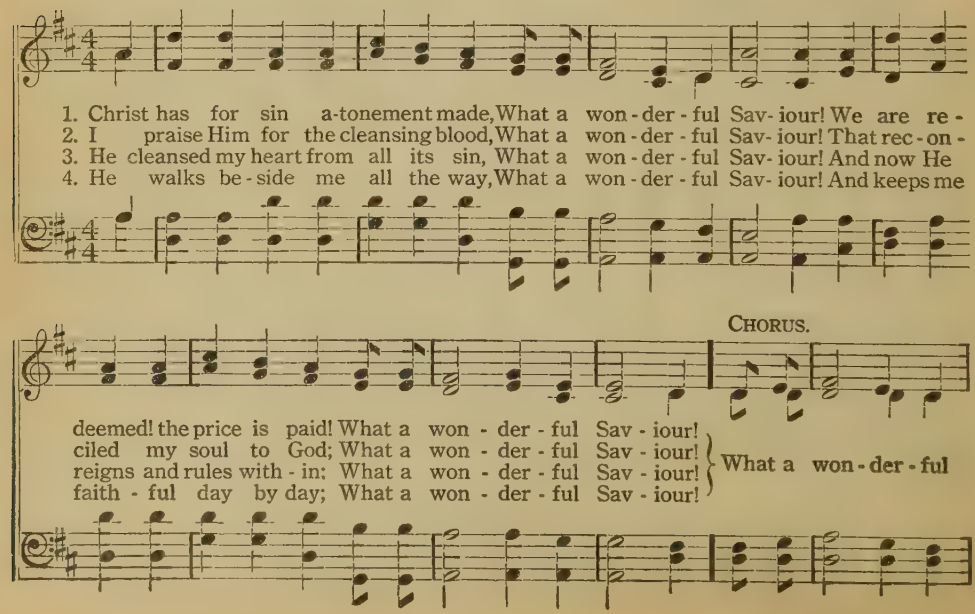

1. Come let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year,
His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our talents im - prove,
Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.
And our tal - ents im - prove, By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

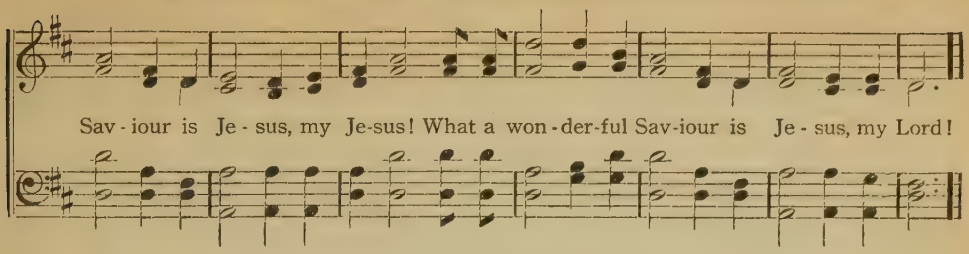
2 Our life is a dream, our time, as a stream,
‖: Glides swiftly away, :‖
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
‖: The millennial year :‖
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
‖: "I have fought my way through; :‖ [do!"
I have finished the work thou didst give me to
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
‖: "Well and faithfully done! :‖ [word,
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

## No. 75. What a Wonderful Saviour!

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

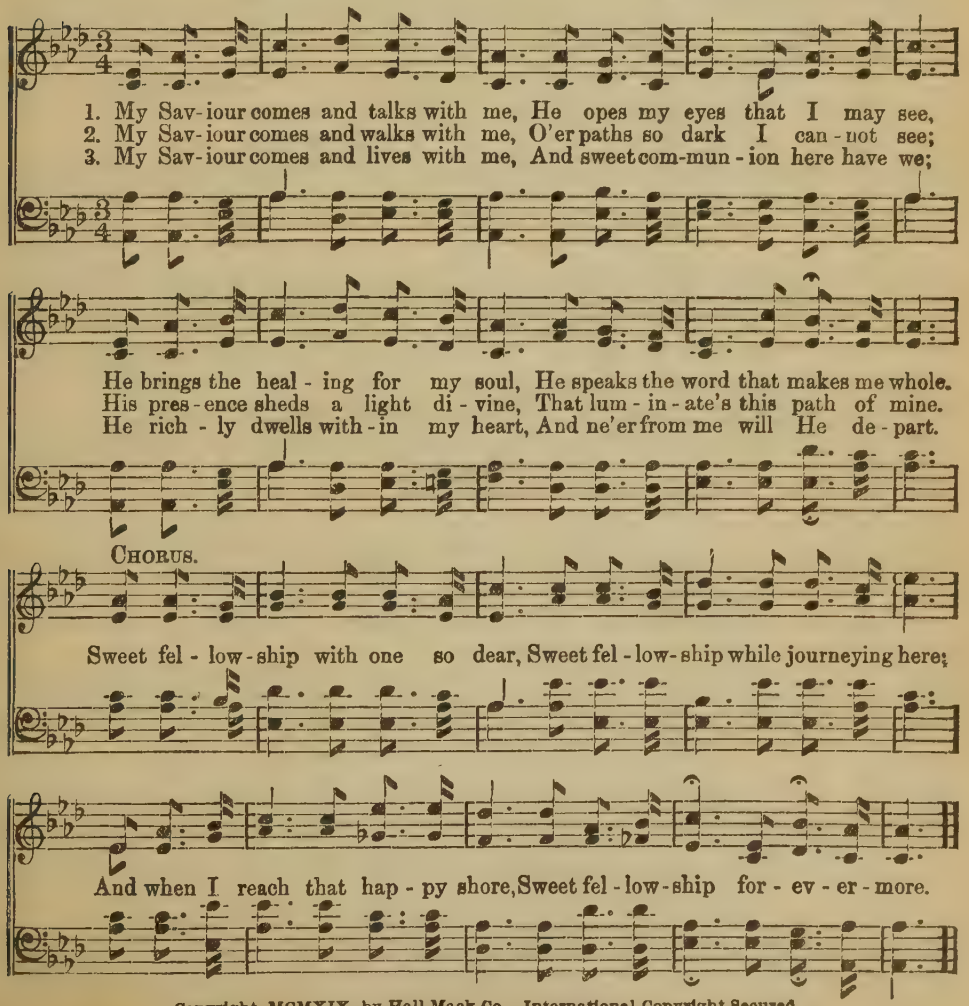

1. Christ has for sin a-tonement made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! We are re -
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! That rec - on -
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! And now He
4. He walks be - side me all the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! And keeps me
CHORUS.
deemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
reigns and rules with - in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
What a won - der - ful




## No. 76. Sweet Fellowship.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet."—Ps. 104: 34.

R. R. Rev. Richard Radcliffe.


1. My Sav-iour comes and talks with me, He opes my eyes that I may see,
2. My Sav-iour comes and walks with me, O'er paths so dark I can-not see;
3. My Sav-iour comes and lives with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
He brings the heal - ing for my soul, He speaks the word that makes me whole.
His pres-ence sheds a light di - vine, That lum - in-ate's this path of mine.
He rich - ly dwells with-in my heart, And ne'er from me will He de - part.
Chorus.
Sweet fel - low-ship with one so dear, Sweet fel - low-ship while journeying here;
And when I reach that hap - py shore, Sweet fel - low-ship for - ev - er - more.

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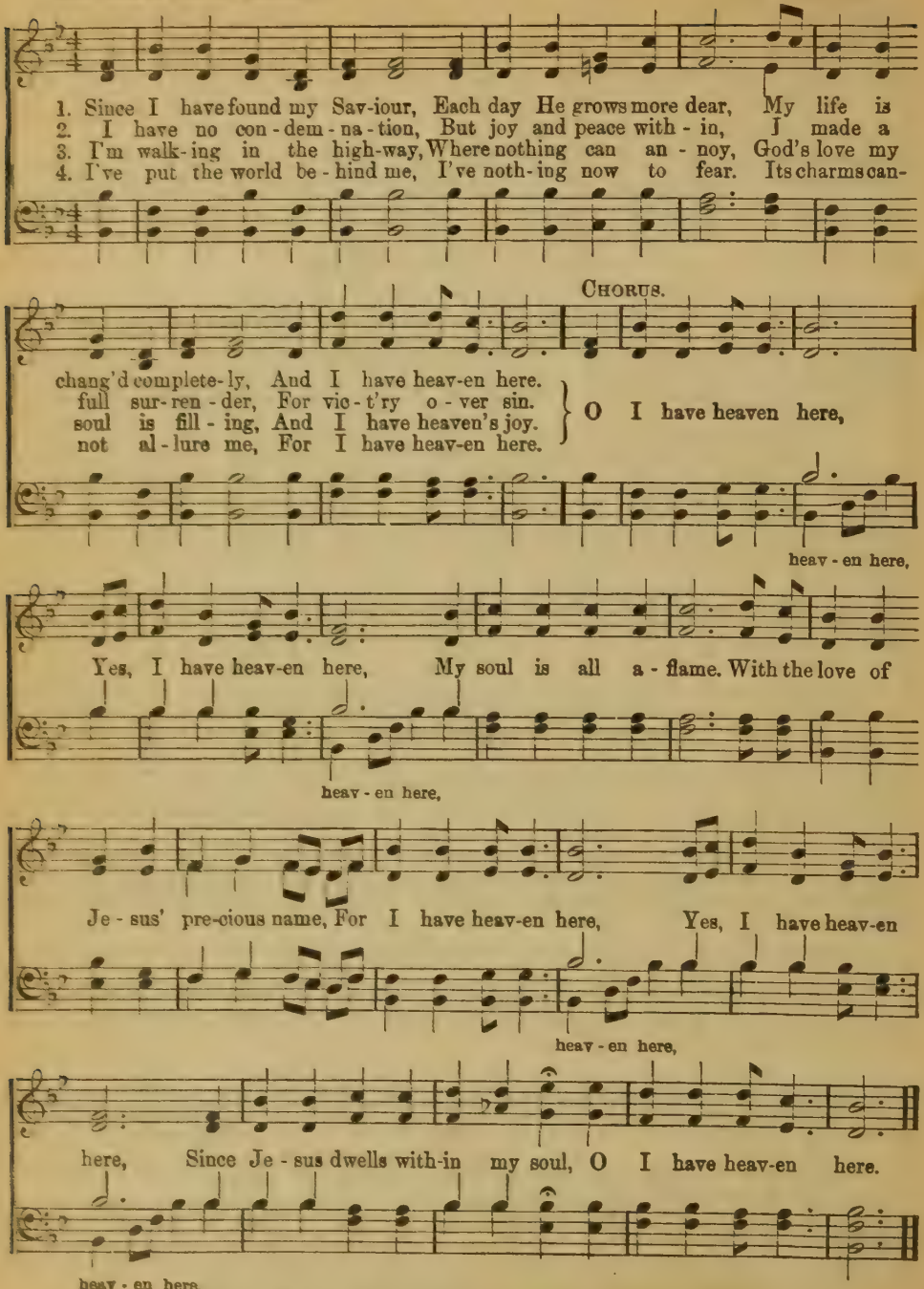
**Suggested Choruses to follow—"Where Jesus is 'tis Heaven;" "O Beulah Land."**

# No. 77. I Have Heaven Here.

Rev. James Bruce Mackay. Clyde Willard.


1. Since I have found my Sav-iour, Each day He grows more dear, My life is
2. I have no con-dem-na-tion, But joy and peace with-in, I made a
3. I'm walk-ing in the high-way, Where nothing can an-noy, God's love my
4. I've put the world be-hind me, I've noth-ing now to fear. Its charms can-
Chorus.
chang'd complete-ly, And I have heav-en here.
full sur-ren-der, For vic-t'ry o-ver sin.
soul is fill-ing, And I have heaven's joy.
not al-lure me, For I have heav-en here.
O I have heaven here,
heav-en here,
Yes, I have heav-en here, My soul is all a-flame. With the love of
heav-en here,
Je-sus' pre-cious name, For I have heav-en here, Yes, I have heav-en
heav-en here,
here, Since Je-sus dwells with-in my soul, O I have heav-en here.
heav-en here,

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# No. 78. Love Lifted Me.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Soul in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus complete-ly saves; He will lift you
stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be-longs.
Bil-lows His will o-bey; He your Sav-iour wants to be—Be saved to-day.
CHORUS.
Love lift-ed me! . . . . Love lift-ed me! . . . . When noth-ing
e-ven me! e-ven me!
1
2
else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me,

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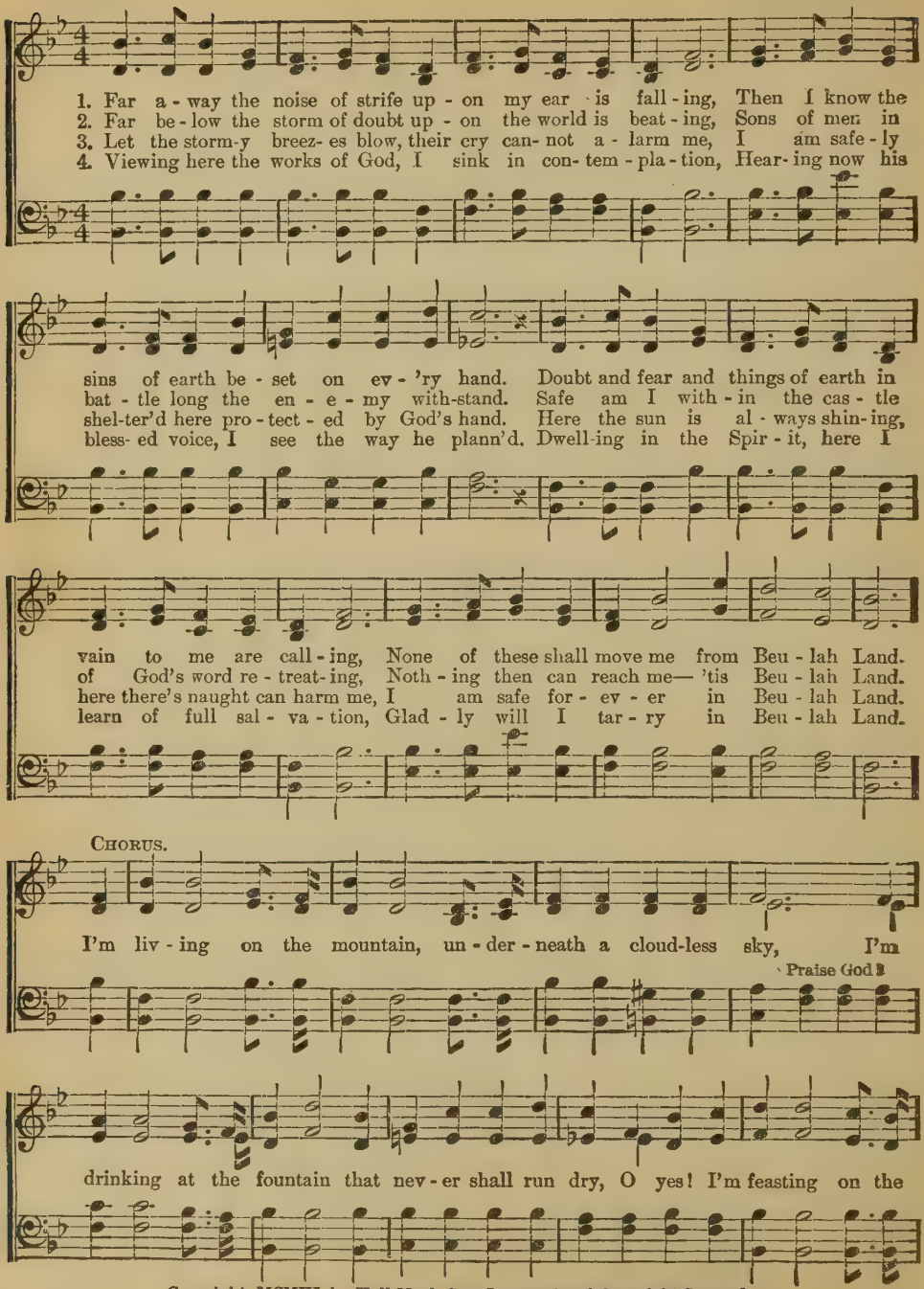
# No. 79. Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Far a - way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the
2. Far be - low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat - ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez- es blow, their cry can- not a - larm me, I am safe - ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con- tem - pla - tion, Hear- ing now his
sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand. Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
shel-ter'd here pro - tect - ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al - ways shin- ing,
bless- ed voice, I see the way he plann'd. Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I
vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re - treat- ing, Noth - ing then can reach me— 'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.
Chorus.
I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der - neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!
drinking at the fountain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

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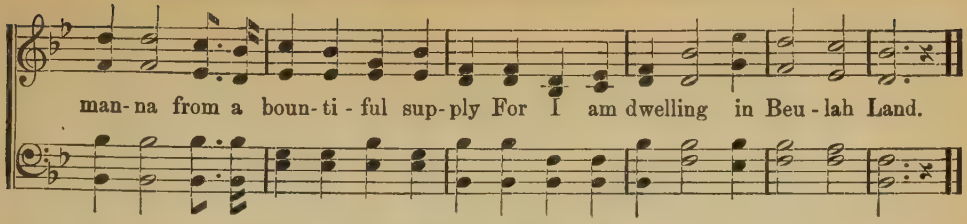
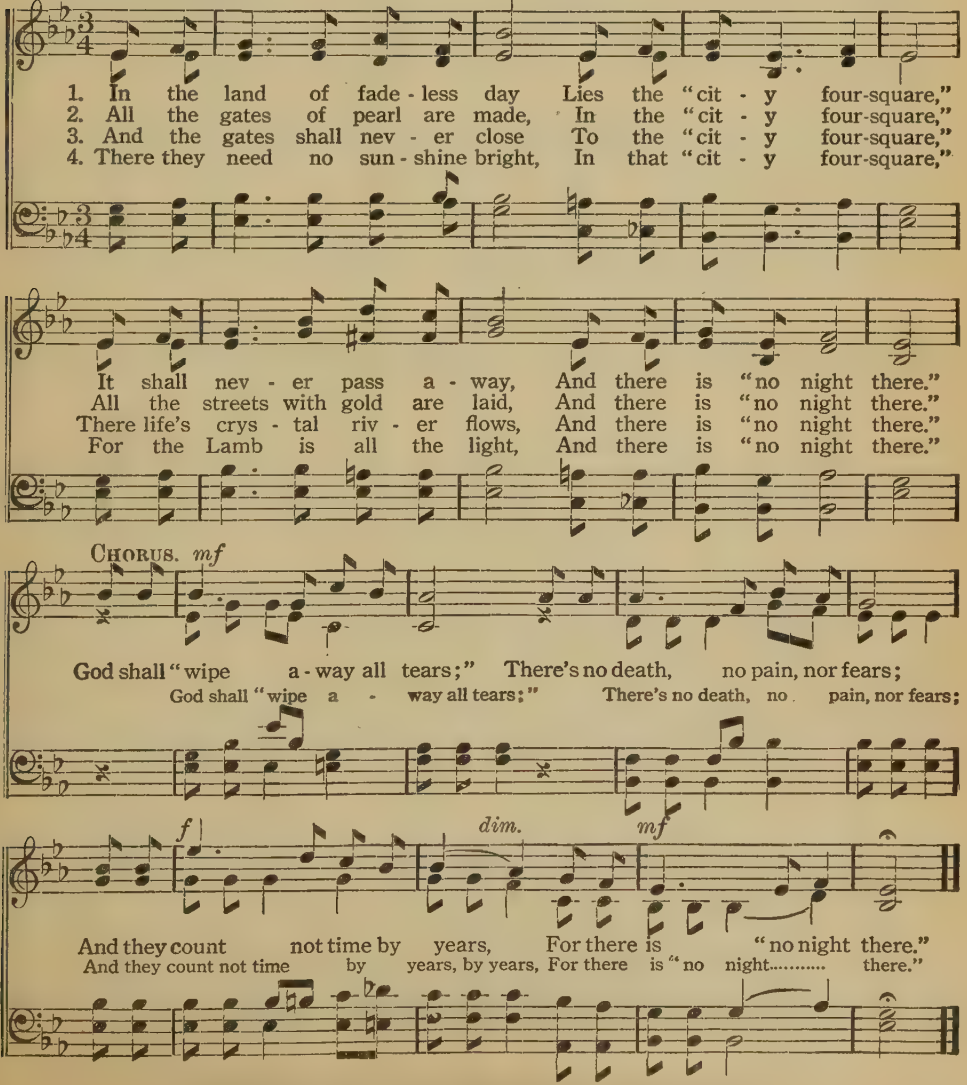



## No. 80. No Night There.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.


1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the "cit-y four-square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the "cit-y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev-er close To the "cit-y four-square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In that "cit-y four-square,"
It shall nev-er pass a-way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys-tal riv-er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."
CHORUS. mf
God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a-way all tears:" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
f
dim.
mf
And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night..... there."

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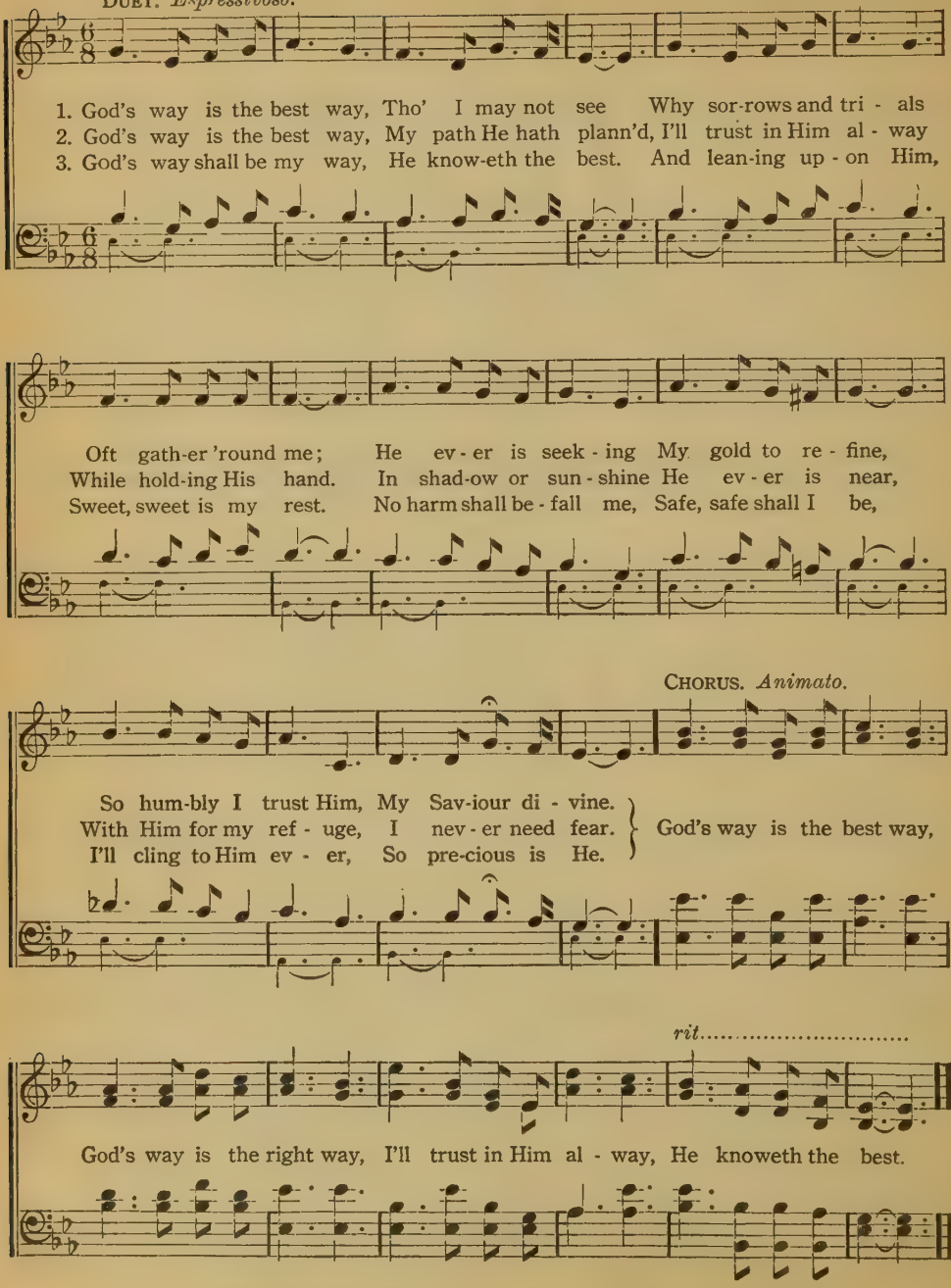
# No. 81. God's Way.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET. *Espressivoso.*


1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sor-rows and tri - als
2. God's way is the best way, My path He hath plann'd, I'll trust in Him al - way
3. God's way shall be my way, He know-eth the best. And lean-ing up - on Him,
Oft gath-er 'round me; He ev - er is seek - ing My gold to re - fine,
While hold-ing His hand. In shad-ow or sun - shine He ev - er is near,
Sweet, sweet is my rest. No harm shall be - fall me, Safe, safe shall I be,
CHORUS. *Animato.*
So hum-bly I trust Him, My Sav-iour di - vine.
With Him for my ref - uge, I nev - er need fear.
I'll cling to Him ev - er, So pre-cious is He.
God's way is the best way,
*rit.*
God's way is the right way, I'll trust in Him al - way, He knoweth the best.

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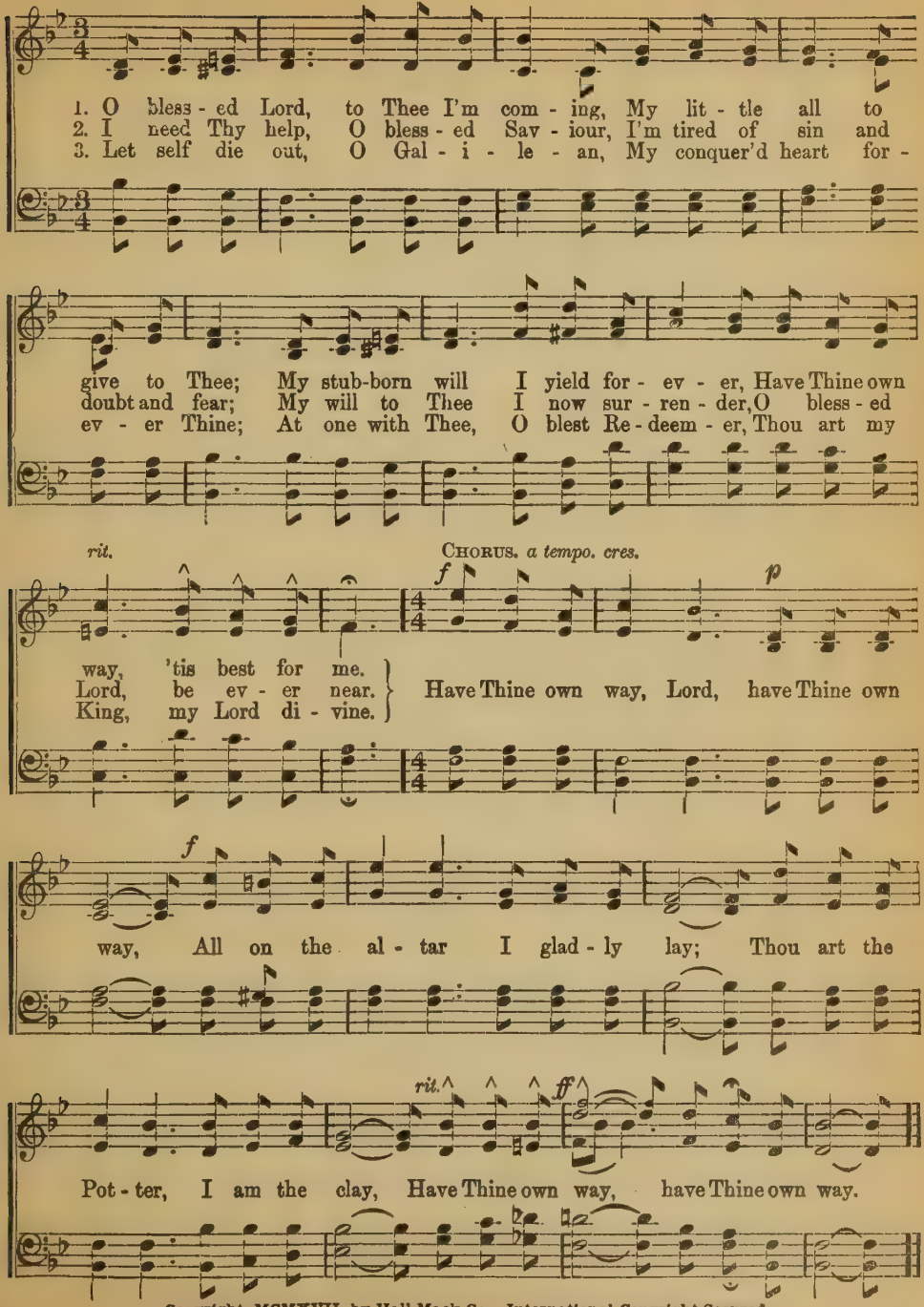
# No. 82. Have Thine Own Way.

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. O bless - ed Lord, to Thee I'm com - ing, My lit - tle all to
2. I need Thy help, O bless - ed Sav - iour, I'm tired of sin and
3. Let self die out, O Gal - i - le - an, My conquer'd heart for -
give to Thee; My stub-born will I yield for - ev - er, Have Thine own
doubt and fear; My will to Thee I now sur - ren - der, O bless - ed
ev - er Thine; At one with Thee, O blest Re - deem - er, Thou art my
rit.
Chorus. a tempo. cres.
f
p
way, 'tis best for me.
Lord, be ev - er near.
King, my Lord di - vine.
Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own
f
way, All on the al - tar I glad - ly lay; Thou art the
rit.
ff
Pot - ter, I am the clay, Have Thine own way, have Thine own way.

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# No. 83. God Has Blotted Them Out.

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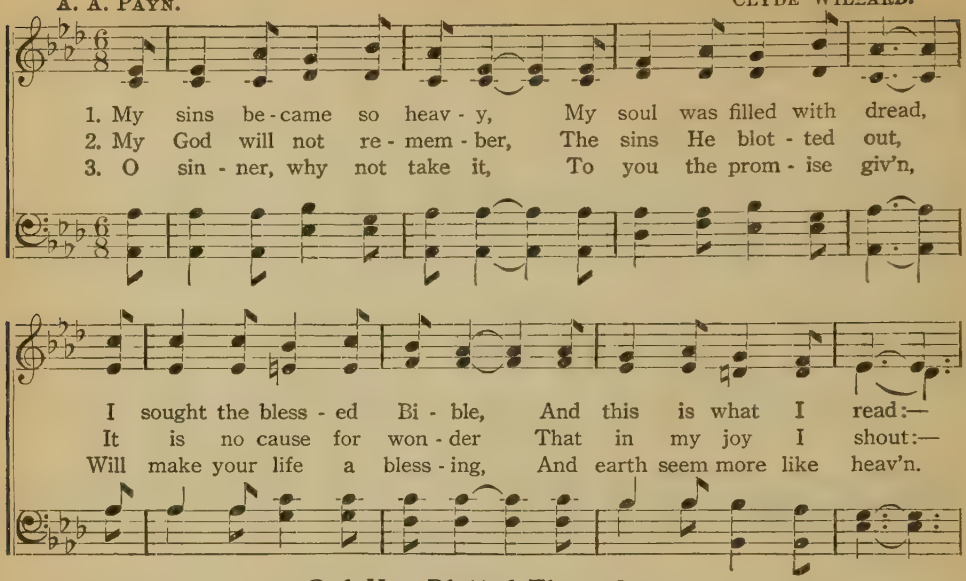
A. A. PAYN. CLYDE WILLARD.


1. My sins be-came so heav-y, My soul was filled with dread,
2. My God will not re-mem-ber, The sins He blot-ted out,
3. O sin-ner, why not take it, To you the prom-ise giv'n,
I sought the bless-ed Bi-ble, And this is what I read:—
It is no cause for won-der That in my joy I shout:—
Will make your life a bless-ing, And earth seem more like heav'n.

## God Has Blotted Them Out.

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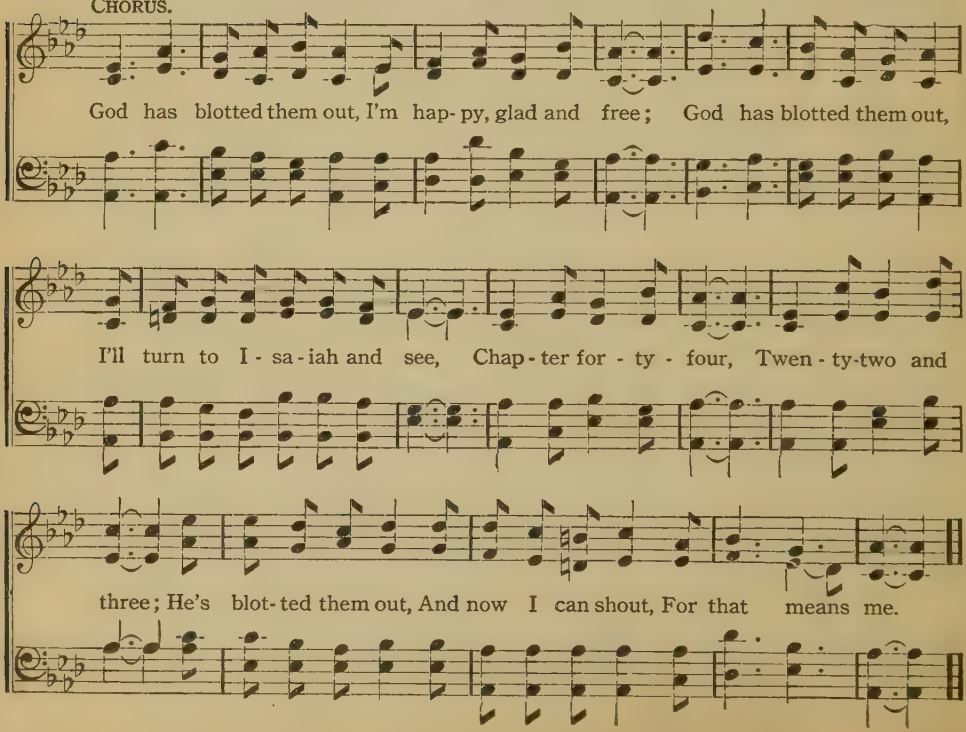
GEO. W. COOKE.

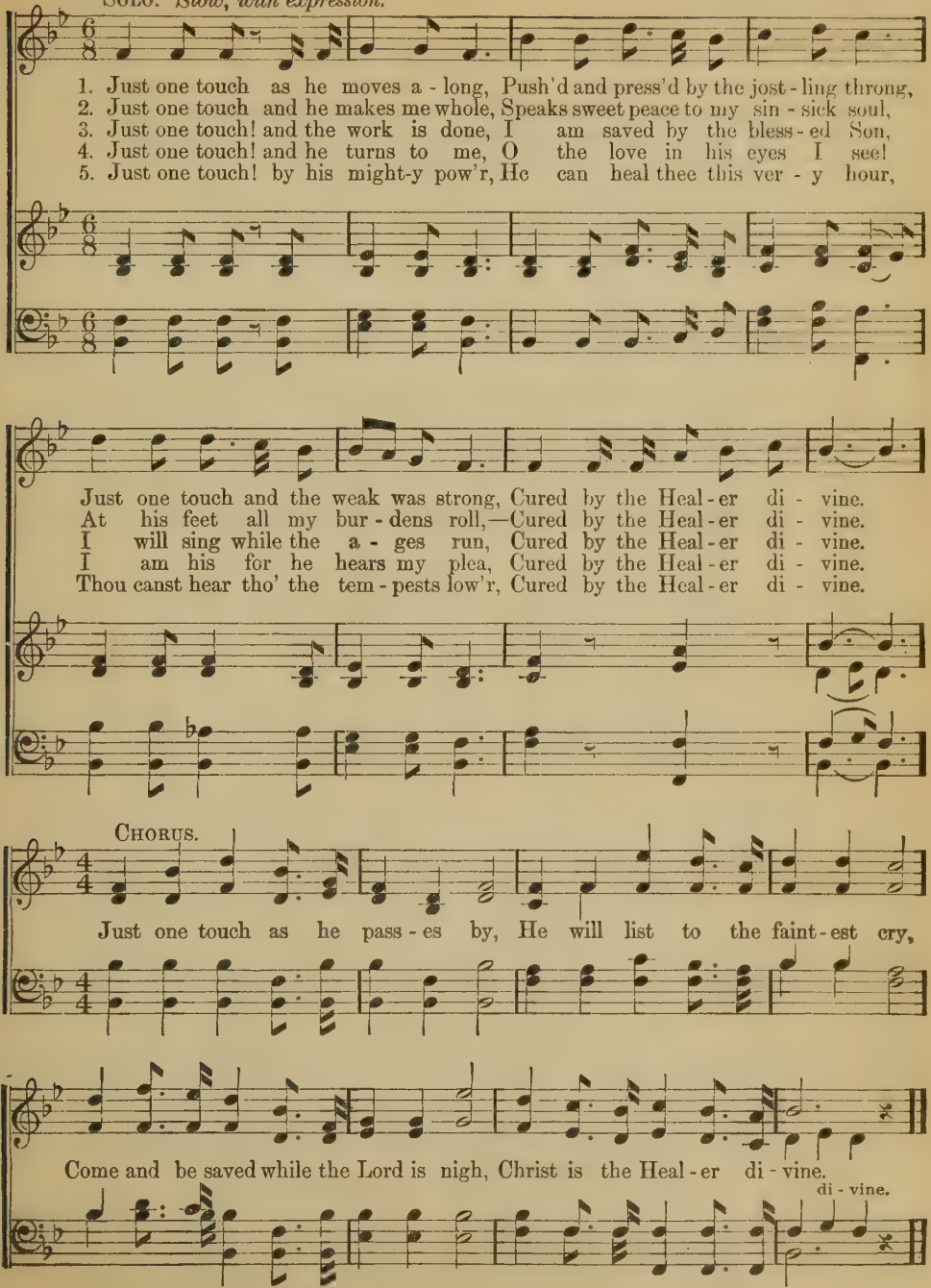
CHORUS.


God has blotted them out, I'm hap-py, glad and free; God has blotted them out,
I'll turn to I-sa-iah and see, Chap-ter for-ty-four, Twen-ty-two and
three; He's blot-ted them out, And now I can shout, For that means me.

# No. 84. Just One Touch.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*


1. Just one touch as he moves a - long, Push'd and press'd by the jost - ling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin - sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless - ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his might-y pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour,
Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
At his feet all my bur - dens roll,—Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tem - pests low'r, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
CHORUS.
Just one touch as he pass - es by, He will list to the faint - est cry,
Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal - er di - vine.
di - vine.

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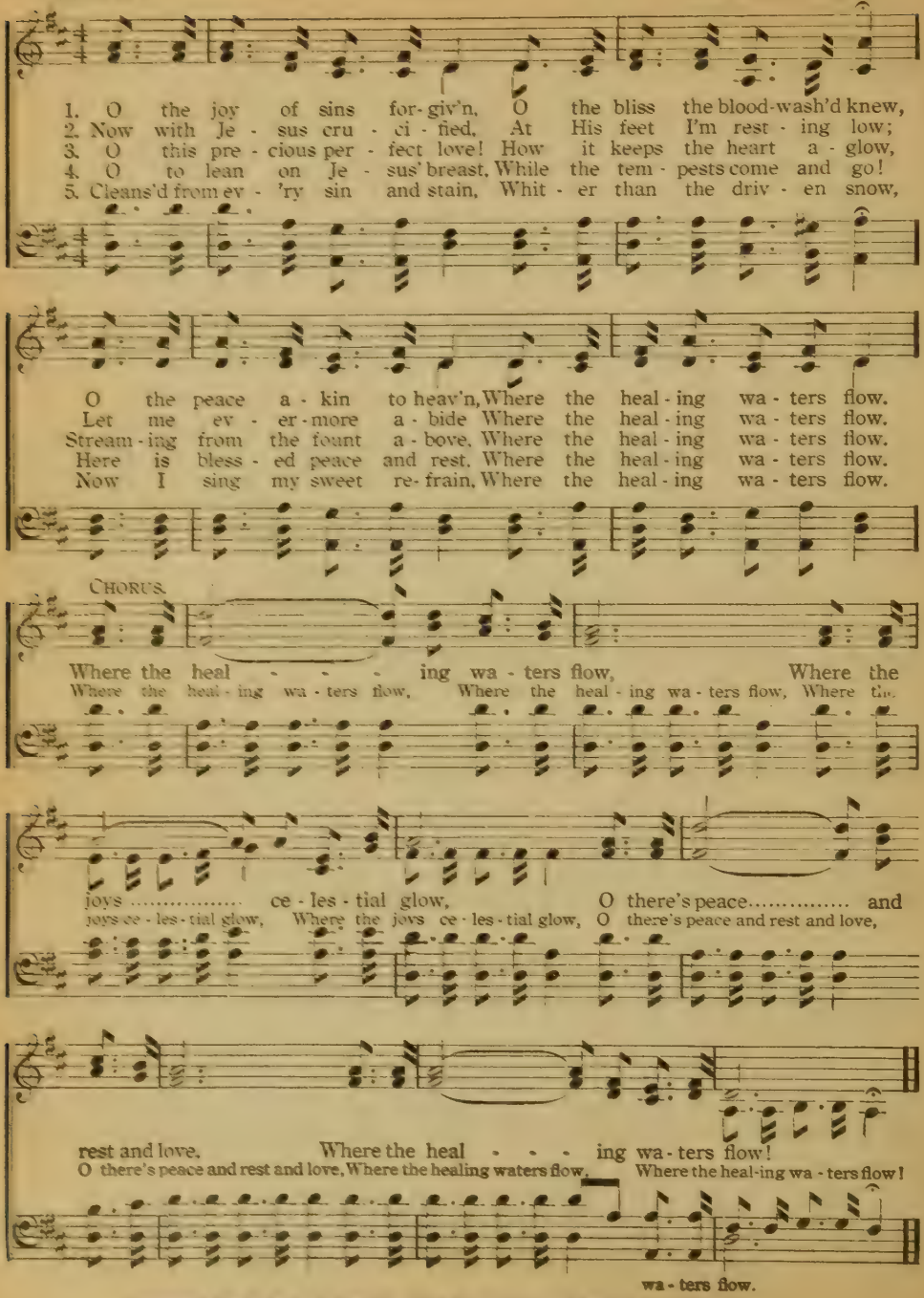
# No. 85. The Healing Waters.

H. H. H

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.


1. O the joy of sins for-giv'n, O the bliss the blood-wash'd knew,
2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;
3. O this pre - cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow,
4. O to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem - pests come and go!
5. Cleans'd from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit - er than the driv - en snow,
O the peace a - kin to heav'n, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
Let me ev - er - more a - bide Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
Stream - ing from the fount a - bove, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
Now I sing my sweet re - frain, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
CHORUS.
Where the heal - - - ing wa - ters flow, Where the
Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the
joys ce - les - tial glow, O there's peace and
joys ce - les - tial glow, Where the joys ce - les - tial glow, O there's peace and rest and love,
rest and love, Where the heal - - - ing wa - ters flow!
O there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the heal-ing wa - ters flow!
wa - ters flow.

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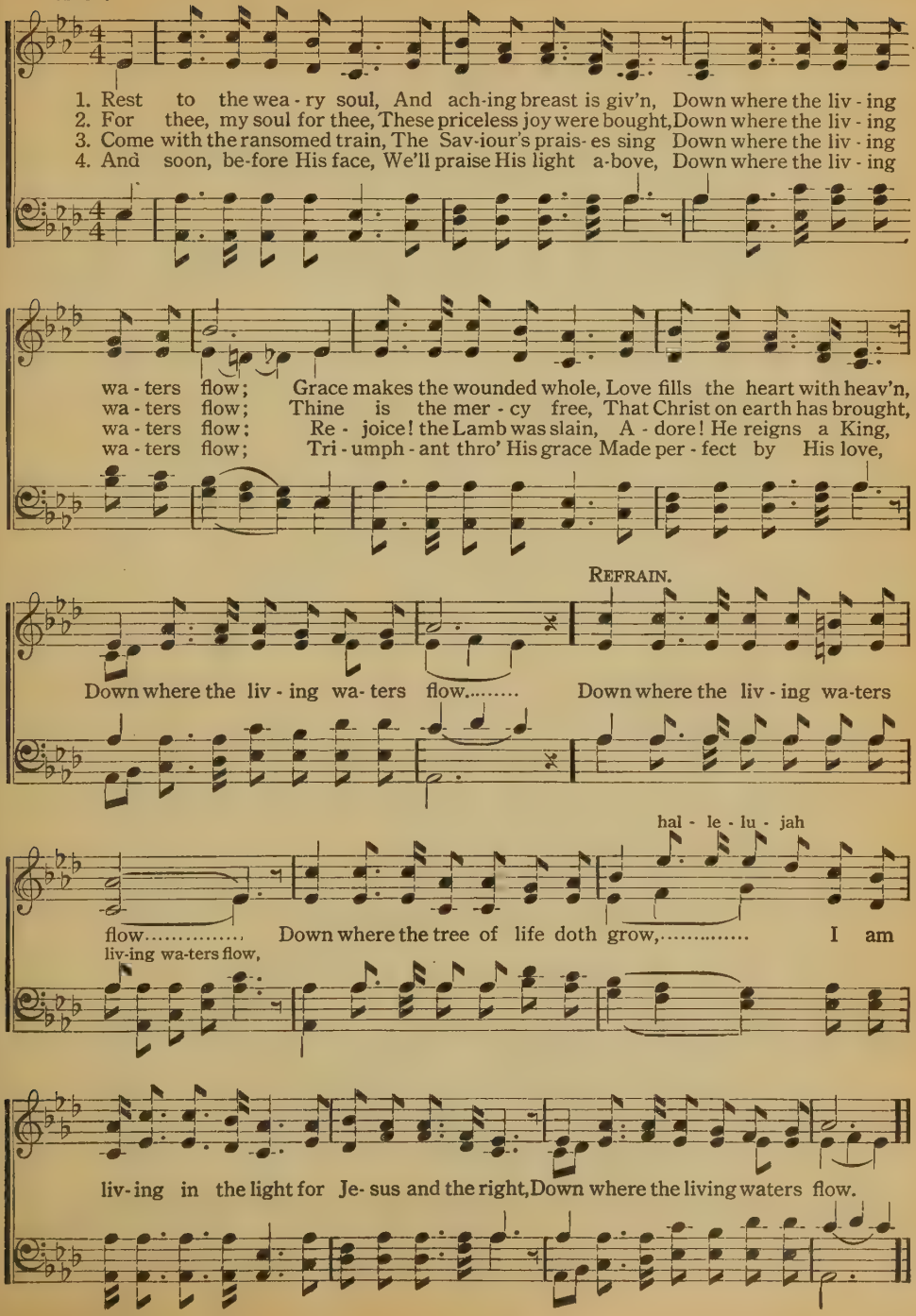
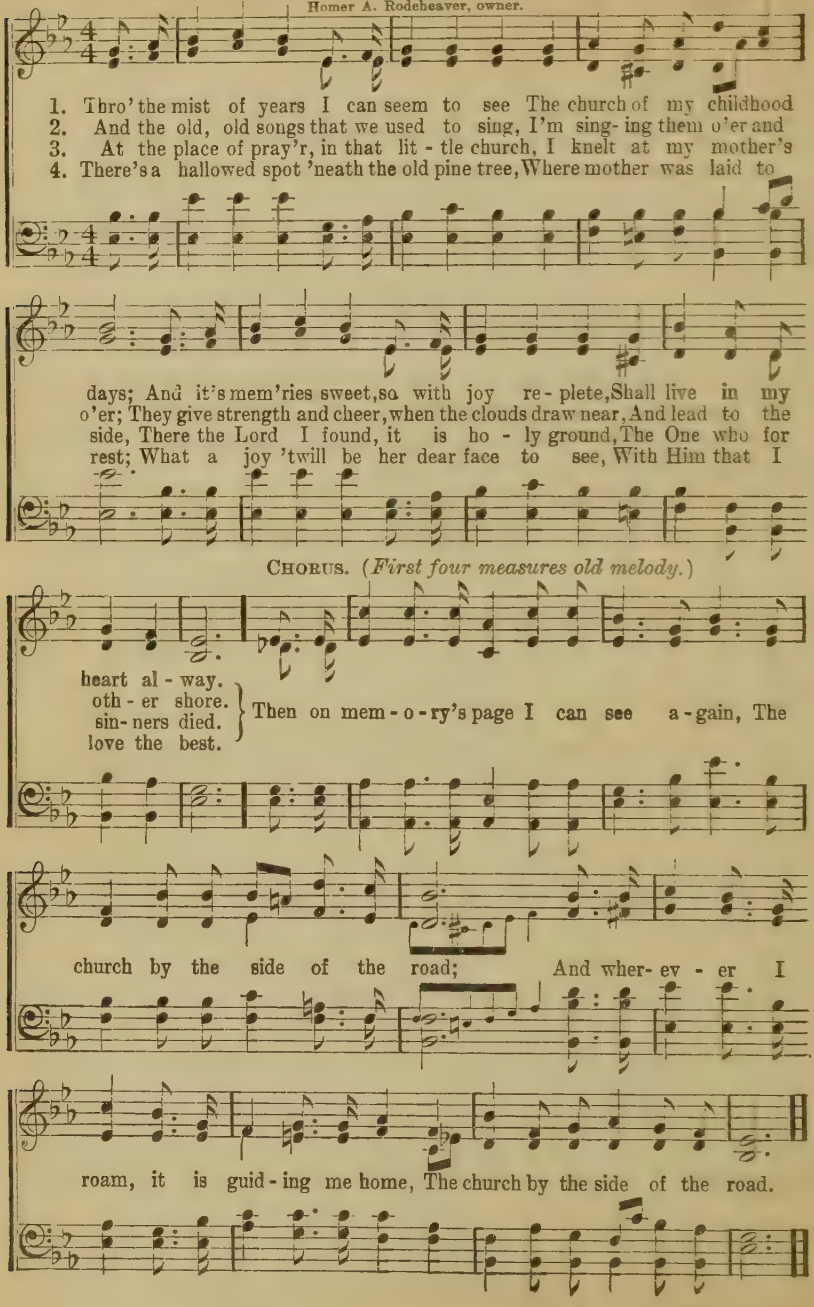
# No. 86. Where the Living Waters Flow.

Anon.


1. Rest to the wea - ry soul, And ach-ing breast is giv'n, Down where the liv - ing
2. For thee, my soul for thee, These priceless joy were bought, Down where the liv - ing
3. Come with the ransomed train, The Sav-iour's prais- es sing Down where the liv - ing
4. And soon, be-fore His face, We'll praise His light a-bove, Down where the liv - ing
wa - ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love fills the heart with heav'n,
wa - ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free, That Christ on earth has brought,
wa - ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain, A - dore! He reigns a King,
wa - ters flow; Tri - umph - ant thro' His grace Made per - fect by His love,
REFRAIN.
Down where the liv - ing wa- ters flow..... Down where the liv - ing wa-ters
hal - le - lu - jah
flow..... Down where the tree of life doth grow,..... I am
liv-ing wa-ters flow,
liv-ing in the light for Je- sus and the right, Down where the living waters flow.

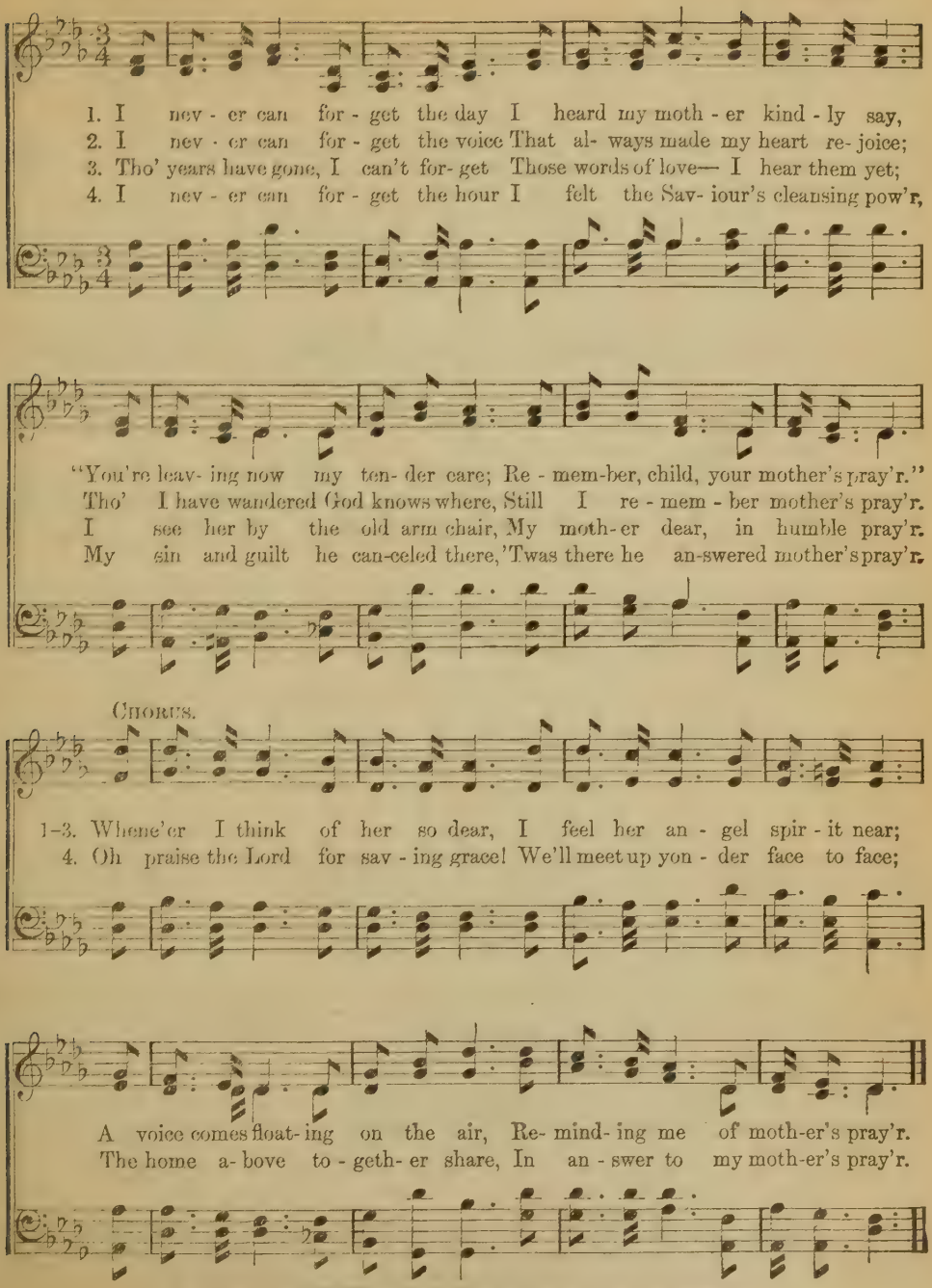
# No. 87. The Church By the Side of the Road.

Rev. W. C. POOLE. Copyright, 1925, by B. D. Ackley. Used by per. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. Thro' the mist of years I can seem to see The church of my childhood
2. And the old, old songs that we used to sing, I'm sing- ing them o'er and
3. At the place of pray'r, in that lit - tle church, I knelt at my mother's
4. There's a hallowed spot 'neath the old pine tree, Where mother was laid to
days; And it's mem'ries sweet, so with joy re - plete, Shall live in my
o'er; They give strength and cheer, when the clouds draw near, And lead to the
side, There the Lord I found, it is ho - ly ground, The One who for
rest; What a joy 'twill be her dear face to see, With Him that I
CHORUS. (First four measures old melody.)
heart al - way.
oth - er shore.
sin - ners died.
love the best.
Then on mem - o - ry's page I can see a - gain, The
church by the side of the road; And wher- ev - er I
roam, it is guid - ing me home, The church by the side of the road.

# No. 88. My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. Van DeVenter. W. S. Weeden.


1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al- ways made my heart re- joice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for- get Those words of love— I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav- iour's cleansing pow'r,
"You're leav- ing now my ten- der care; Re - mem-ber, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm chair, My moth- er dear, in humble pray'r.
My sin and guilt he can-celed there, 'Twas there he an-swered mother's pray'r.
Chorus.
1-3. Whene'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
4. Oh praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face;
A voice comes float- ing on the air, Re- mind- ing me of moth-er's pray'r.
The home a- bove to - geth- er share, In an - swer to my moth-er's pray'r.

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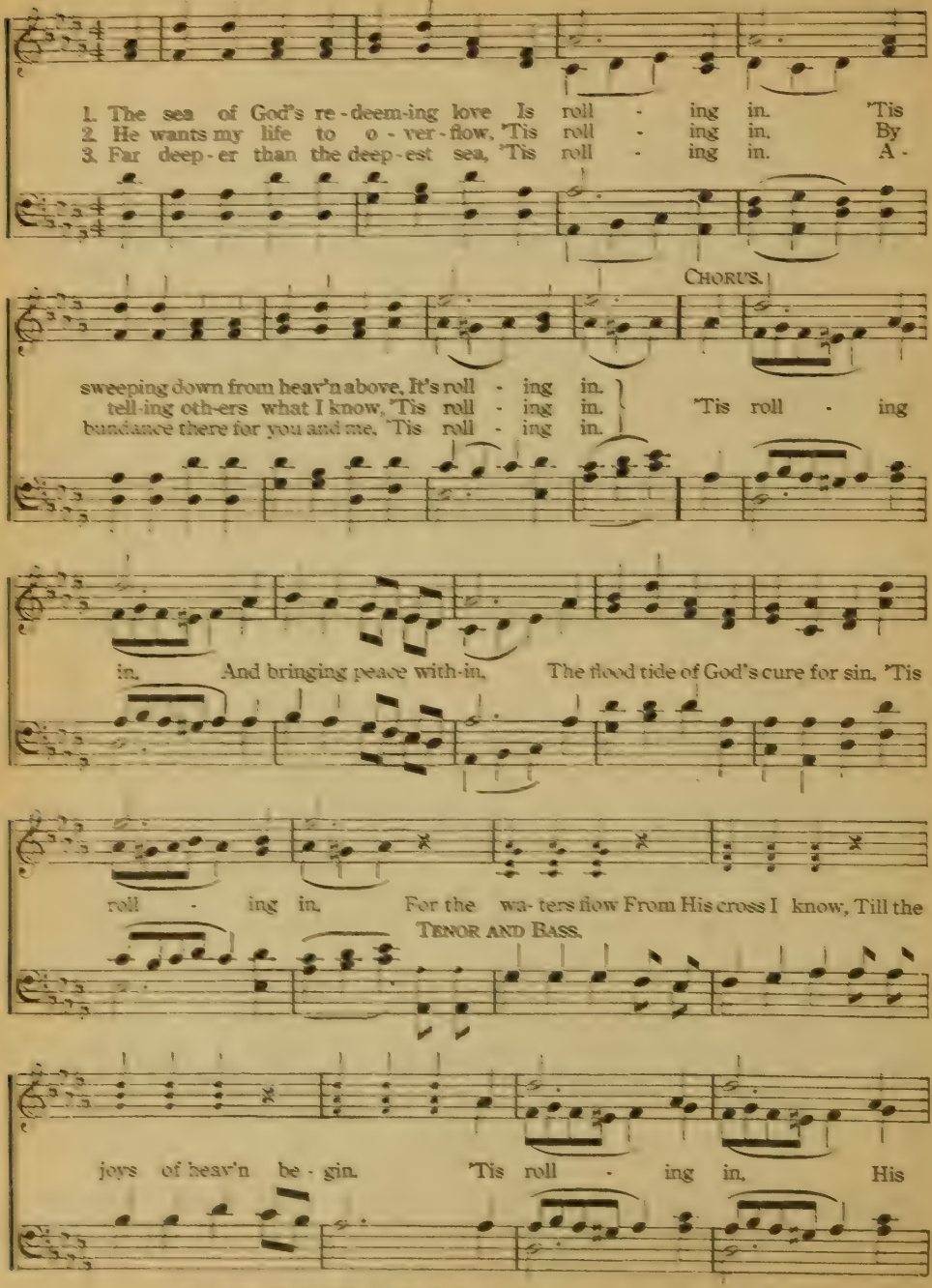
# No. 89. 'Tis Rolling In.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."—ZECH. 13 : 1.

MRS. J. I. MCCLELLAND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. The sea of God's re-deem-ing love Is roll - ing in. 'Tis
2. He wants my life to o-ver-flow, 'Tis roll - ing in. By
3. Far deep-er than the deep-est sea, 'Tis roll - ing in. A-
CHORUS.
sweeping down from heav'n above, It's roll - ing in.
tell-ing oth-ers what I know, 'Tis roll - ing in.
bundance there for you and me, 'Tis roll - ing in.
'Tis roll - ing in. And bringing peace with-in, The flood tide of God's cure for sin. 'Tis
roll - ing in. For the wa-ters flow From His cross I know, Till the
TENOR AND BASS.
joys of heav'n be-gin. 'Tis roll - ing in, His

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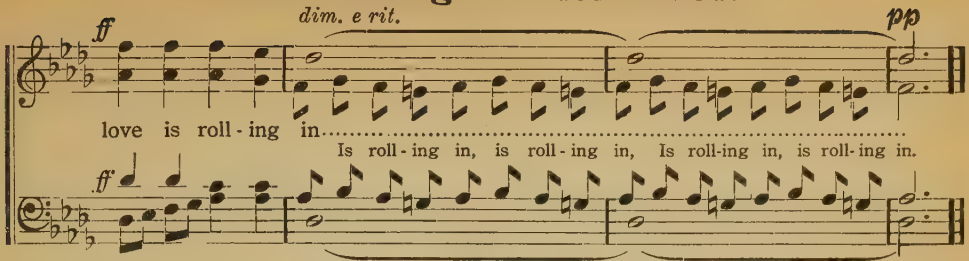
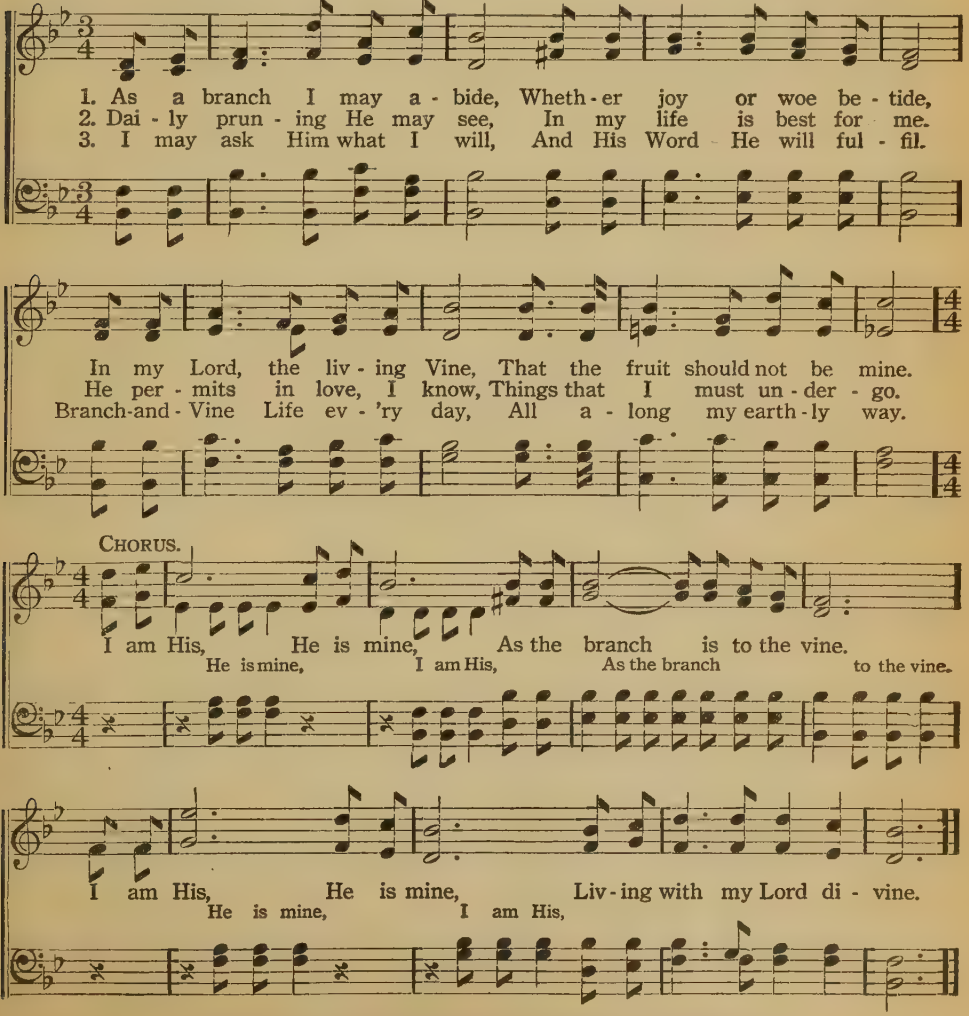
## 'Tis Rolling In.—Concluded.




## No. 90. As the Branch is to the Vine.

Mrs. J. I. McClelland. John 15: 1-8. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. As a branch I may a - bide, Wheth - er joy or woe be - tide,
2. Dai - ly prun - ing He may see, In my life is best for me.
3. I may ask Him what I will, And His Word He will ful - fil.
In my Lord, the liv - ing Vine, That the fruit should not be mine.
He per - mits in love, I know, Things that I must un - der - go.
Branch-and - Vine Life ev - 'ry day, All a - long my earth - ly way.
Chorus.
I am His, He is mine, As the branch is to the vine.
He is mine, I am His, As the branch to the vine.
I am His, He is mine, Liv - ing with my Lord di - vine.
He is mine, I am His,

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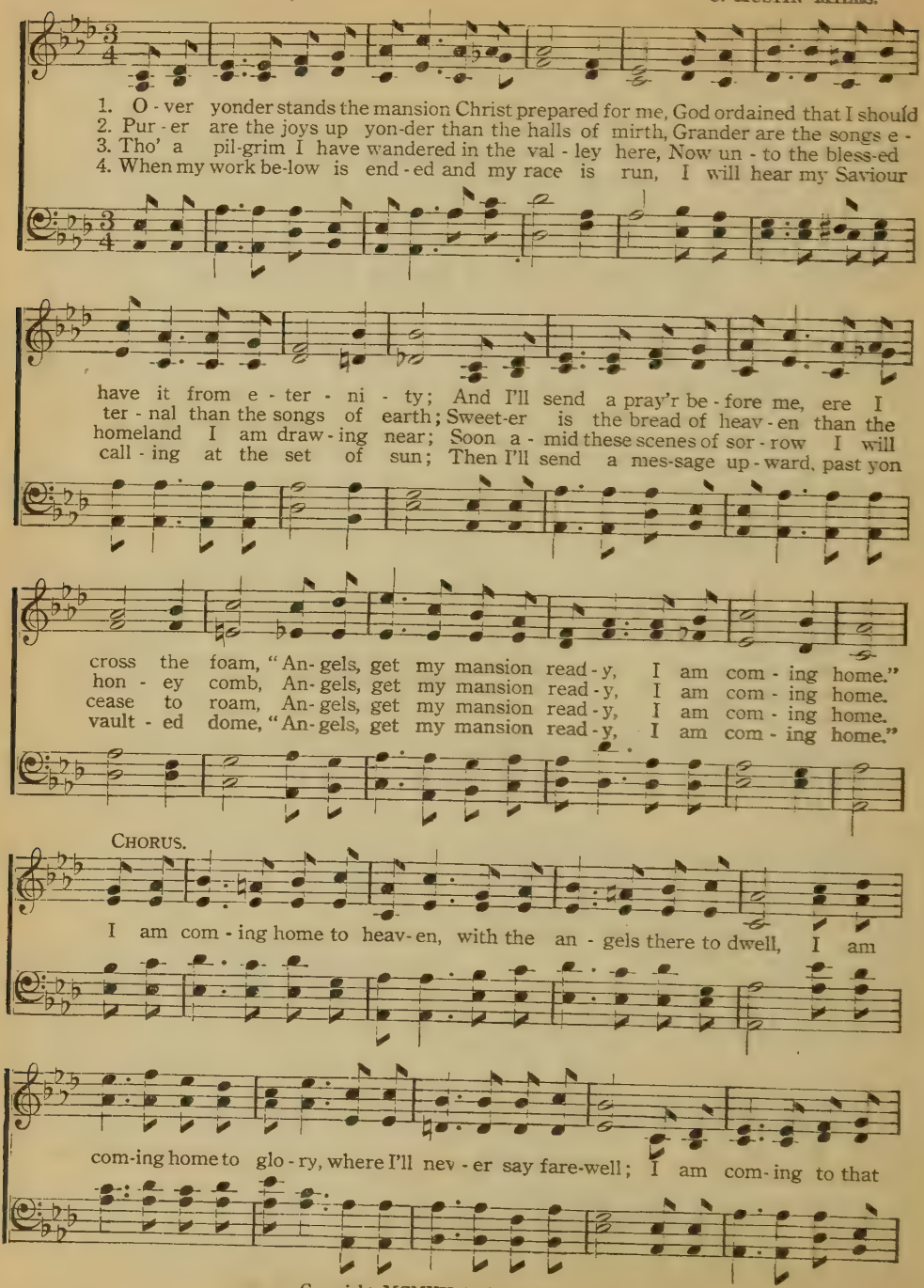
# No. 91. Angels, Get My Mansion Ready.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. O - ver yonder stands the mansion Christ prepared for me, God ordained that I should have it from e - ter - ni - ty; And I'll send a pray'r be - fore me, ere I cross the foam, "An-gels, get my mansion read - y, I am com - ing home."
2. Pur - er are the joys up yon-der than the halls of mirth, Grander are the songs e - ter - nal than the songs of earth; Sweet-er is the bread of heav - en than the hon - ey comb, An-gels, get my mansion read - y, I am com - ing home.
3. Tho' a pil-grim I have wandered in the val - ley here, Now un - to the bless-ed homeland I am draw - ing near; Soon a - mid these scenes of sor - row I will cease to roam, An-gels, get my mansion read - y, I am com - ing home.
4. When my work be-low is end - ed and my race is run, I will hear my Saviour call - ing at the set of sun; Then I'll send a mes-sage up - ward, past yon vault - ed dome, "An-gels, get my mansion read - y, I am com - ing home."
CHORUS.
I am com - ing home to heav - en, with the an - gels there to dwell, I am com-ing home to glo - ry, where I'll nev - er say fare-well; I am com - ing to that

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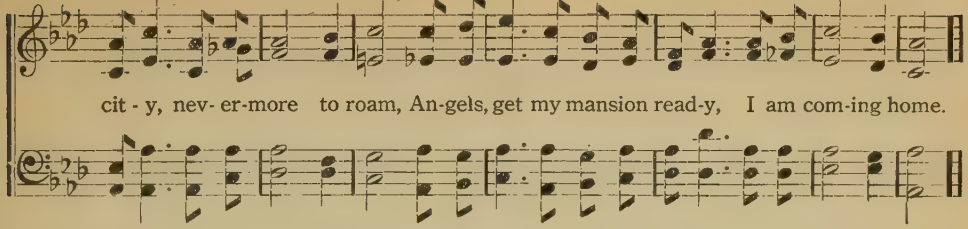
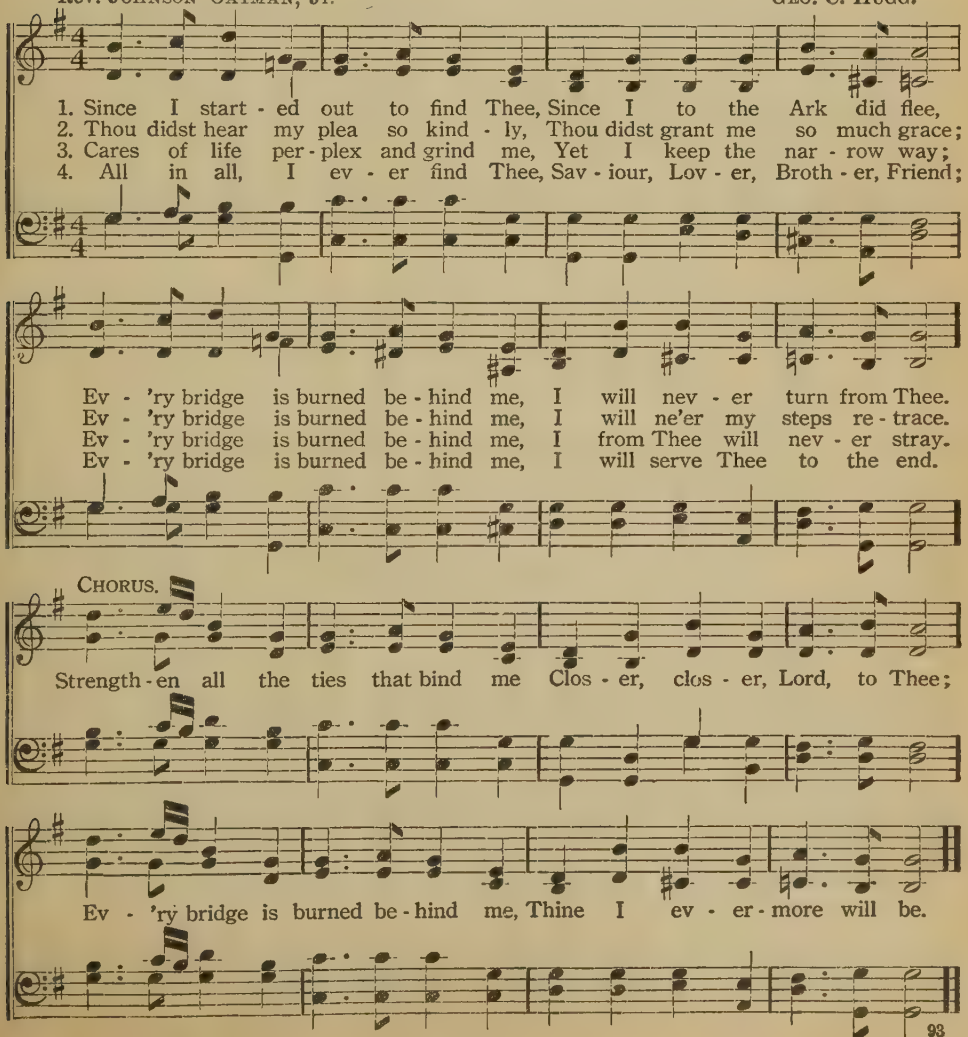
## Angels, Get My Mansion Ready.—Concluded.



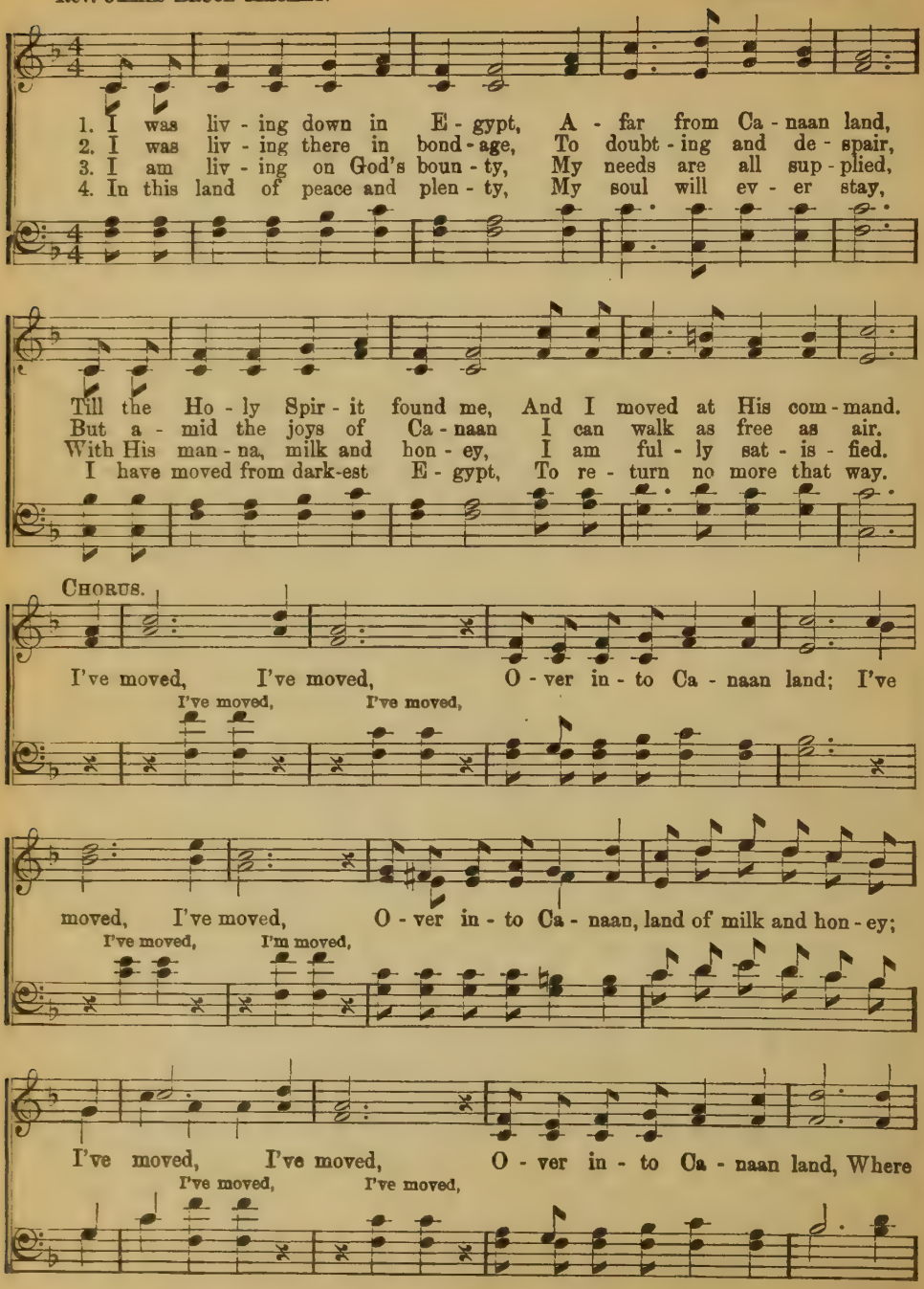

## No. 92. Every Bridge is Burned Behind Me.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.


1. Since I start - ed out to find Thee, Since I to the Ark did flee,
2. Thou didst hear my plea so kind - ly, Thou didst grant me so much grace;
3. Cares of life per - plex and grind me, Yet I keep the nar - row way;
4. All in all, I ev - er find Thee, Sav - iour, Lov - er, Broth - er, Friend;
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me, I will nev - er turn from Thee.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me, I will ne'er my steps re - trace.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me, I from Thee will nev - er stray.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me, I will serve Thee to the end.
CHORUS.
Strength - en all the ties that bind me Clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee;
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me, Thine I ev - er - more will be.

# No. 93. I've Moved.

Rev. James Bruce Mackay. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. I was liv - ing down in E - gypt, A - far from Ca - naan land,
2. I was liv - ing there in bond - age, To doubt - ing and de - spair,
3. I am liv - ing on God's boun - ty, My needs are all sup - plied,
4. In this land of peace and plen - ty, My soul will ev - er stay,
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it found me, And I moved at His com - mand.
But a - mid the joys of Ca - naan I can walk as free as air.
With His man - na, milk and hon - ey, I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.
I have moved from dark-est E - gypt, To re - turn no more that way.
Chorus.
I've moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan land; I've
I've moved, I've moved,
moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan, land of milk and hon - ey;
I've moved, I'm moved,
I've moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan land, Where
I've moved, I've moved,

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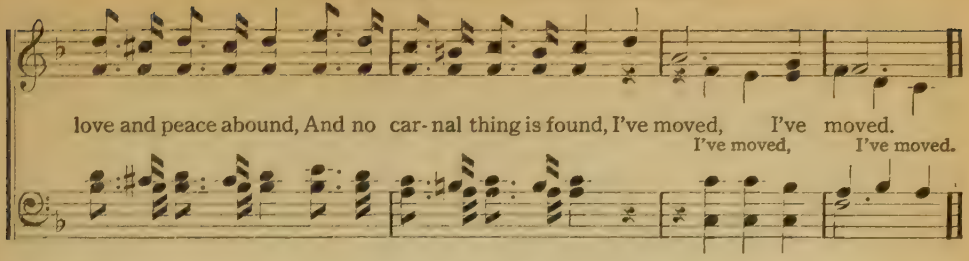
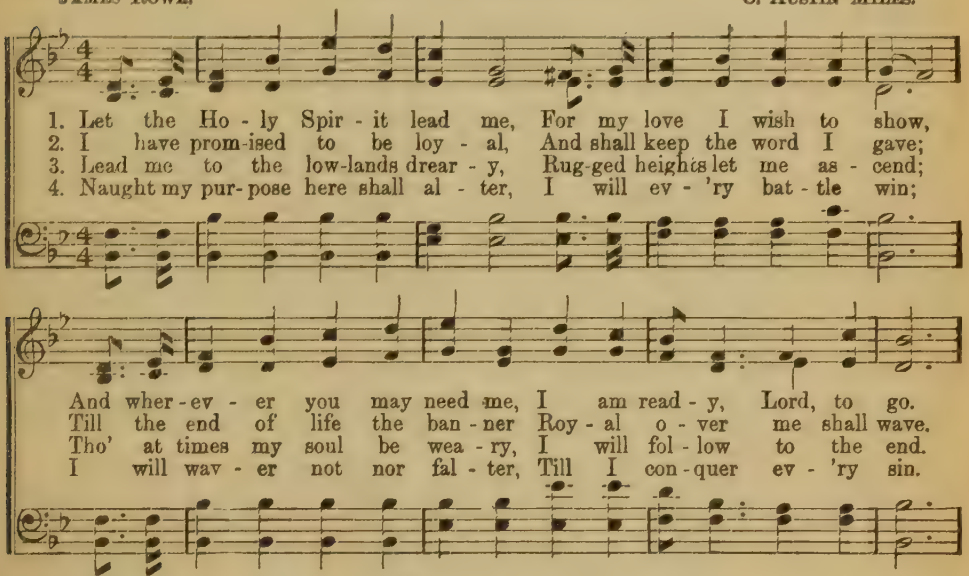
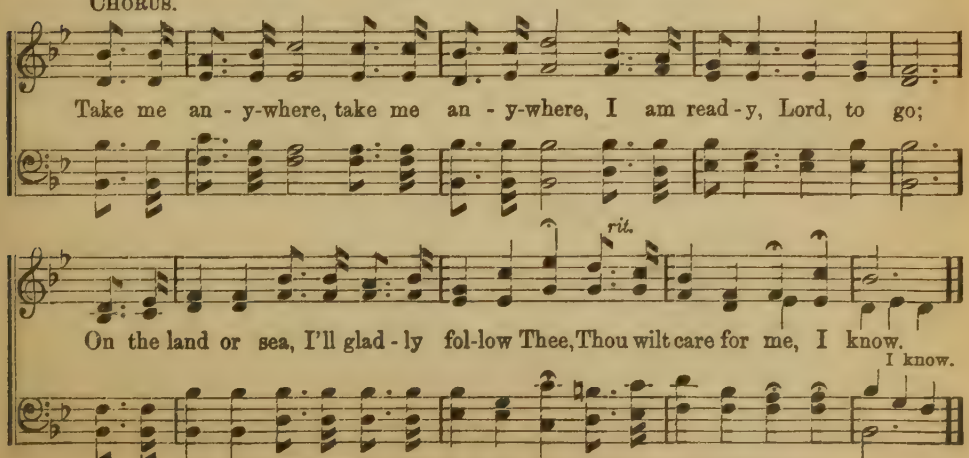



## No. 94. Take Me Anywhere.

JAMES ROWE. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Let the Ho-ly Spir-it lead me, For my love I wish to show,
2. I have prom-ised to be loy-al, And shall keep the word I gave;
3. Lead me to the low-lands drear-y, Rug-ged heights let me as-cend;
4. Naught my pur-pose here shall al-ter, I will ev-'ry bat-tle win;
And wher-ev-er you may need me, I am read-y, Lord, to go.
Till the end of life the ban-ner Roy-al o-ver me shall wave.
Tho' at times my soul be wea-ry, I will fol-low to the end.
I will wav-er not nor fal-ter, Till I con-quer ev-'ry sin.

CHORUS.


Take me an-y-where, take me an-y-where, I am read-y, Lord, to go;
rit.
On the land or sea, I'll glad-ly fol-low Thee, Thou wilt care for me, I know.
I know.

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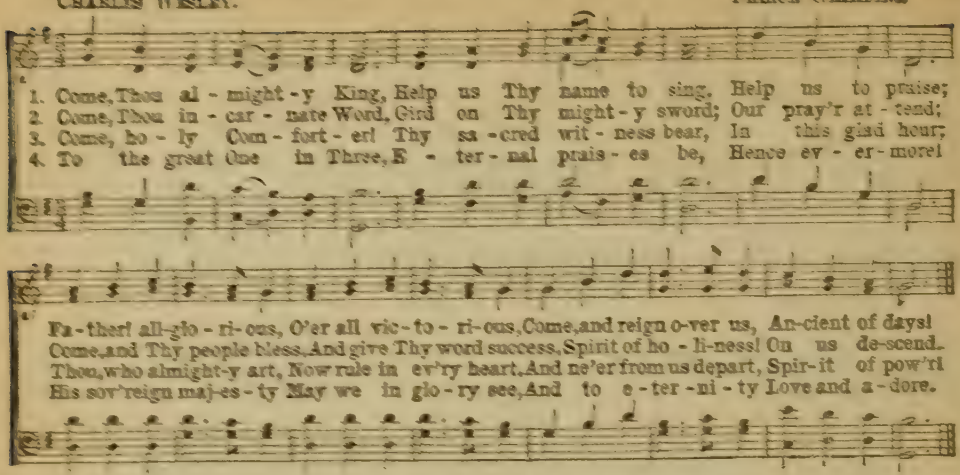
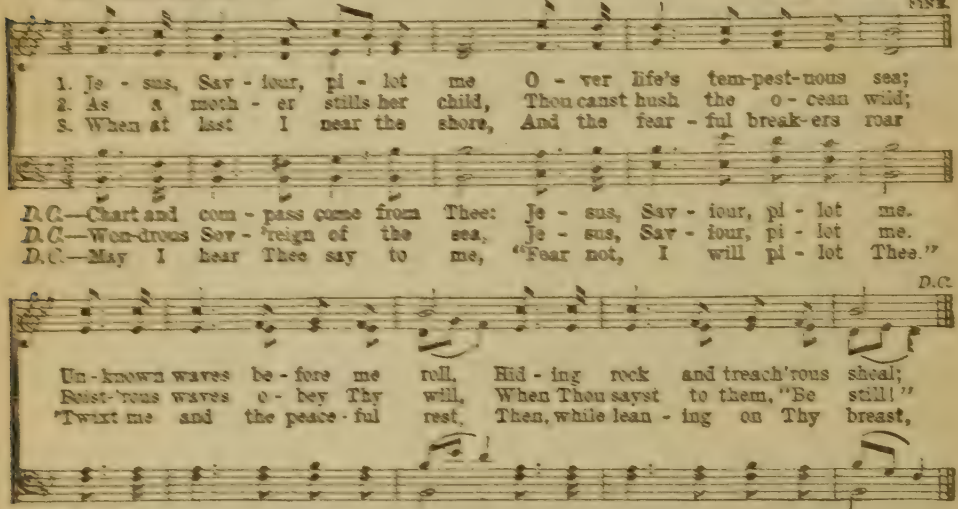
## No. 95. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.


1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend;
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour;
4. To the great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more!
Fa - ther! all-glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!
Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success, Spirit of ho - li-ness! On us de-scend.
Thou, who almight-y art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r!
His sov'reign maj-es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

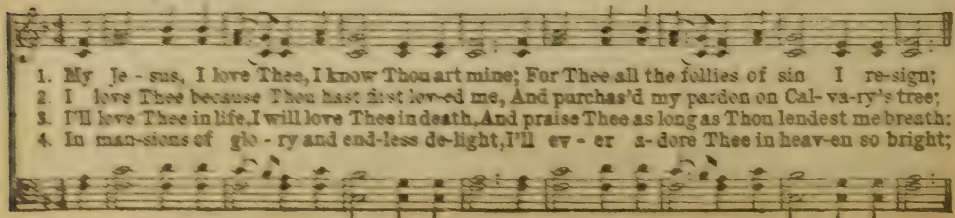
## No. 96. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

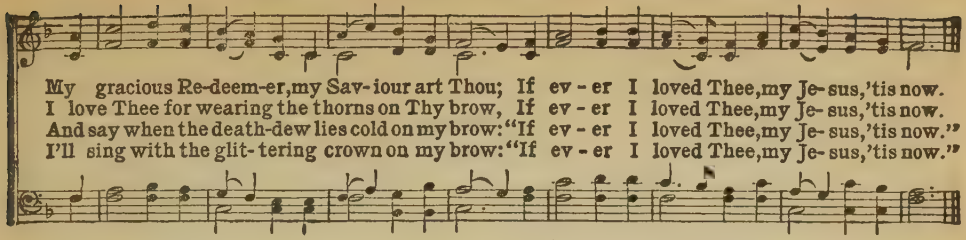

FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—Won-drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee."
D.C.
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

## No. 97.. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

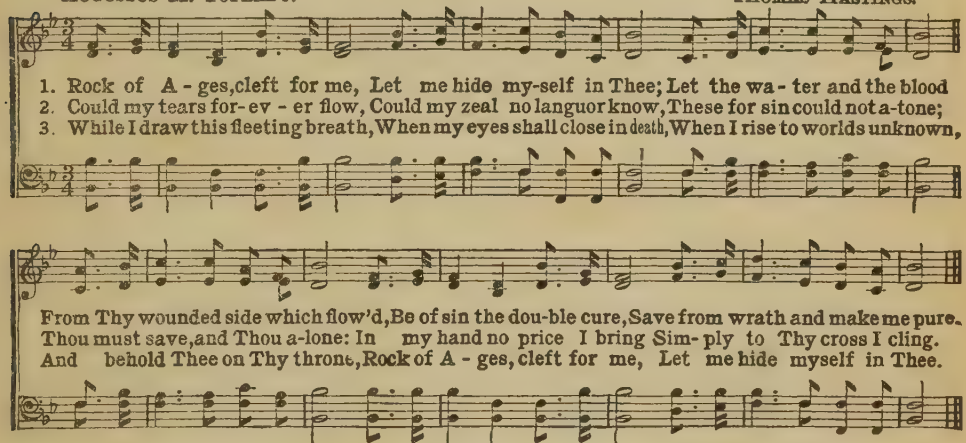

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the follies of sin I re-sign;
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchas'd my pardon on Cal-va-ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-dore Thee in heav-en so bright;

## My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.


My gracious Re-deem-er, my Sav-iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit-tering crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."

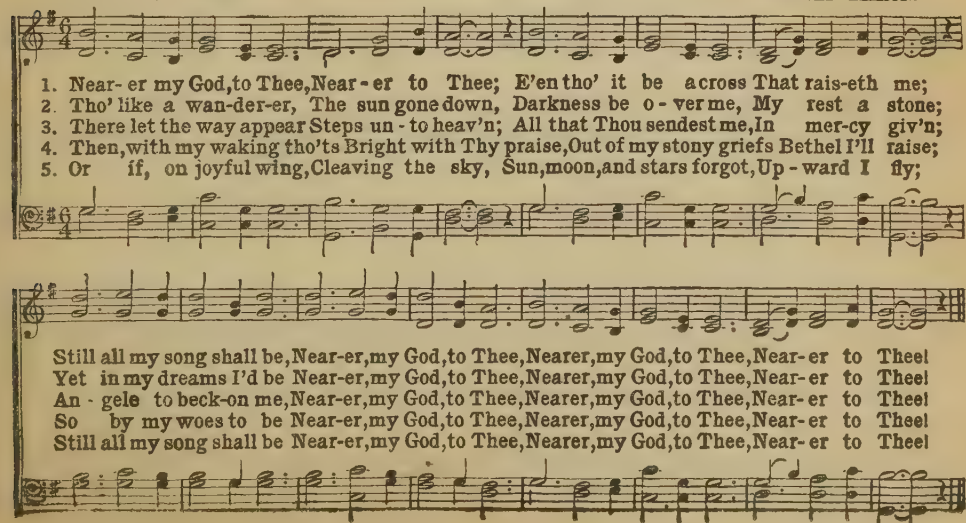
## No. 98.. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood
2. Could my tears for-ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not a-tone;
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Thou must save, and Thou a-lone: In my hand no price I bring Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
And behold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

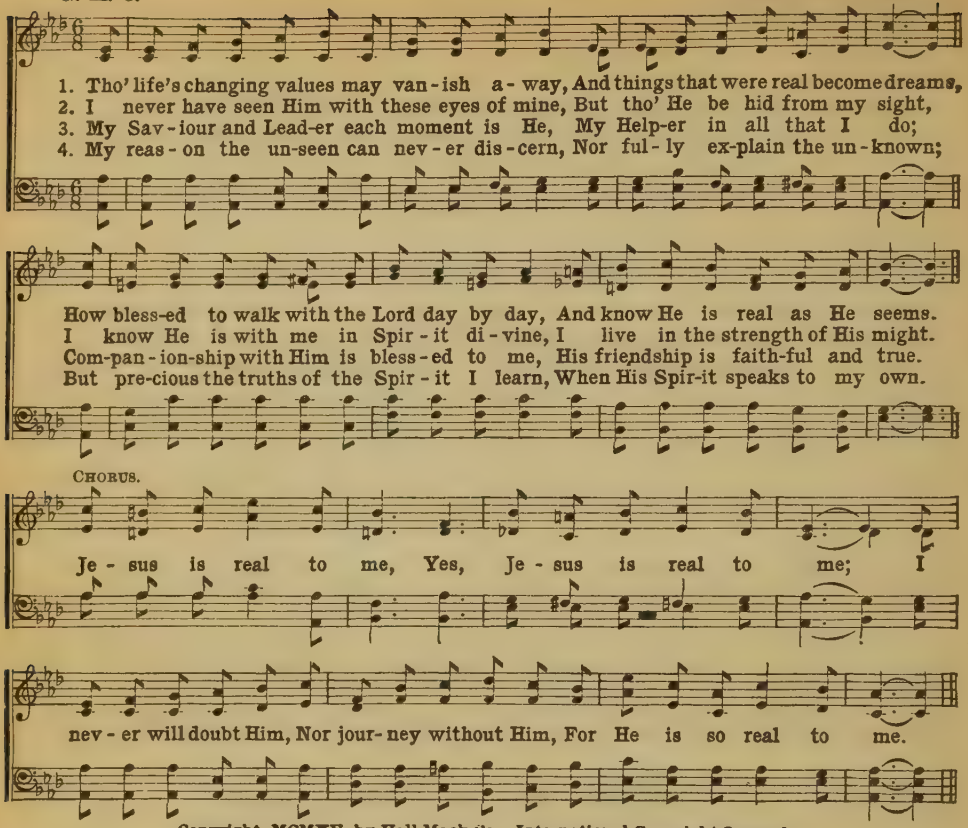
## No. 99. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Near-er my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a-cross That rais-eth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly;
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

## No. 100. Jesus is Real to Me.

G. H. C. GEORGE H. CARR.


1. Tho' life's changing values may van-ish a-way, And things that were real become dreams,
2. I never have seen Him with these eyes of mine, But tho' He be hid from my sight,
3. My Sav-iour and Lead-er each moment is He, My Help-er in all that I do;
4. My reas-on the un-seen can nev-er dis-cern, Nor ful-ly ex-plain the un-known;
How bless-ed to walk with the Lord day by day, And know He is real as He seems.
I know He is with me in Spir-it di-vine, I live in the strength of His might.
Com-pan-ion-ship with Him is bless-ed to me, His friendship is faith-ful and true.
But pre-cious the truths of the Spir-it I learn, When His Spir-it speaks to my own.
CHORUS.
Je-sus is real to me, Yes, Je-sus is real to me; I
nev-er will doubt Him, Nor jour-ney without Him, For He is so real to me.

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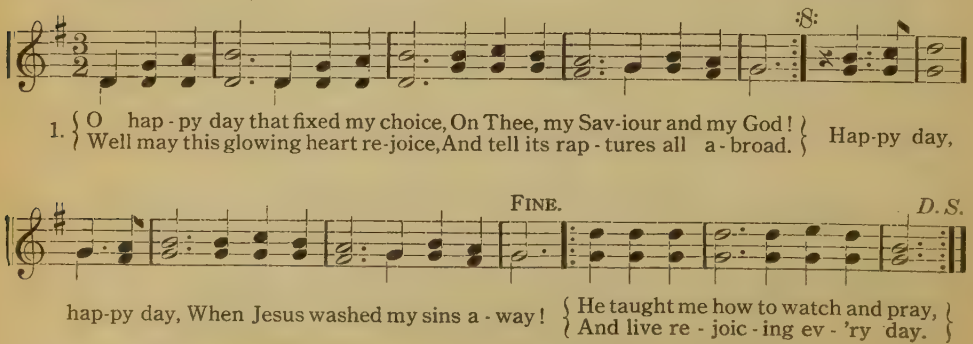
## No. 100 a. Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

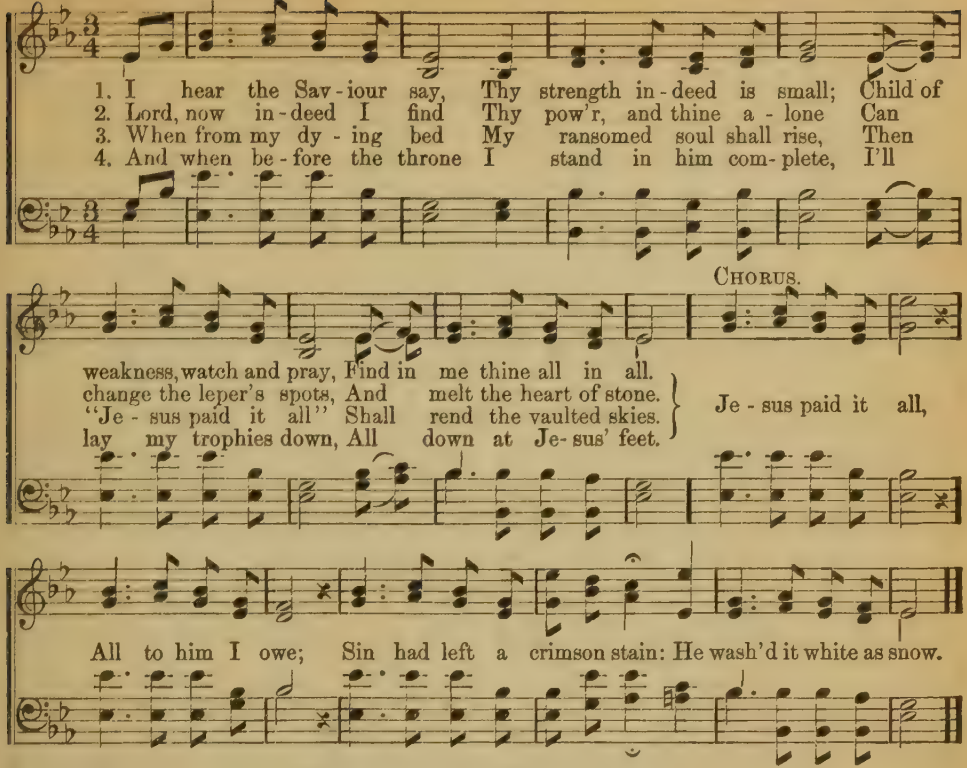

:S:
1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! } Hap-py day,
{ Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
FINE.
D. S.
hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
{ And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day. }

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

## No. 101. All to Christ I Owe.

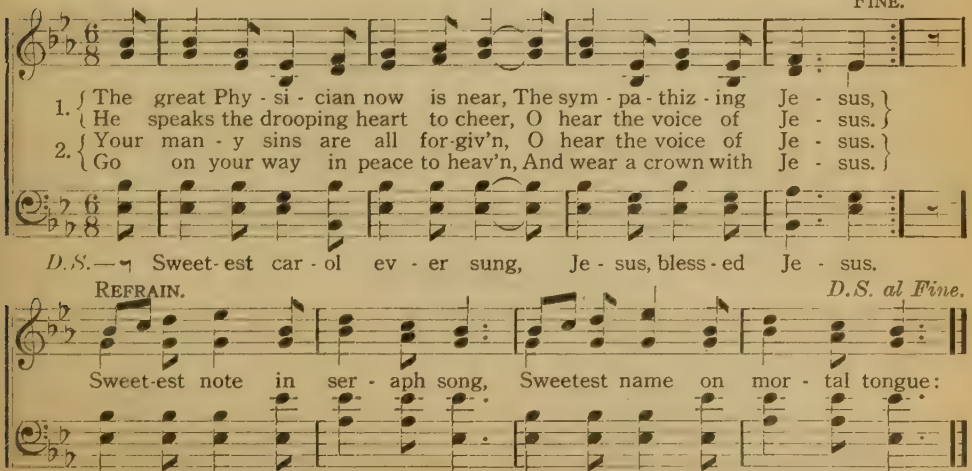
ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.


1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a-lone Can
3. When from my dy-ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in him com-plete, I'll
CHORUS.
weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
"Je-sus paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies.
lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.
Je-sus paid it all,
All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He wash'd it white as snow.

## No. 102. The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

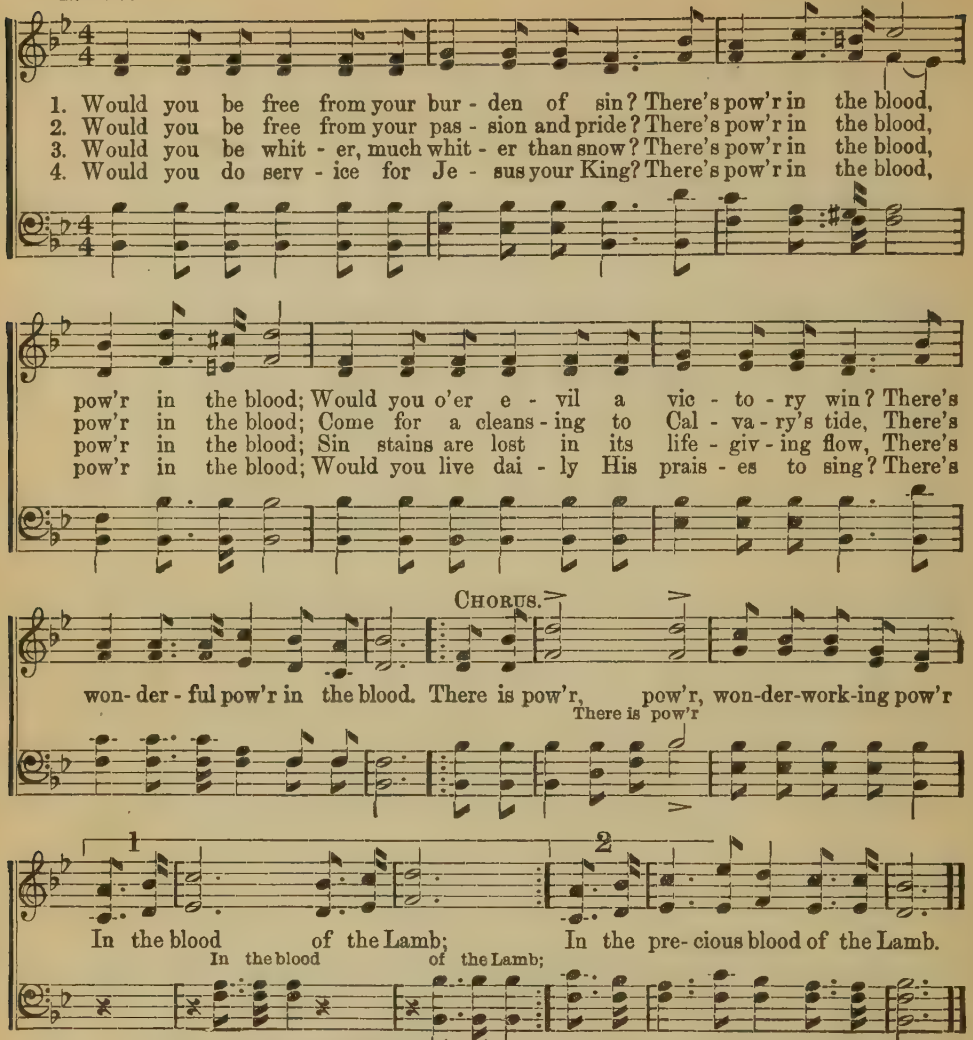

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je-sus.
2. Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je-sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
D.S.— Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.
REFRAIN.
D.S. al Fine.
Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue:

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name;
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
O how my soul delights to hear,
The charming name of Jesus.

# No. 103. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.


1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide, There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow, There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's
Chorus.
won- der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, won-der-work-ing pow'r
There is pow'r
1
2
In the blood of the Lamb; In the pre- cious blood of the Lamb.
In the blood of the Lamb;

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# No. 104. Close to Thee.

(Key G.)

1 Thou, my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee,
‖: Close to Thee, close to Thee, :‖
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

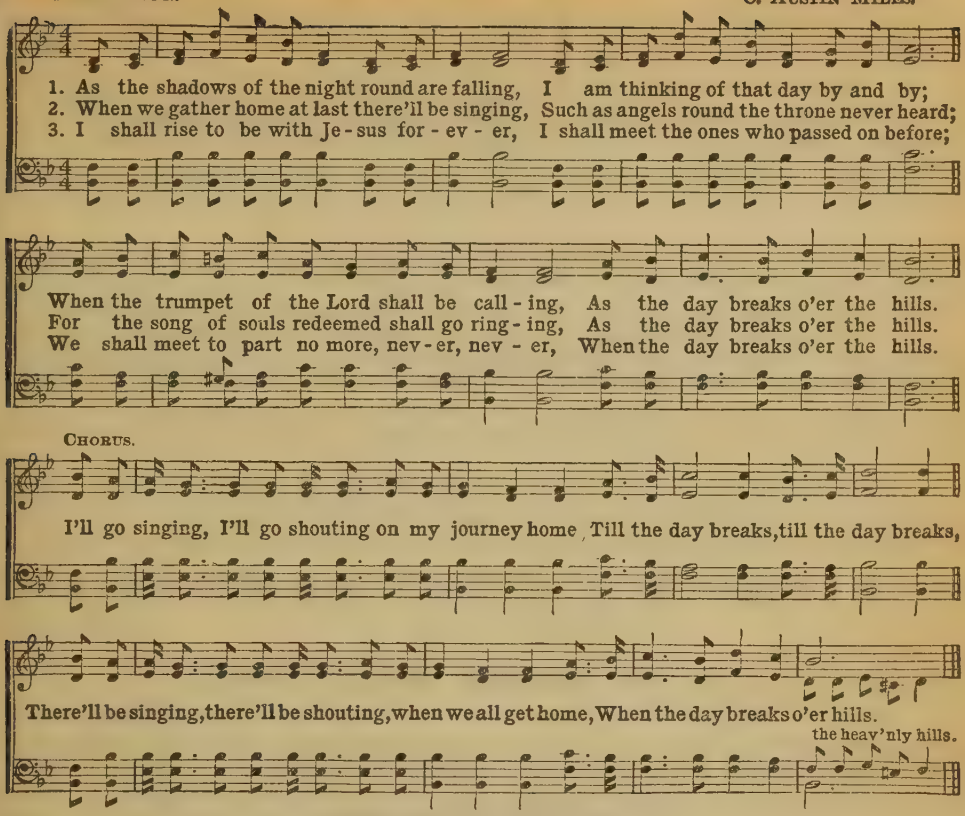
2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be:
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.
‖: Close to Thee, close to Thee, :‖
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.
‖: Close to Thee, close to Thee, :‖
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

# o. 105. As the Day Breaks.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. As the shadows of the night round are falling, I am thinking of that day by and by;
2. When we gather home at last there'll be singing, Such as angels round the throne never heard;
3. I shall rise to be with Je-sus for-ev-er, I shall meet the ones who passed on before;
When the trumpet of the Lord shall be call-ing, As the day breaks o'er the hills.
For the song of souls redeemed shall go ring-ing, As the day breaks o'er the hills.
We shall meet to part no more, nev-er, nev-er, When the day breaks o'er the hills.
CHORUS.
I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks,
There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er hills.
the heav'nly hills.

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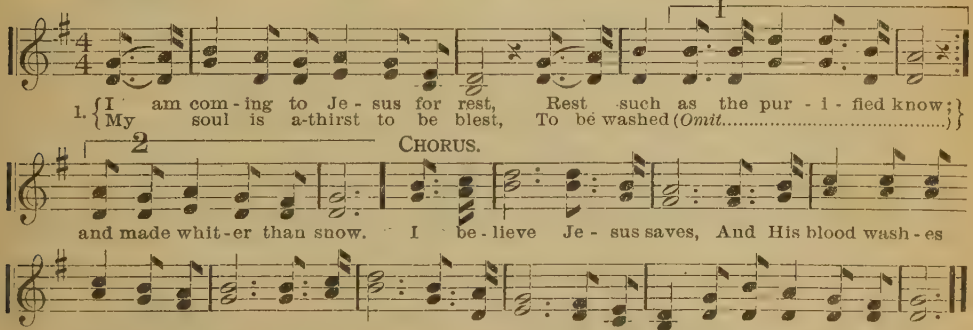
# No. 105 a. I Believe Jesus Saves.

WM. MCDONALD. JOS. P. WEBSTER.


1
1. I am com-ing to Je-sus for rest, Rest such as the pur-i-fied know;
My soul is a-thirst to be blest, To be washed (Omit.....)
2
CHORUS.
and made whit-er than snow. I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And His blood wash-es
whit-er than snow; I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And His blood wash-es whit-er than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

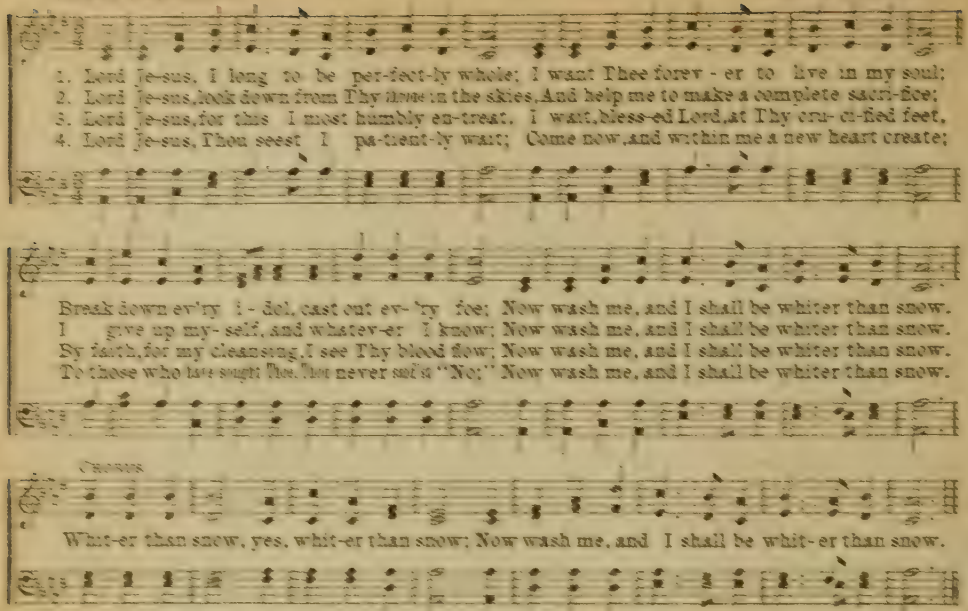
3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For His fulness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

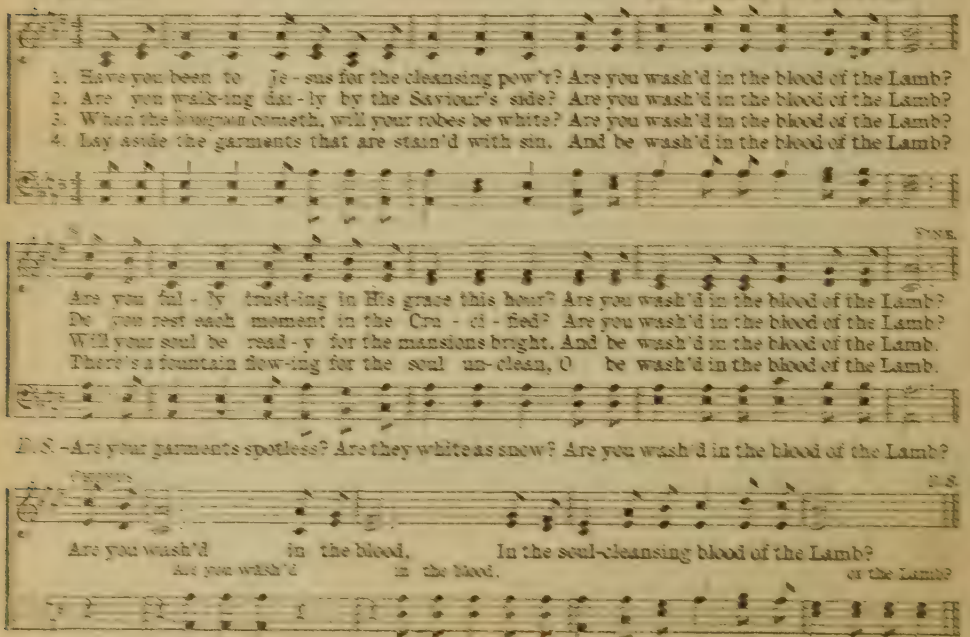
## No. 106. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISHER.


1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee forev - er to live in my soul;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacri-fice;
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat. I want, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru- ci-fied feet,
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and within me a new heart create;
Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast out ev- 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
I give up my- self, and whatev-er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst "No;" Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit- er than snow.

## No. 107. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
3. When the bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
4. Lay aside the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
FINE.
Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul un-clean, O be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
D. S.-Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
CHORUS. D. S.
Are you wash'd in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are you wash'd in the blood, of the Lamb?

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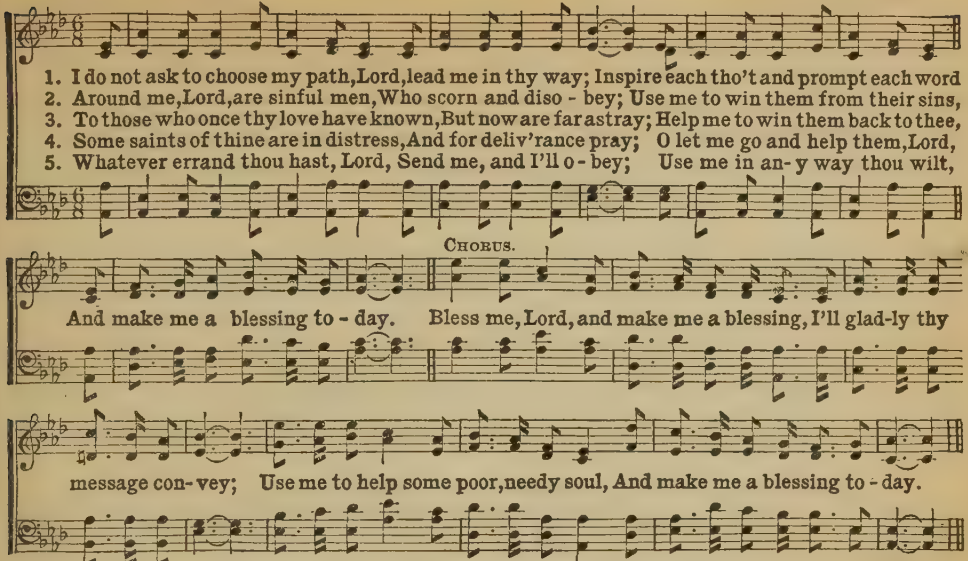
# No. 108. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Rev. J. H. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way; Inspire each tho't and prompt each word
2. Around me, Lord, are sinful men, Who scorn and diso - bey; Use me to win them from their sins,
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far astray; Help me to win them back to thee,
4. Some saints of thine are in distress, And for deliv'rance pray; O let me go and help them, Lord,
5. Whatever errand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey; Use me in an- y way thou wilt,
Chorus.
And make me a blessing to - day. Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad-ly thy
message con- vey; Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.

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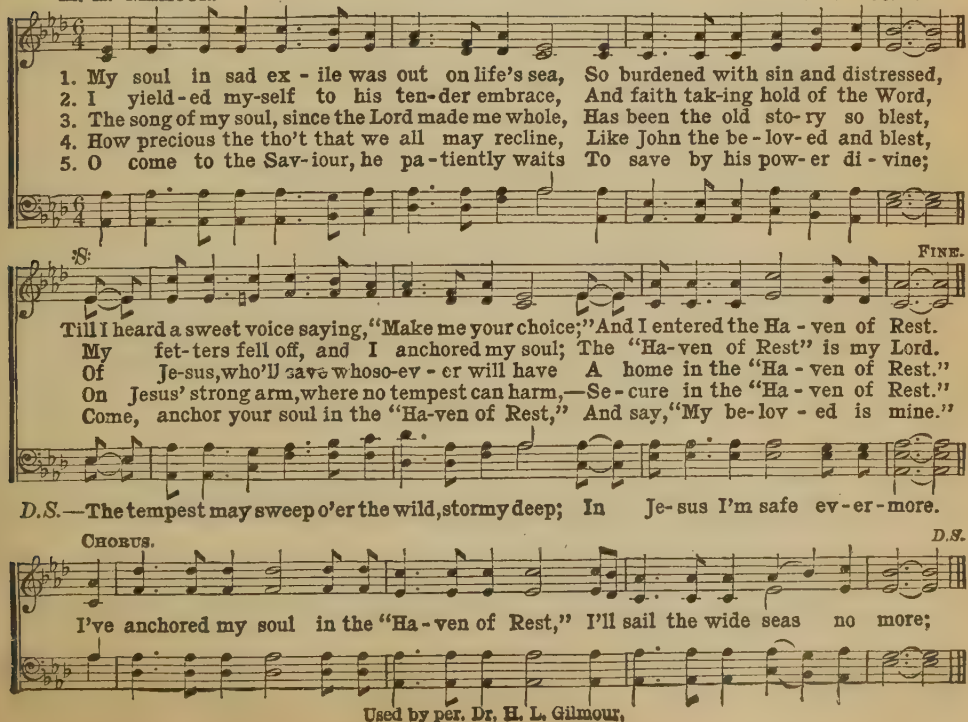
# No. 109. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. Geo. D. Moore.


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distressed,
2. I yield - ed my-self to his ten-der embrace, And faith tak-ing hold of the Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto- ry so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the be - lov- ed and blest,
5. O come to the Sav-iour, he pa - tiently waits To save by his pow- er di - vine;
Fine.
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the Ha - ven of Rest.
My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
Of Je-sus, who'll save whoso-ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
Come, anchor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," And say, "My be-lov - ed is mine."
D.S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep; In Je- sus I'm safe ev-er-more.
Chorus.
D.S.
I've anchored my soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Used by per. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.

## No. 110. The Wayside Cross.

C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Solo, *ad lib.* (*Declamatory style.*)

1. "Which way shall I take?" Shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-wea-ried, and
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright, golden span That bridg-es the wa-ters so
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pen-cil the hedg-es and

*Slower and sustained.*

spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace that rests on the hill, But between us a
safe-ly for man? To the right? To the left? Ah, me! If I knew—The night is so
fruit-la-den vines— My fortune! My all! For one tangled gleam That sifts thro' the

*rit.* Chorus.*

stream li-eth sul-len and chill.
dark, and the pass-ers so few."
lil-ies and wastes on the stream."

Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a

gray fri-ar cowl'd, in lichens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright, golden span,

Coda. *pp* (*To be sung after last stanza.*)

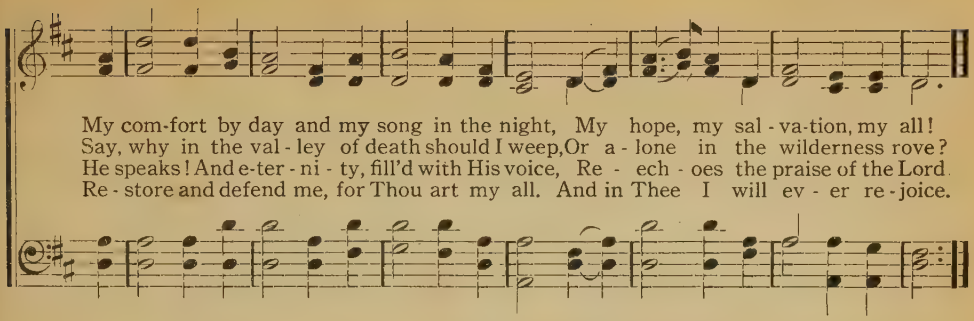
That bridges the waters so safe-ly for man. That bridges the waters so safe-ly for man.

## No. 111. O Thou in Whose Presence.

Joseph Swain. Tune, Meditation.

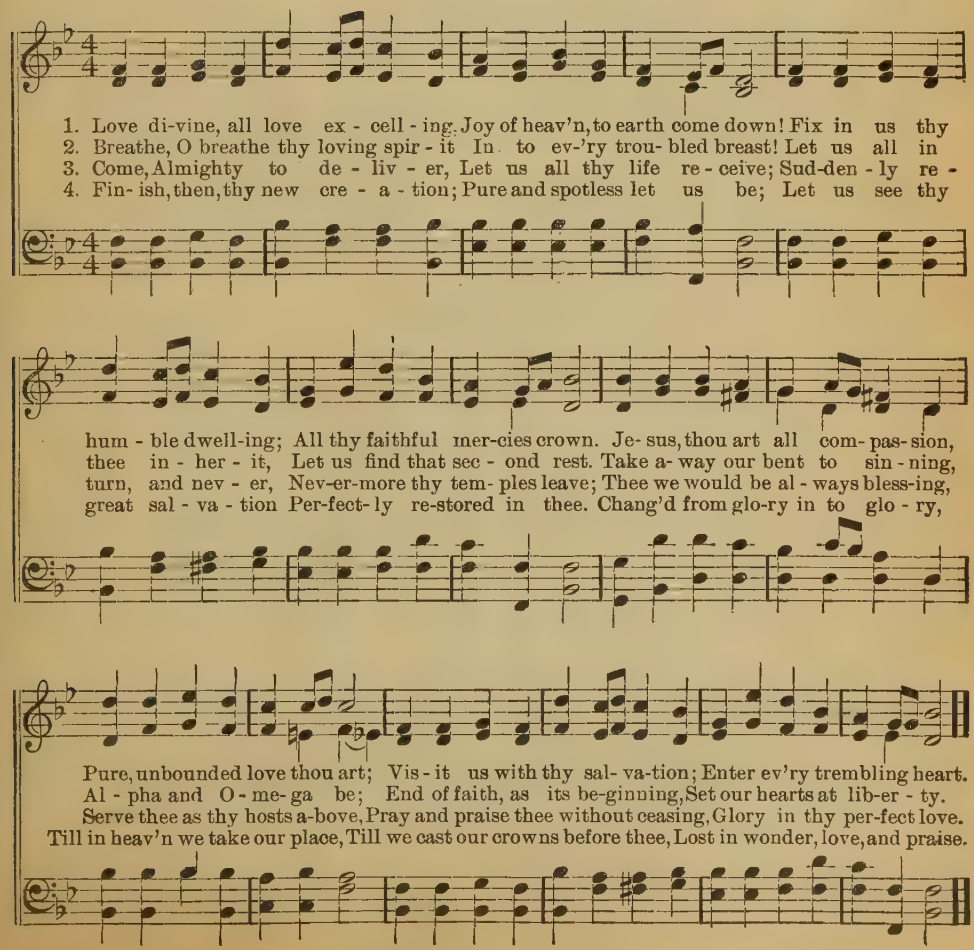
1. O Thou in whose pres-ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-flic-tion I call,
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. He looks and ten thousands of an-gels re-joice, And myr-i-ads wait for His word;
4. Dear Shep-herd, I hear, and will fol-low Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;

# O Thou in Whose Presence.—Concluded.


My com-fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va-tion, my all!
Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in the wilderness rove?
He speaks! And e-ter - ni - ty, fill'd with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.
Re - store and defend me, for Thou art my all. And in Thee I will ev - er re - joice.

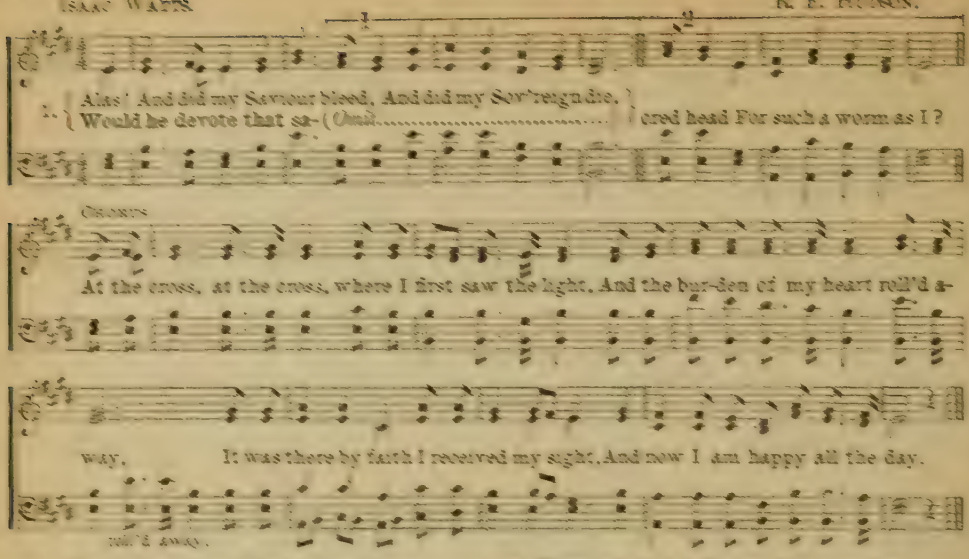
## No. 112. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving spir - it In to ev-'ry trou- bled breast! Let us all in
3. Come, Almighty to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive; Sud-den - ly re -
4. Fin- ish, then, thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spotless let us be; Let us see thy
hum - ble dwell-ing; All thy faithful mer-cies crown. Je- sus, thou art all com- pas- sion,
thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest. Take a- way our bent to sin - ning,
turn, and nev - er, Nev-er-more thy tem- ples leave; Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing,
great sal - va - tion Per-fect- ly re-stored in thee. Chang'd from glo-ry in to glo - ry,
Pure, unbounded love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal- va-tion; Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
Al - pha and O - me- ga be; End of faith, as its be-ginning, Set our hearts at lib-er - ty.
Serve thee as thy hosts a-bove, Pray and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy per-fect love.
Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## No. 113. At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.


1. Alas! And did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,
Would he devote that sa- (Omit) cred head For such a worm as I?
CHORUS
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart roll'd a-
way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
roll'd away.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

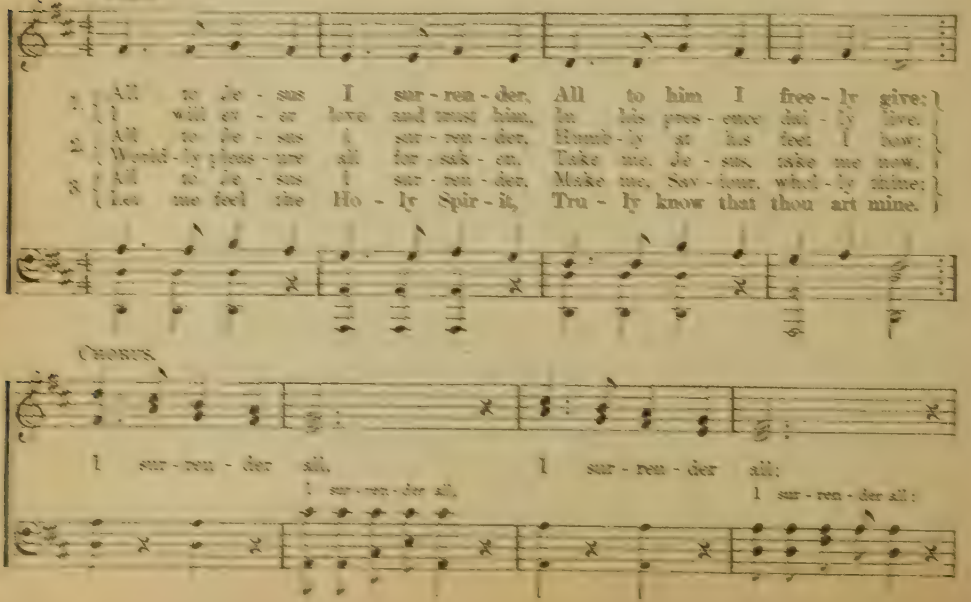
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

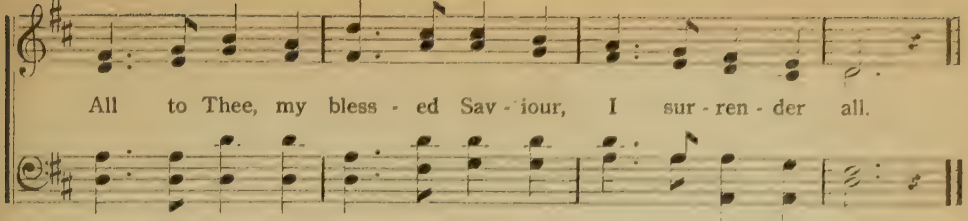
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

## No. 114. I Surrender All.

J. W. VANDEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.


Solo.
1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Humb - ly at his feet I bow;
World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, wholly thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.
CHORUS.
I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all:

# I Surrender All.—Concluded.




4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

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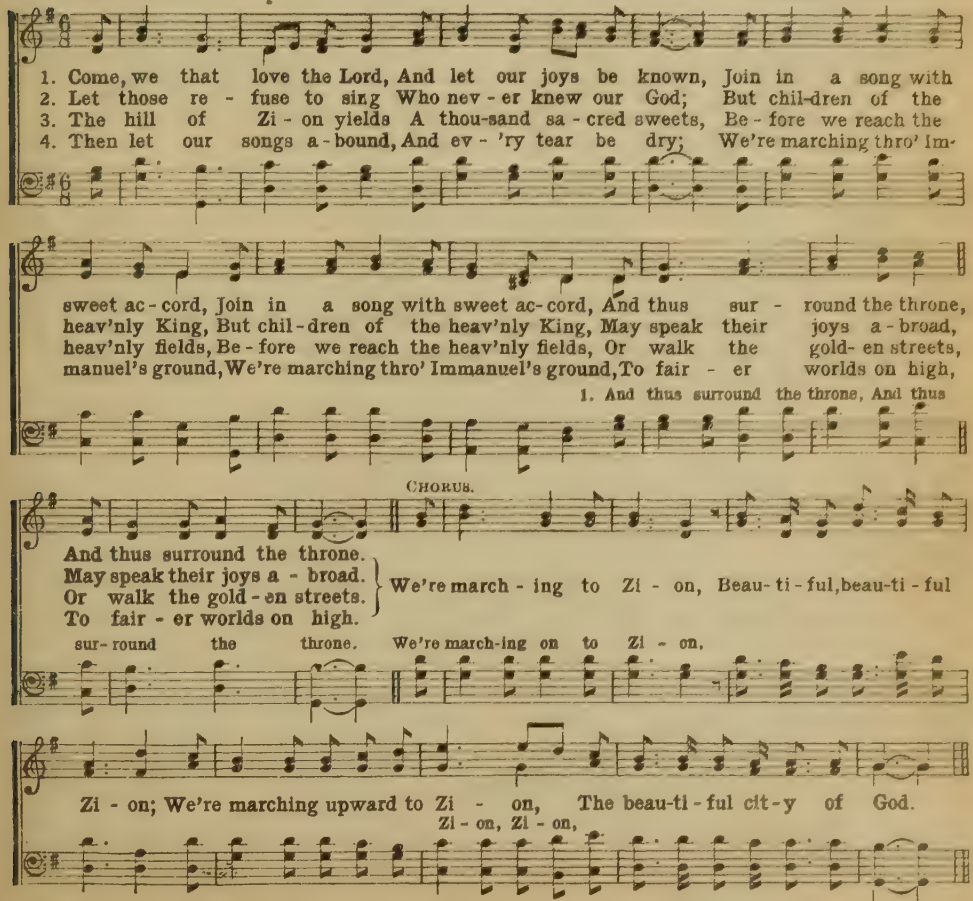
# No. 115. We're Marching to Zion.

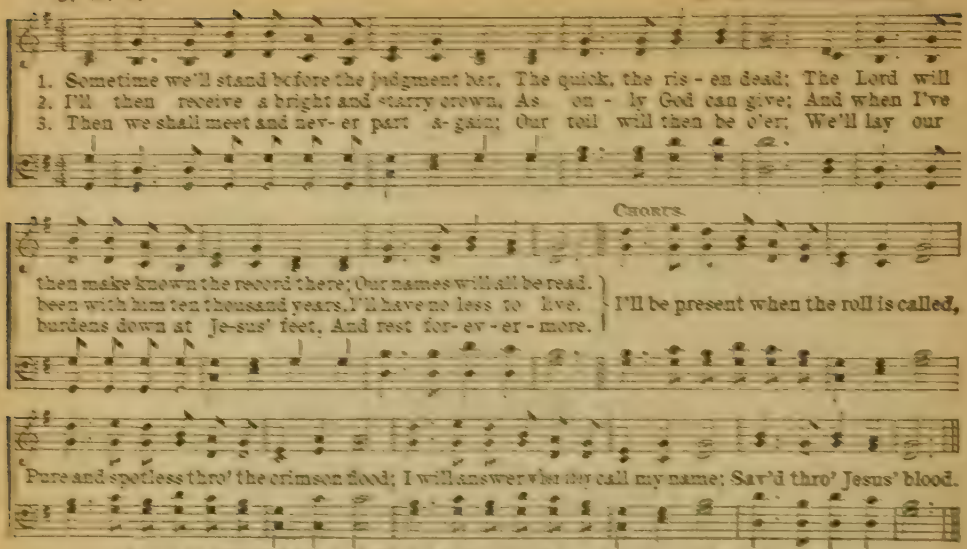
ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-
sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne,
heav'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys a - broad,
heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold- en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high,
1. And thus surround the throne, And thus
CHORUS.
And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau- ti - ful, beau-ti - ful
sur- round the throne. We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

No. 116. "Happy Day," moved to No. 100a to supply music.

## No. 117 Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.


1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead; The Lord will
2. I'll then receive a bright and starry crown, As on - ly God can give; And when I've
3. Then we shall meet and nev- er part a-gain; Our toil will then be o'er; We'll lay our
then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
burdens down at Je-sus' feet, And rest for- ev - er - more.
Chorus.
I'll be present when the roll is called,
Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood; I will answer when they call my name; Sav'd thro' Jesus' blood.

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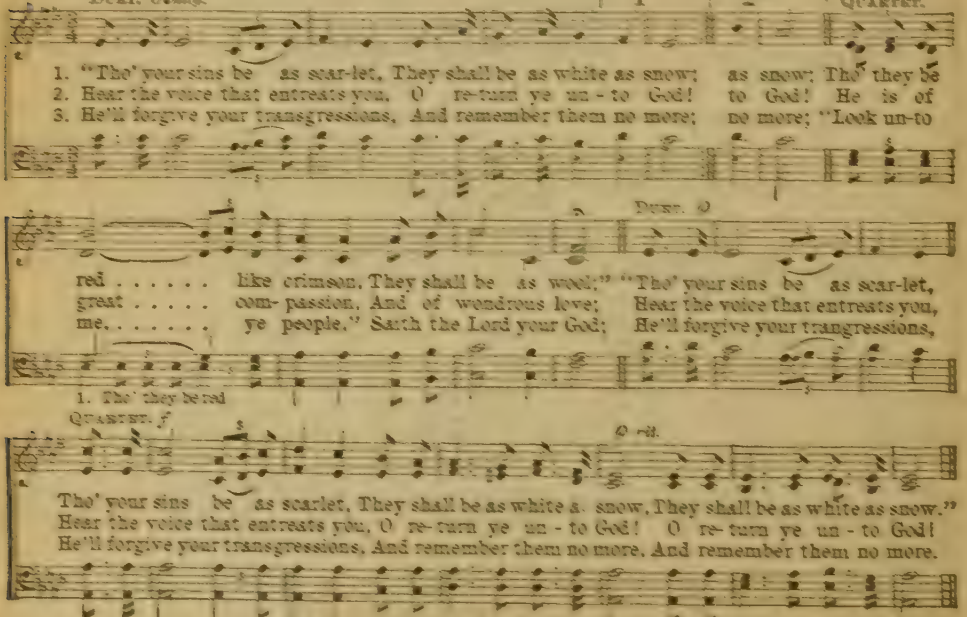
## No. 118. Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


Duet. Gently.
1
2
Quartet.
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow; Tho' they be
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un - to God! to God! He is of
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more; "Look un-to
red . . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;" "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
great . . . . . com- passion, And of wondrous love; Hear the voice that entreats you,
me, . . . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God; He'll forgive your trangressions,
Duet. p
1. Tho' they be red
Quartet. f
rit.
Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un - to God! O re-turn ye un - to God!
He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more. And remember them no more.

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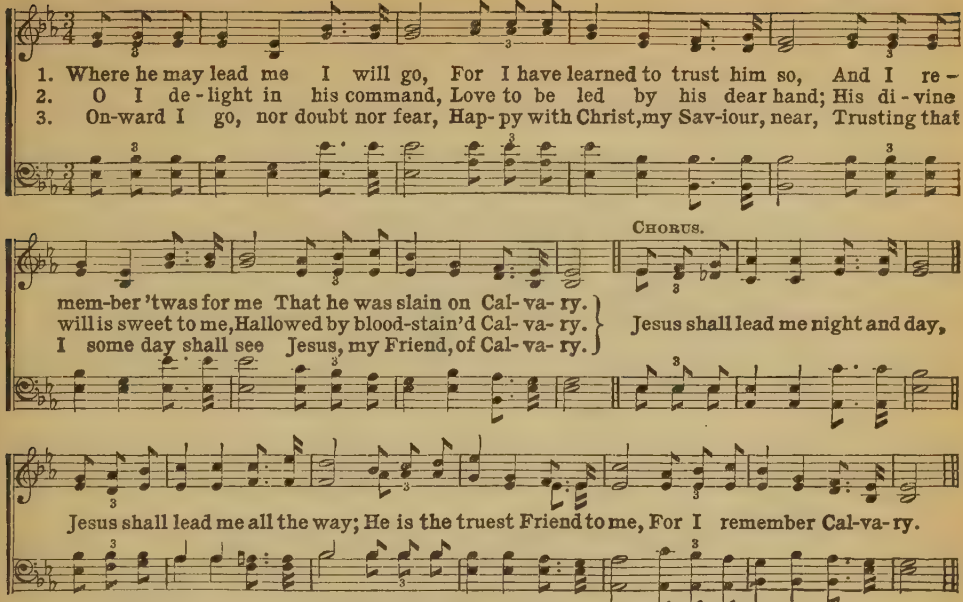
## No. 119. I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. Martin. J. M. Black.


1. Where he may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust him so, And I re-
2. O I de-light in his command, Love to be led by his dear hand; His di-vine
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-iour, near, Trusting that
Chorus.
mem-ber 'twas for me That he was slain on Cal-va-ry.
will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stain'd Cal-va-ry.
I some day shall see Jesus, my Friend, of Cal-va-ry.
Jesus shall lead me night and day,
Jesus shall lead me all the way; He is the truest Friend to me, For I remember Cal-va-ry.

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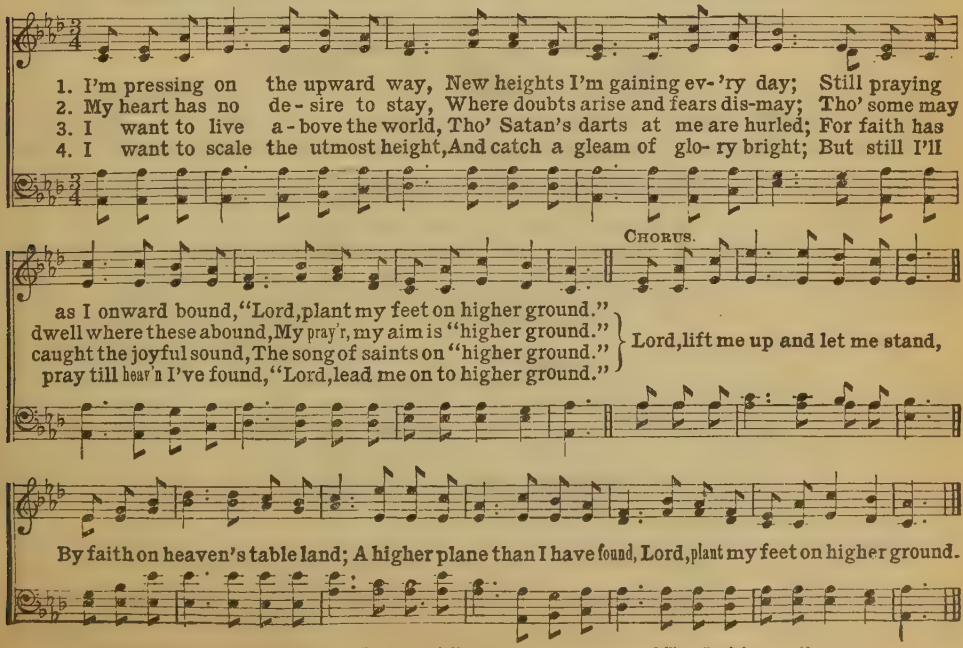
## No. 120. Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day; Still praying
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay, Where doubts arise and fears dis-may; Tho' some may
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled; For faith has
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright; But still I'll
Chorus.
as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is "higher ground."
caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on "higher ground."
pray till hear'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."
Lord, lift me up and let me stand,
By faith on heaven's table land; A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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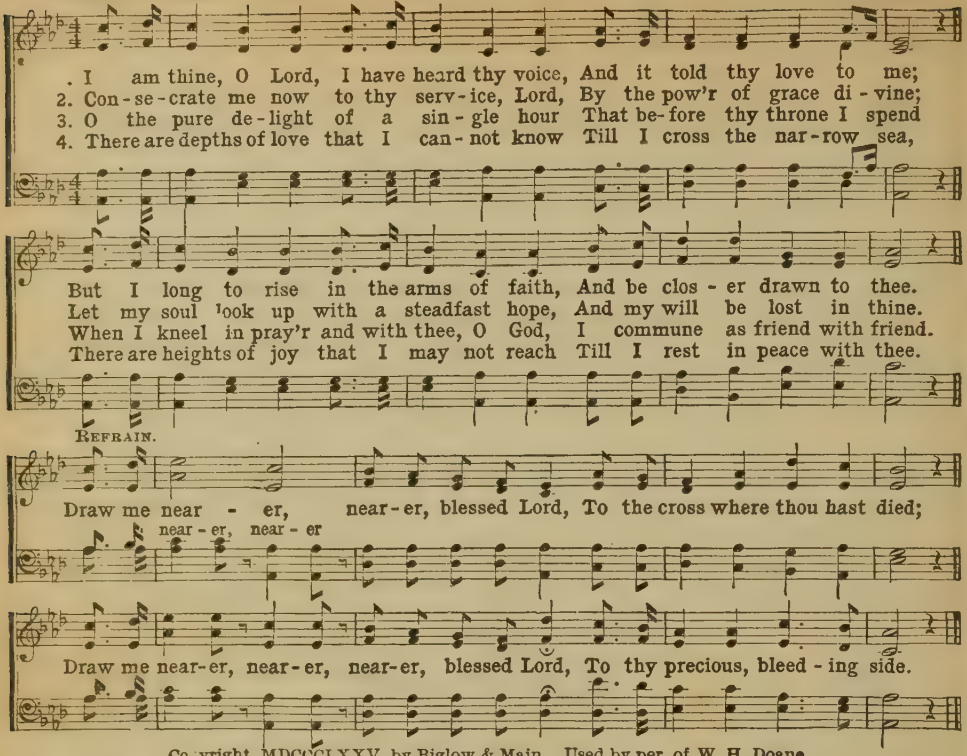
## No. 121. I am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. 10: 22. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore thy throne I spend
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in pray'r and with thee, O God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near - er, near-er, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
near-er, near-er
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleed-ing side.

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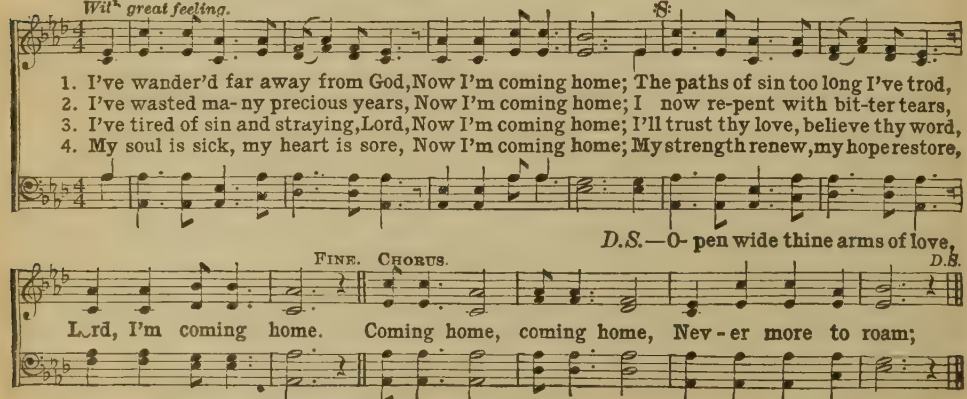
## No. 122. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


With great feeling.
1. I've wander'd far away from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod,
2. I've wasted ma-ny precious years, Now I'm coming home; I now re-pent with bit-ter tears,
3. I've tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust thy love, believe thy word,
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my hope restore,
D.S.—O-pen wide thine arms of love,
FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.
Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home, Nev-er more to roam;
Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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## No. 123. Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is wait - ing, O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4. Je - sus is plead - ing, O list to His voice— Hear Him to - day, Hear Him to - day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.
CHORUS.
Call - - ing to - day!..... Call - - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - - sus is call - - ing, Is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,

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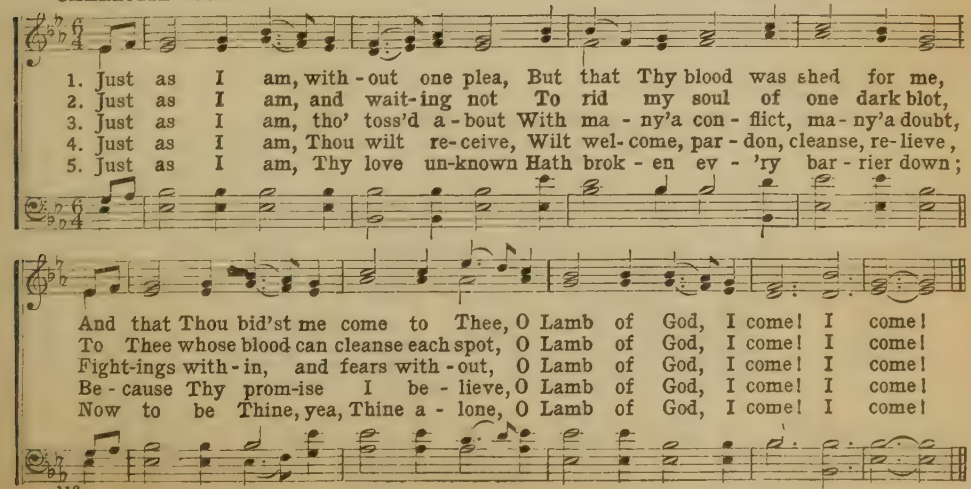
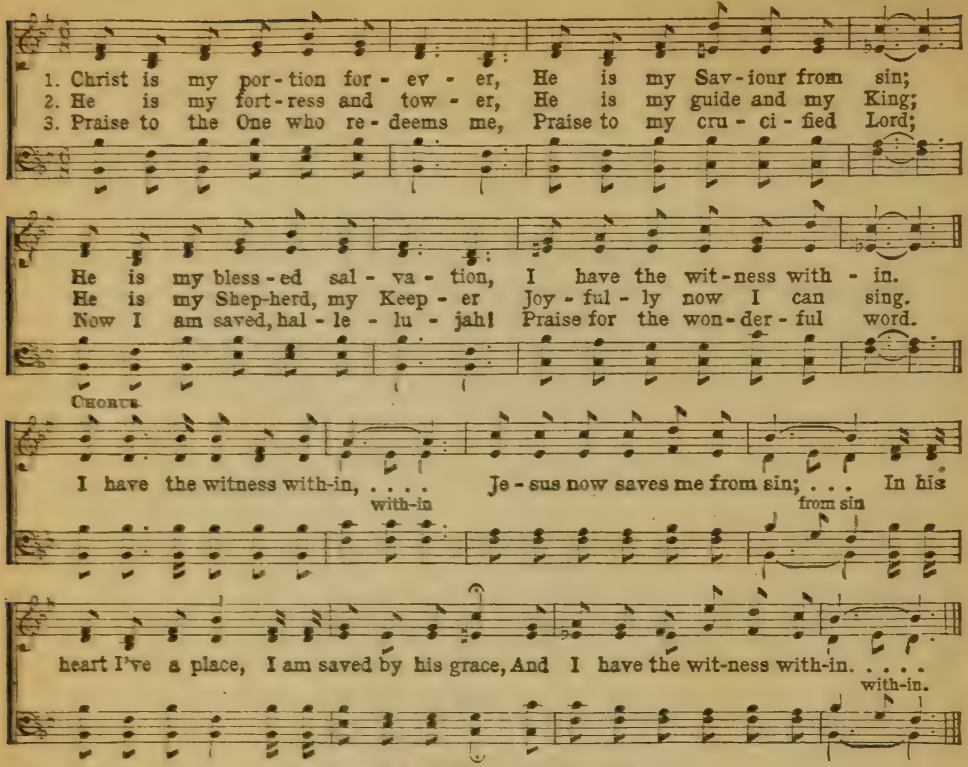
## No. 124. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With ma - ny'a con - flict, ma - ny'a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve,
5. Just as I am, Thy love un - known Hath brok - en ev - 'ry bar - rier down;
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## No. 125. The Witness of the Spirit.

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Christ is my por-tion for-ev-er, He is my Sav-iour from sin;
2. He is my fort-ress and tow-er, He is my guide and my King;
3. Praise to the One who re-deems me, Praise to my cru-ci-fied Lord;
He is my bless-ed sal-va-tion, I have the wit-ness with-in.
He is my Shep-herd, my Keep-er Joy-ful-ly now I can sing.
Now I am saved, hal-le-lu-jah! Praise for the won-der-ful word.
Chorus
I have the witness with-in, . . . . Je-sus now saves me from sin; . . . In his
with-in
from sin
heart I've a place, I am saved by his grace, And I have the wit-ness with-in. . . . .
with-in.

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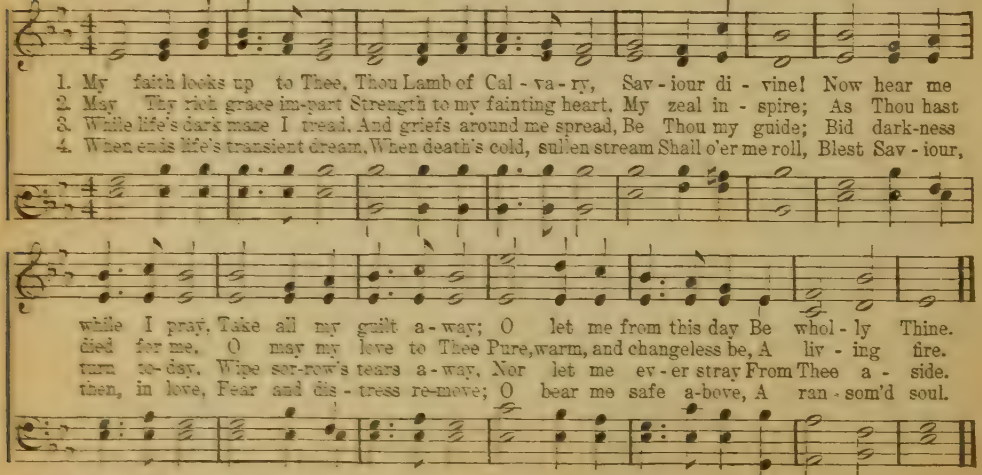
## No. 126. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

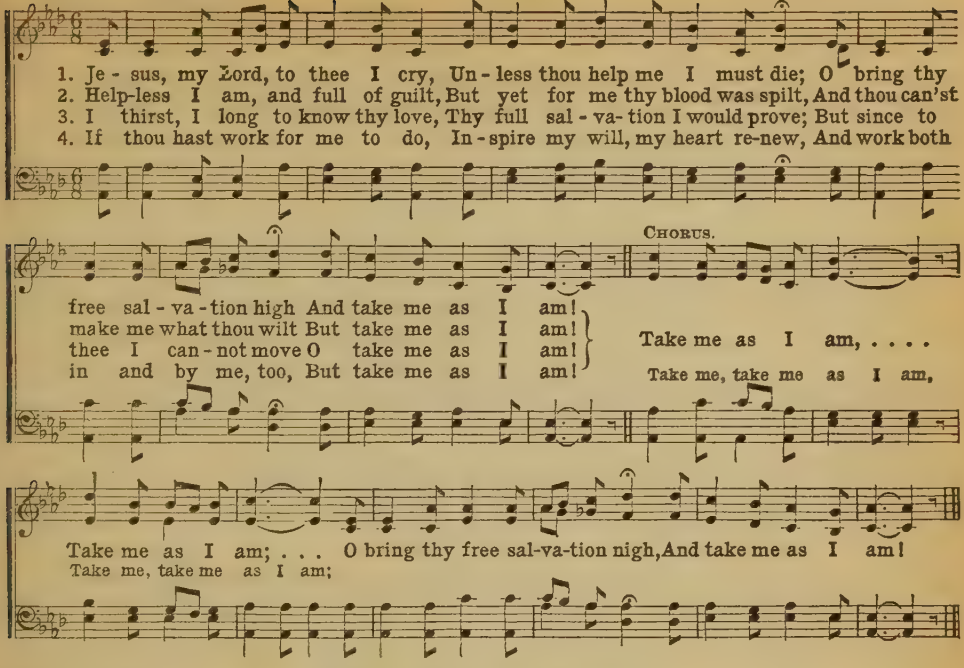
Ray Palmer. (OLIVET. 6s. 4s.) Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour,
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way; O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire.
turn to-day, Wipe sor-row's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
then, in love, Fear and dis-tress re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ran-som'd soul.

No. 127. "I Believe Jesus Saves," moved to No. 105a.

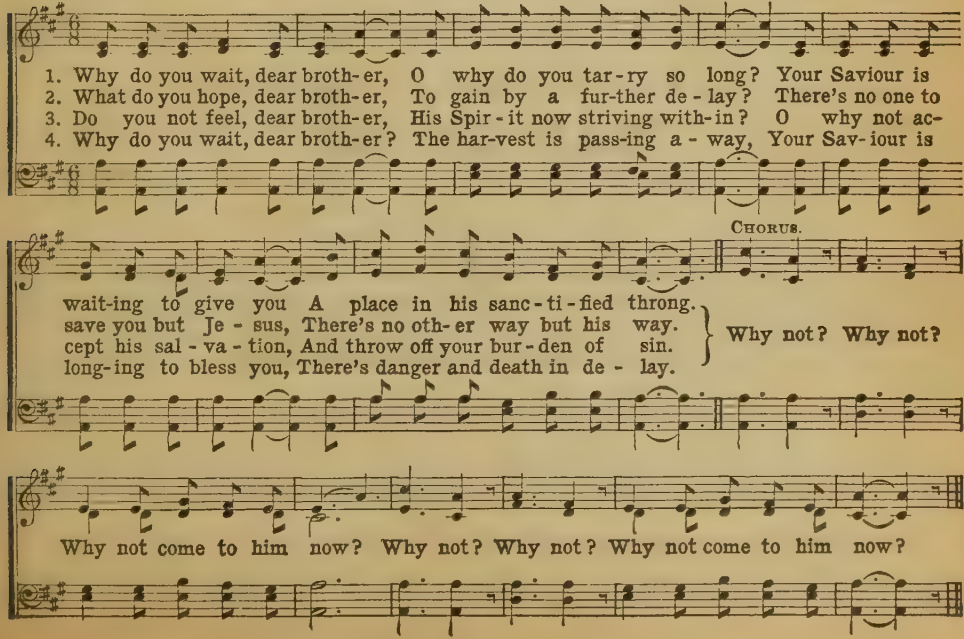
## No. 128. Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die; O bring thy
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt, And thou can'st
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove; But since to
4. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re-new, And work both
CHORUS.
free sal - va - tion high And take me as I am!
make me what thou wilt But take me as I am!
thee I can - not move O take me as I am!
in and by me, too, But take me as I am!
Take me as I am, . . . .
Take me, take me as I am,
Take me as I am; . . . O bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
Take me, take me as I am;

## No. 129. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O why do you tar-ry so long? Your Saviour is
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's no one to
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striving with-in? O why not ac-
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your Sav-iour is
CHORUS.
wait-ing to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but his way.
cept his sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin.
long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.
Why not? Why not?
Why not come to him now? Why not? Why not? Why not come to him now?

## No. 130. There's a Great Day Coming.

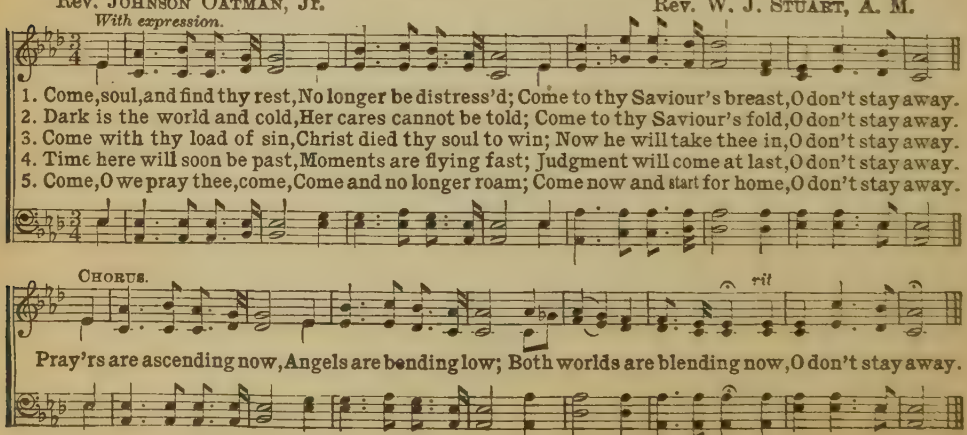
W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming, by and
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming, by and
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming, by and
by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you
by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you
by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-part: I know you not!" Are you
Chorus.
read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you
read-y for the judgment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

By per. of Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio, and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

## No. 131. O Don't Stay Away.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Rev. W. J. Stuart, A. M.


With expression.
1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No longer be distress'd; Come to thy Saviour's breast, O don't stay away.
2. Dark is the world and cold, Her cares cannot be told; Come to thy Saviour's fold, O don't stay away.
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will take thee in, O don't stay away.
4. Time here will soon be past, Moments are flying fast; Judgment will come at last, O don't stay away.
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come and no longer roam; Come now and start for home, O don't stay away.
Chorus.
rit
Pray'rs are ascending now, Angels are bending low; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay away.

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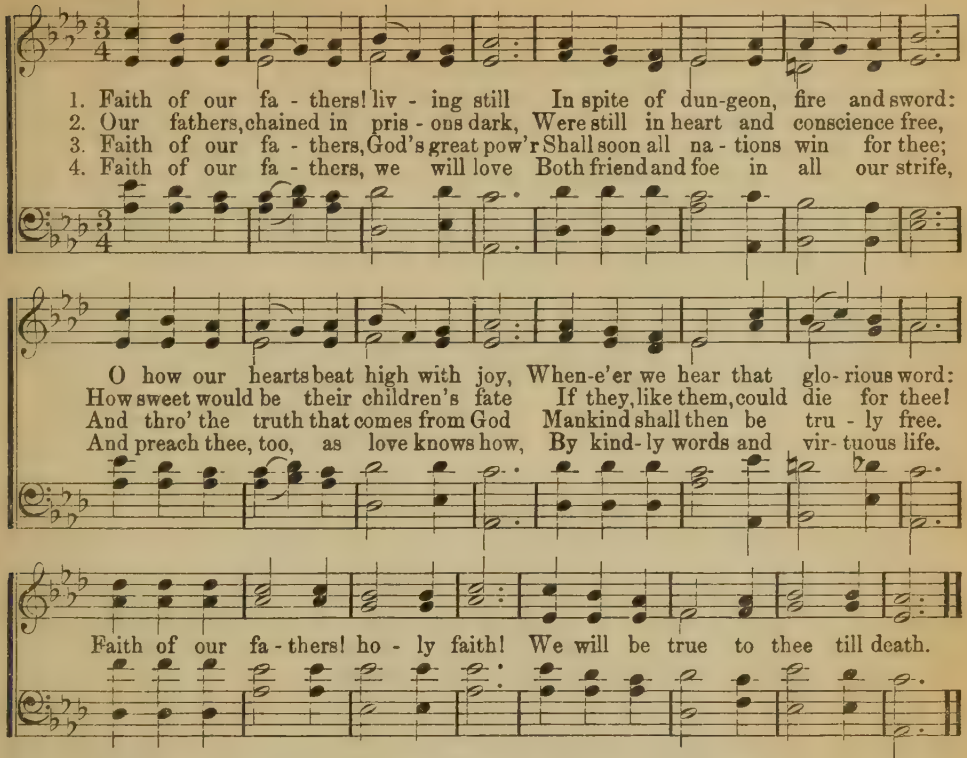
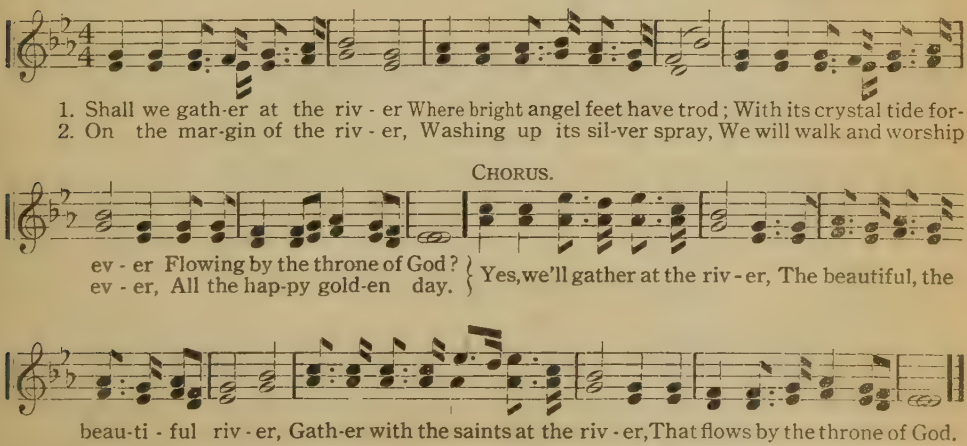
## No. 132. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. H. F. HEMY, adpt.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free,
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all na - tions win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo- rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir- tuous life.
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

## No. 132 a. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

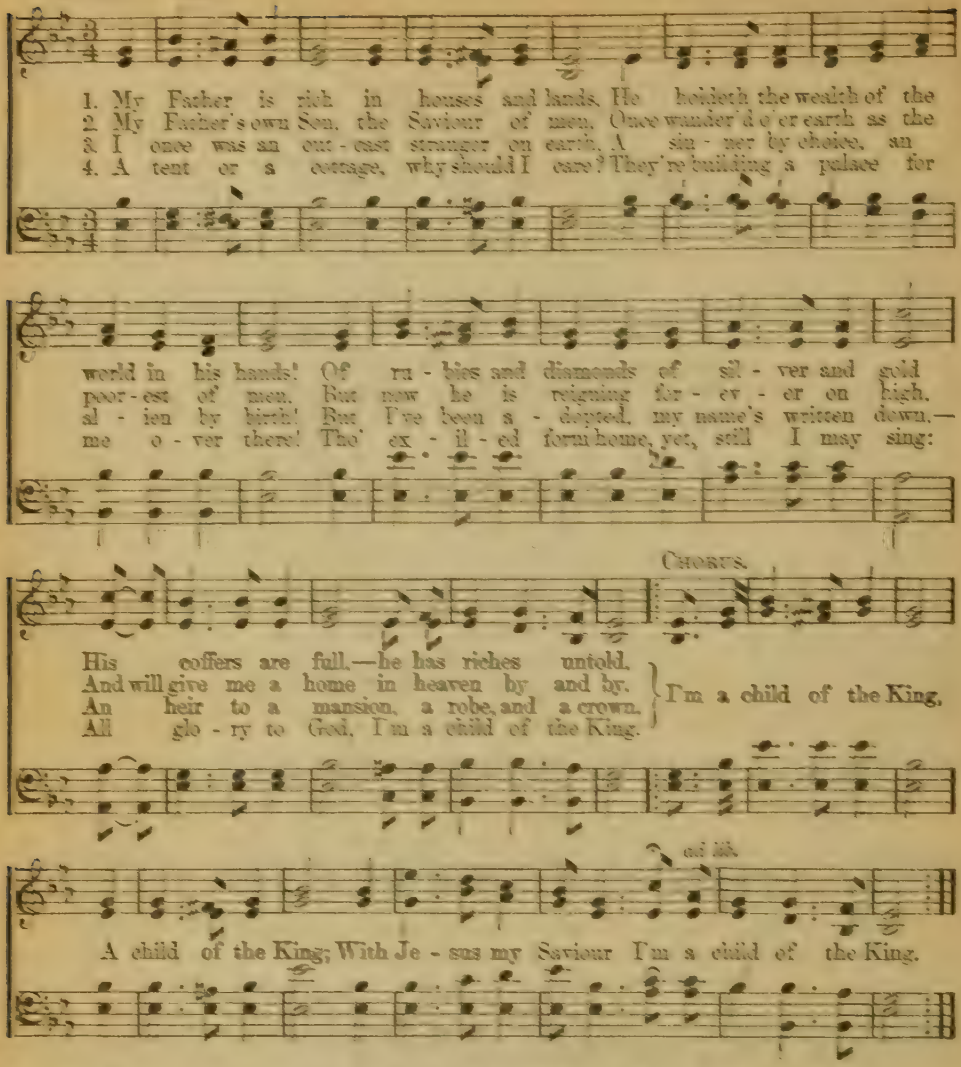

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crystal tide for-
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and worship
CHORUS.
ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
ev - er, All the hap-py gold-en day.
Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beautiful, the
beau-ti - ful riv - er, Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll gather at the river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

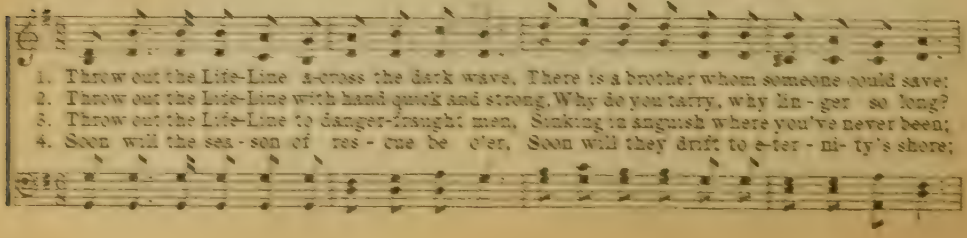
## No. 133. A Child of the King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

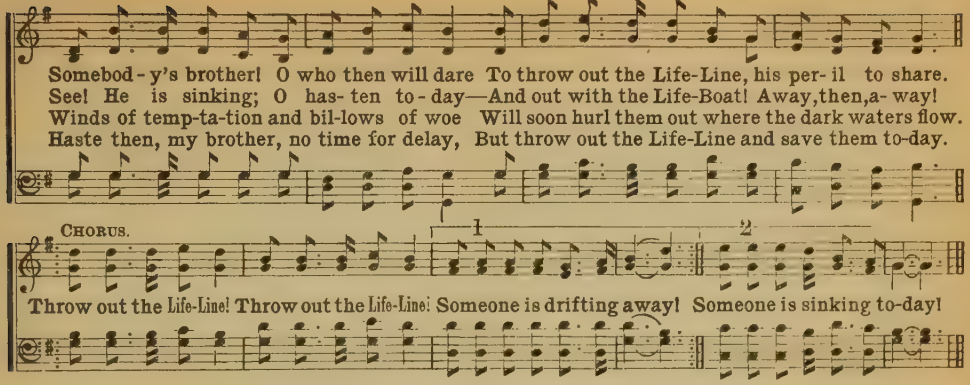

1. My Father is rich in houses and lands. He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for
world in his hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds of sil-ver and gold
poor-est of men. But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high,
al-ien by birth! But I've been a-dopted, my name's written down,—
me o-ver there! Tho' ex-il-ed from home, yet, still I may sing:
CHORUS.
His coffers are full,—he has riches untold,
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown,
All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.
I'm a child of the King,
A child of the King; With Je-sus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.

## No. 134. Throw Out the Life-Line.

E. S. U. Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

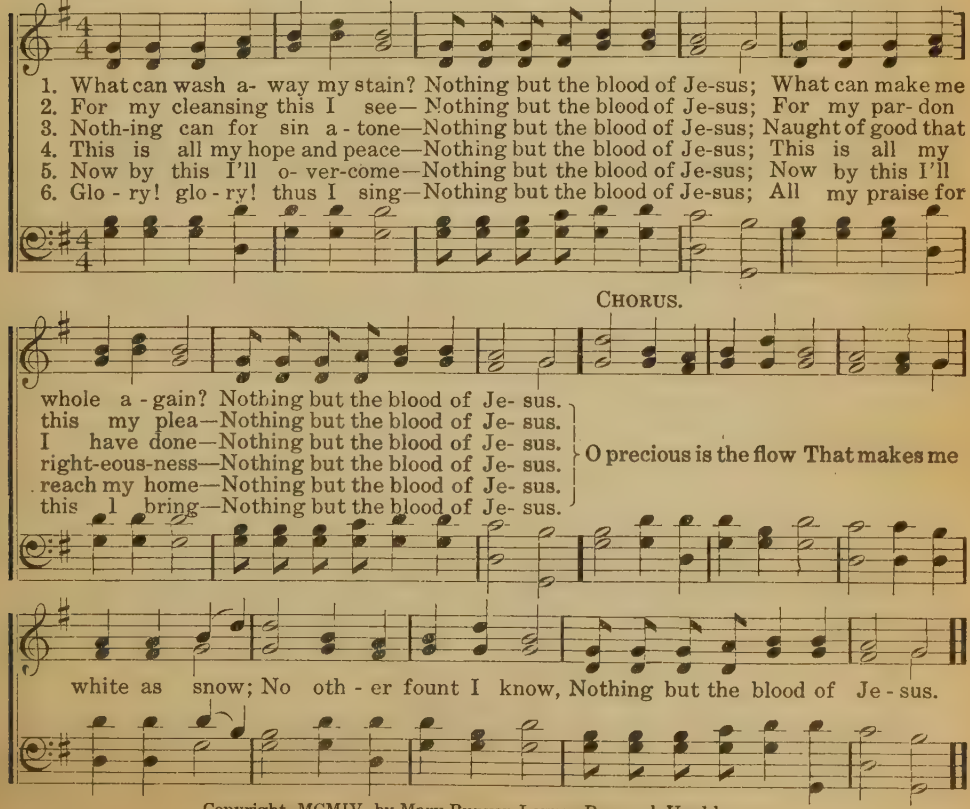

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom someone could save;
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tarry, why lin-ger so long?
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where you've never been;
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-ter-ni-ty's shore;

# Throw Out the Life-Line.—Concluded.


Somebod-y's brother! O who then will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share.
See! He is sinking; O has-ten to-day—And out with the Life-Boat! Away,then,a-way!
Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
Haste then, my brother, no time for delay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.
CHORUS.
1
2
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is drifting away! Someone is sinking to-day!

# No. 135. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. L. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. What can wash a-way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus; What can make me
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je-sus; For my par-don
3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus; Naught of good that
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus; This is all my
5. Now by this I'll o-ver-come—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus; Now by this I'll
6. Glo-ry! glo-ry! thus I sing—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus; All my praise for
CHORUS.
whole a-gain? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
right-eous-ness—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
reach my home—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
O precious is the flow That makes me
white as snow; No oth-er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.

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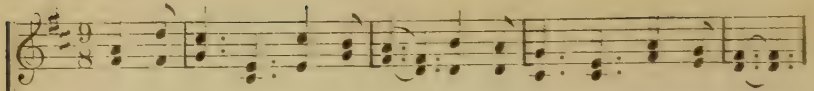
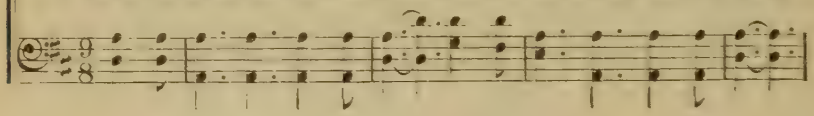
# No. 136. Why Not Now.

Copyright, 1891, by C. C. Case. By per.

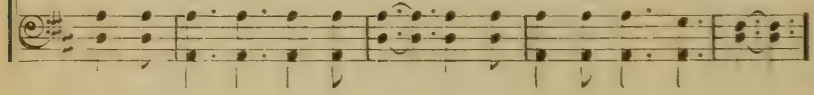
EL NATHAN. C. C. CASE.



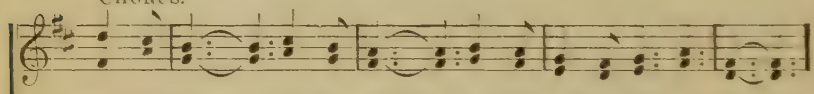
1. While we pray and while we plead. While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



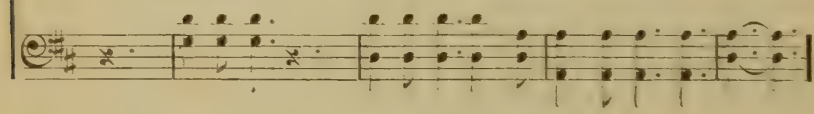
While our Fa - ther calls you home. Will you not, my broth - er come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

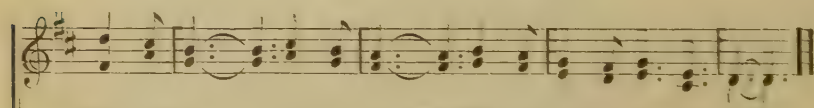


CHORUS.

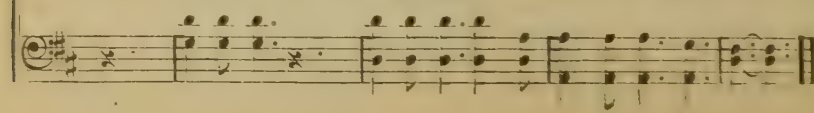


Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



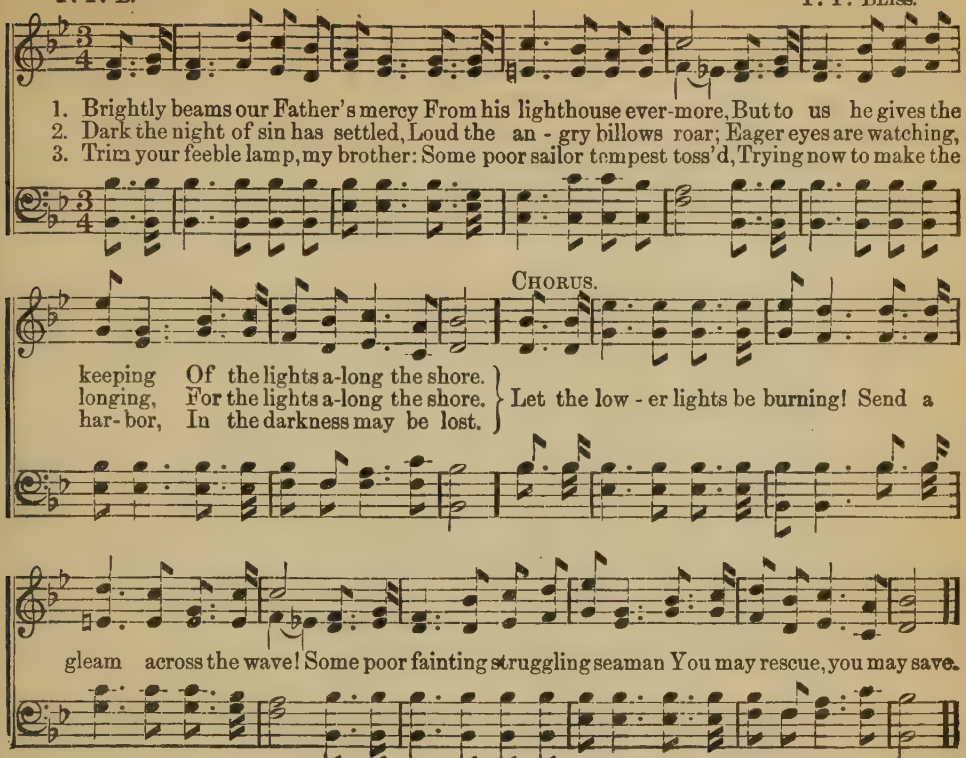


Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?



## No. 137. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From his lighthouse ever-more, But to us he gives the
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry billows roar; Eager eyes are watching,
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sailor tempest toss'd, Trying now to make the
Chorus.
keeping Of the lights a-long the shore.
longing, For the lights a-long the shore.
har-bor, In the darkness may be lost.
Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a
gleam across the wave! Some poor fainting struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.

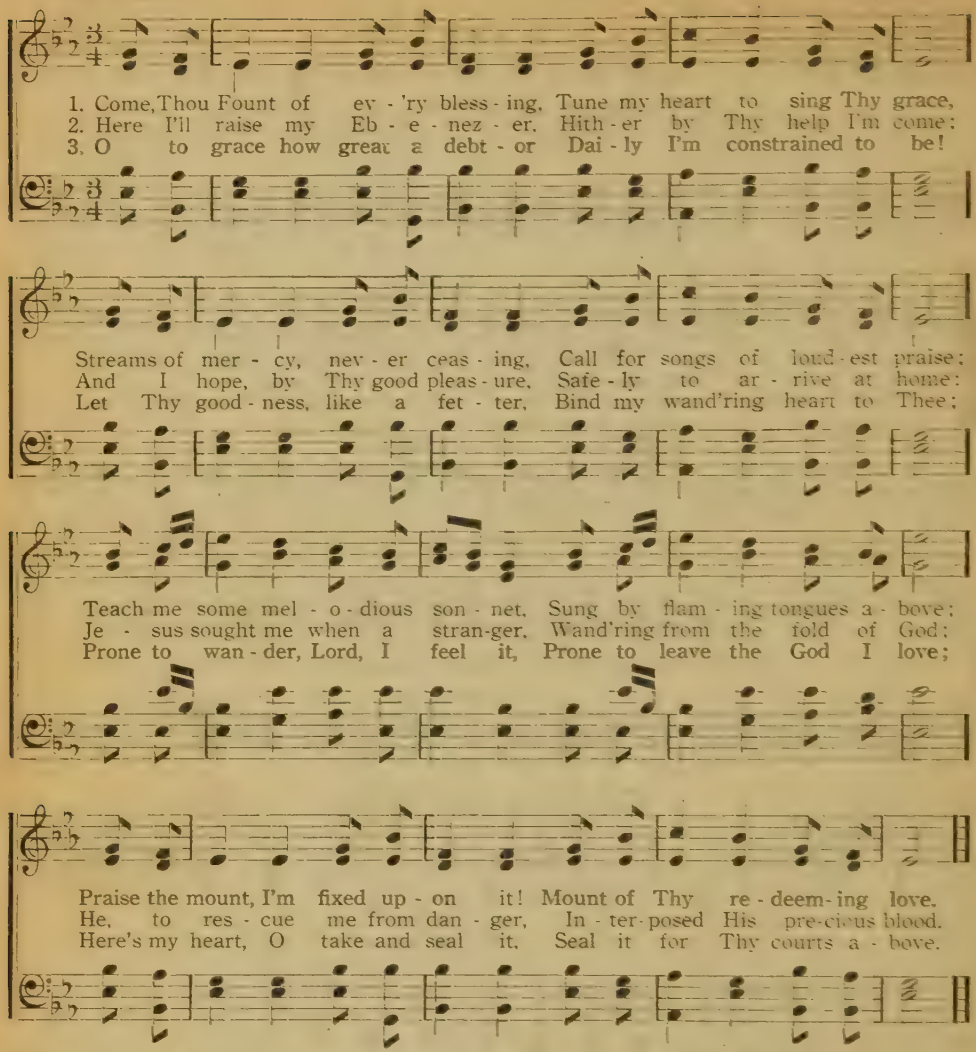
## No. 138. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,
Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!
D.C. Chorus.
O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

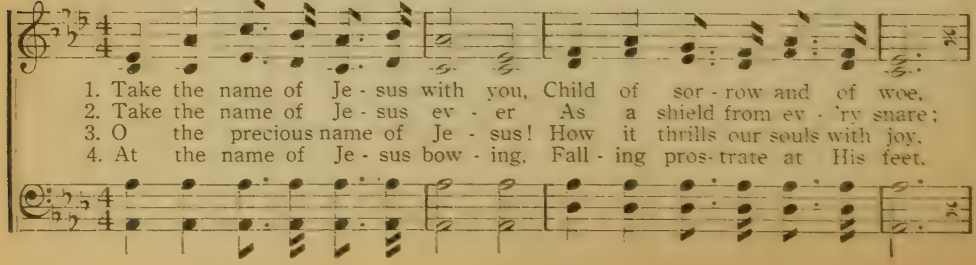
## No. 139. Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

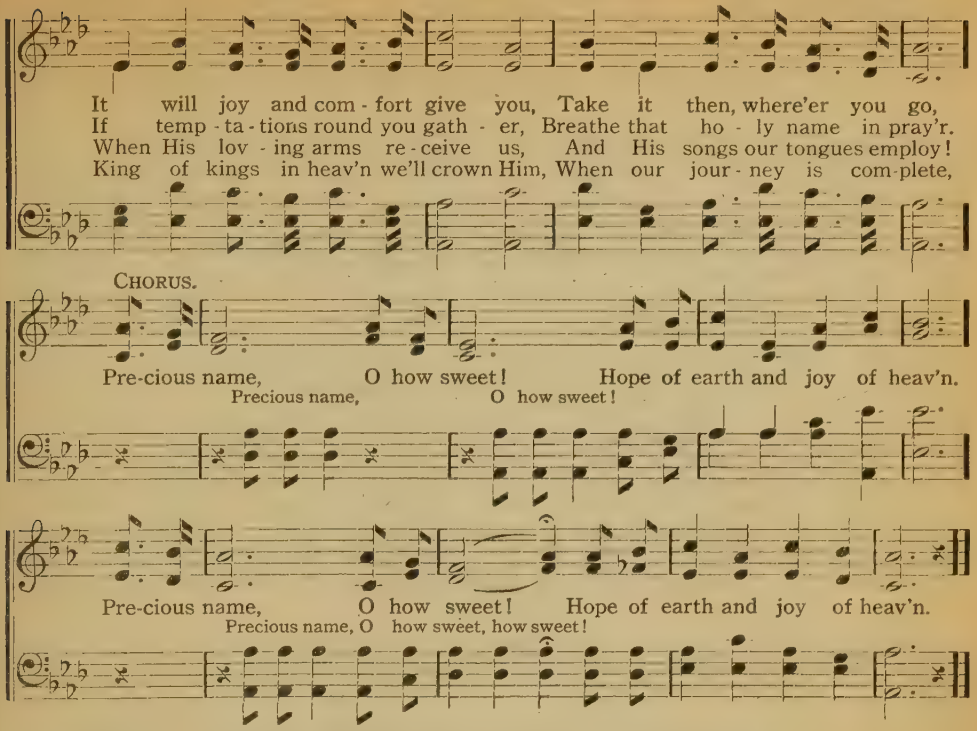

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - e - nez - er, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home:
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;
Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

## No. 140. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

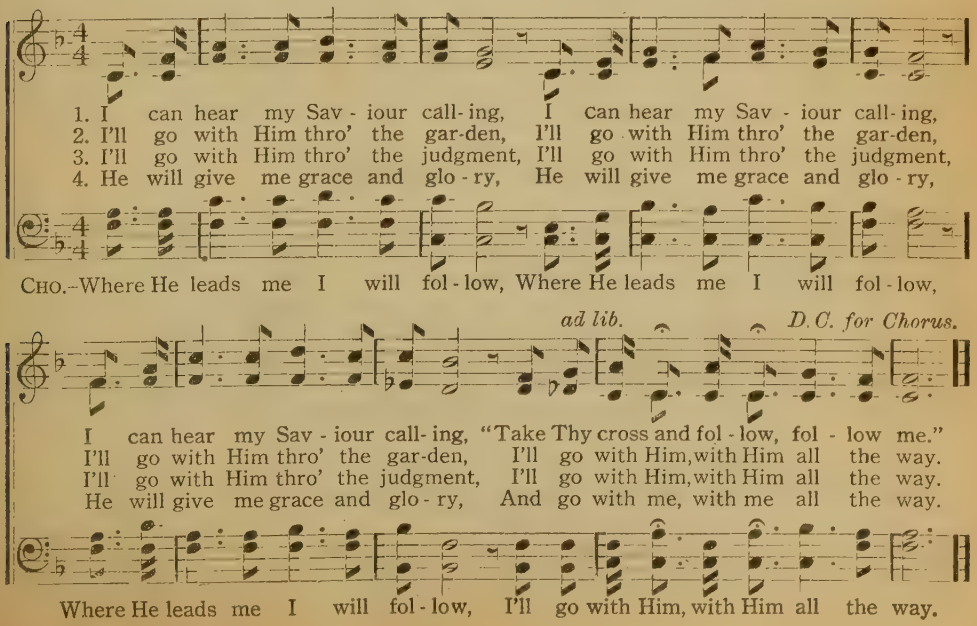
MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe,
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,

## Take the Name of Jesus With You.—Concluded.

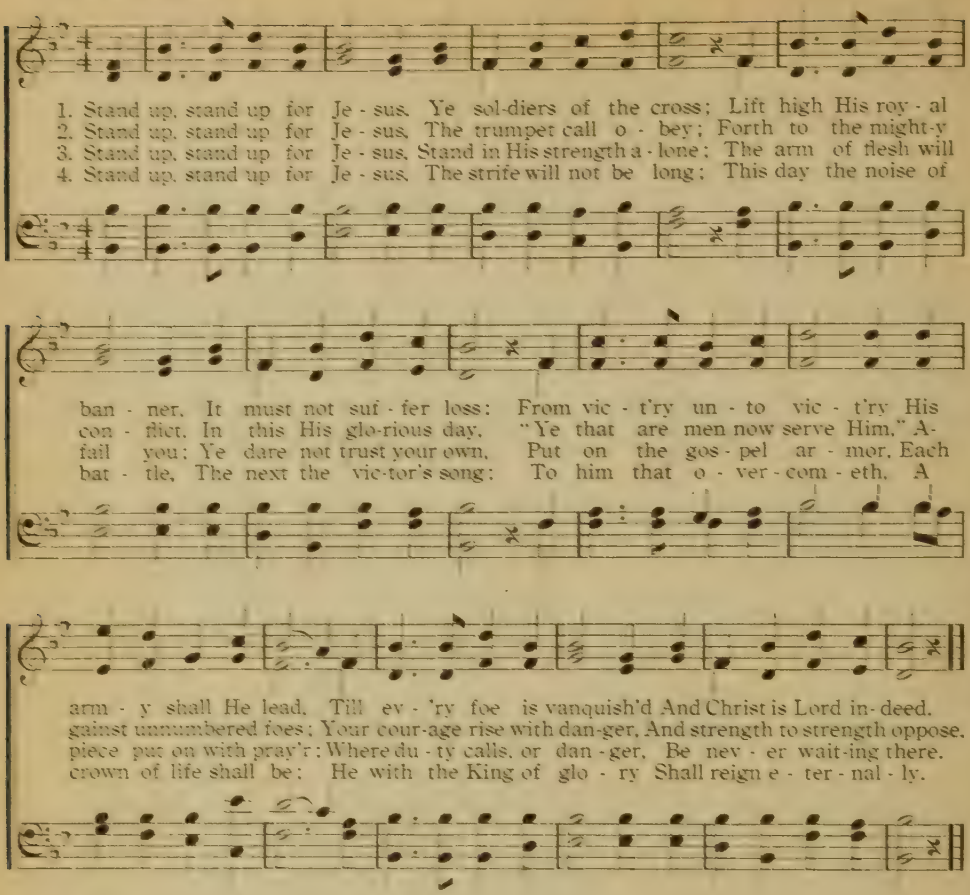

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go,
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete,
CHORUS.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

## No. 141. I Can Hear My Saviour Calling.


1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
CHO.–Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib.
D. C. for Chorus.
I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take Thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

## No. 142. Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus. Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner. It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead. Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd And Christ is Lord in-deed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus. The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the might-y con - flict. In this His glo-rious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him." A-gainst unnumbered foes; Your cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus. Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own. Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r: Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wait-ing there.
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus. The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be: He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

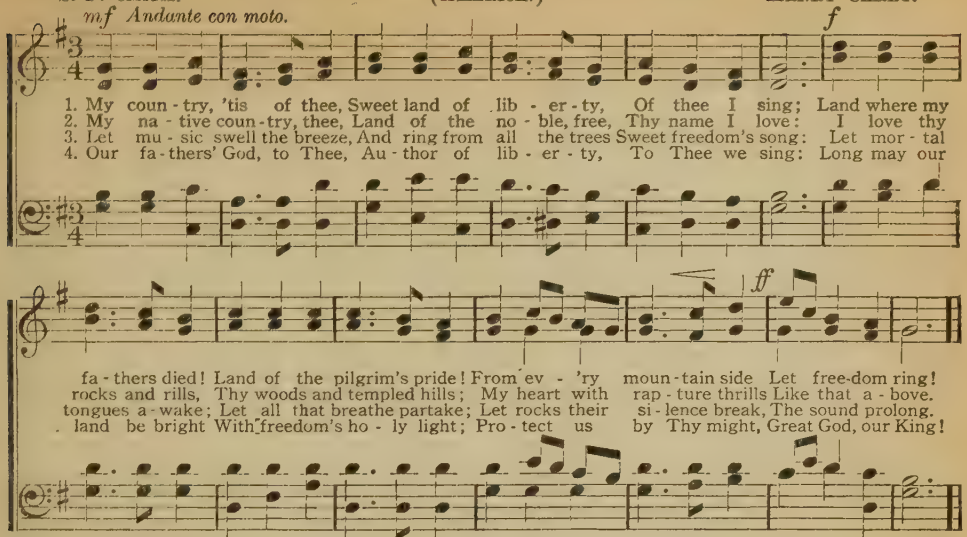
## No. 143. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died And is now gone above.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, And scatter'd our night.
3. All glory and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
4. Revive us again; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from above.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re-vive us a - gain.

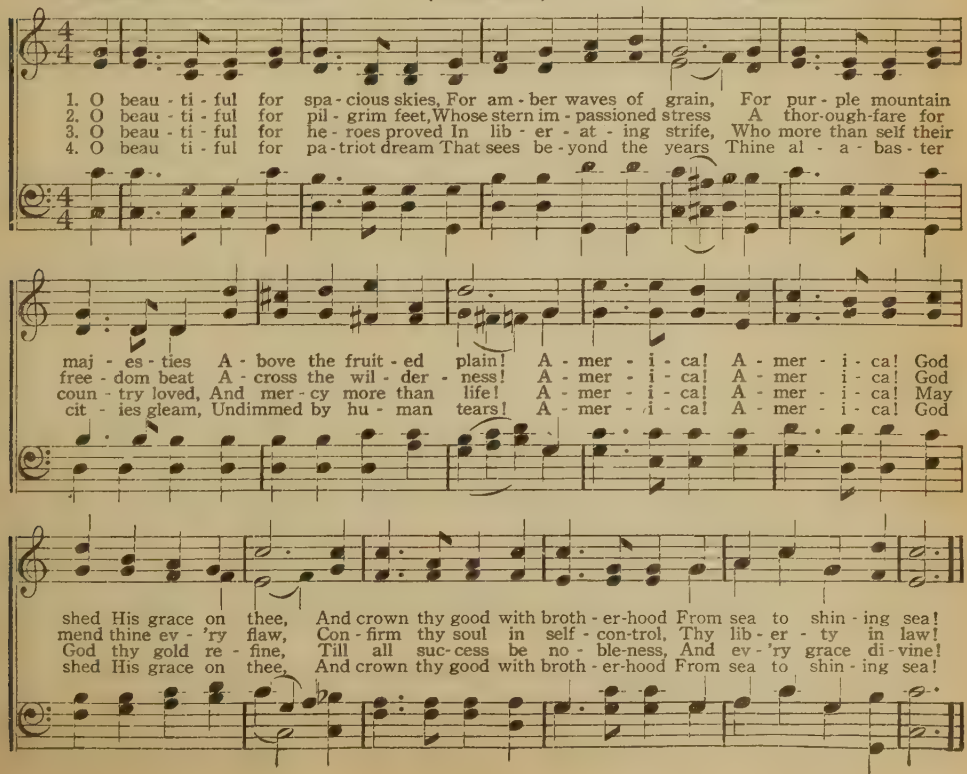
## No. 144. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. (America.) Henry Carey.


mf Andante con moto.
f
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
ff
fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

## No. 145. America the Beautiful.

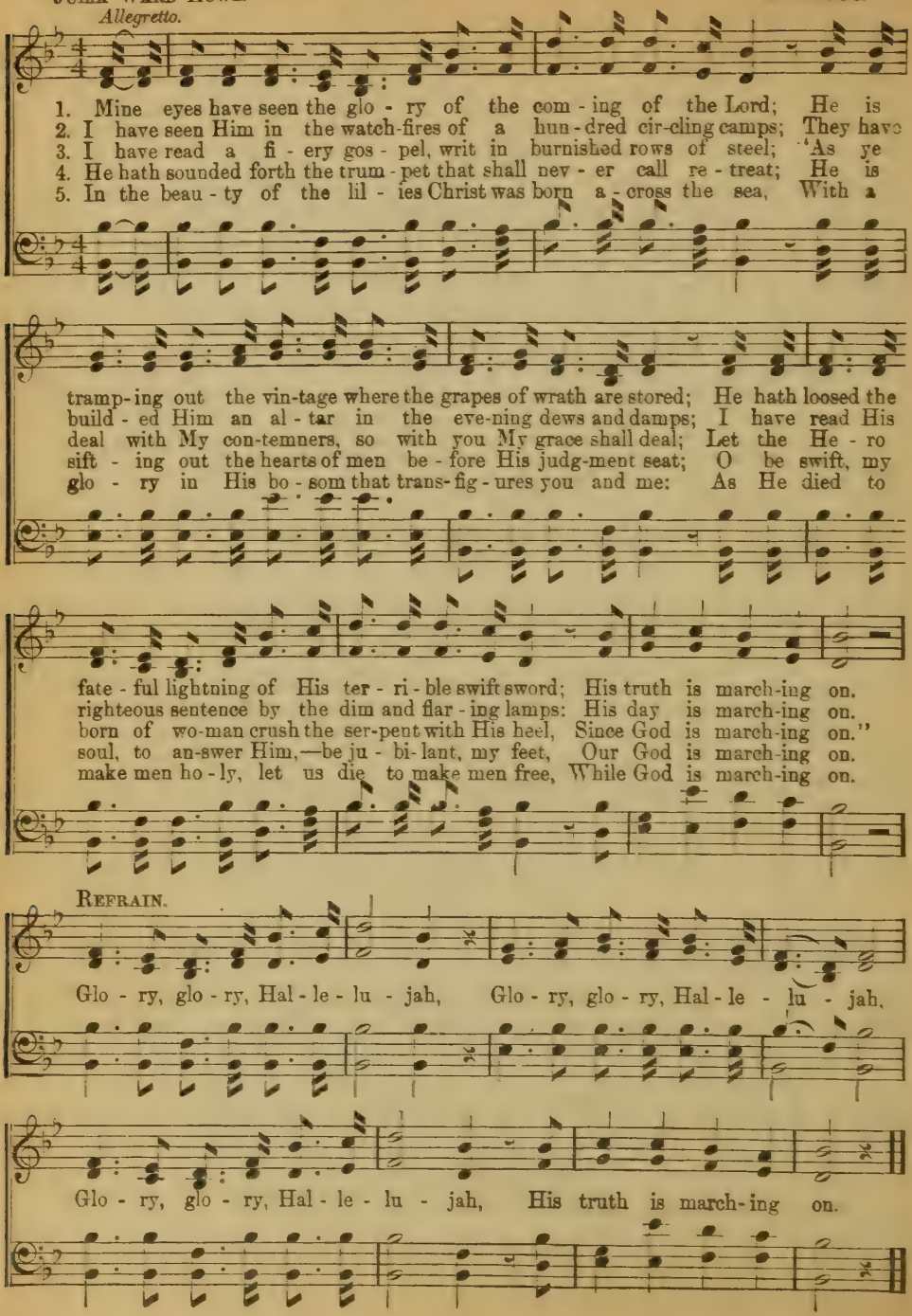
Katherine Lee Bates (Materna.) Samuel A. Ward.


1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple mountain
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern im - passioned stress A thor-ough-fare for
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife, Who more than self their
4. O beau ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years Thine al - a - bas - ter
maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer i - ca! God
coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May
cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
God thy gold re - fine, Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry grace di - vine!
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

# No. 146 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. W. STEFFE.

*Allegretto.*


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He hath sounded forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tramp-ing out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I have read His
deal with My con-temners, so with you My grace shall deal; Let the He - ro
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig - ures you and me: As He died to
fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march-ing on.
born of wo-man crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on."
soul, to an-swer Him,—be ju - bi-lant, my feet, Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.
REFRAIN.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, His truth is march-ing on.

# No. 147. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Service Version. Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing, by Committee of 12.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

*With spirit.* (♩ = 104.)

*f*

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. O thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and the

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the

*mf*

ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then con - quer we must, when our

CHORUS. *f* (♩ = 96.)

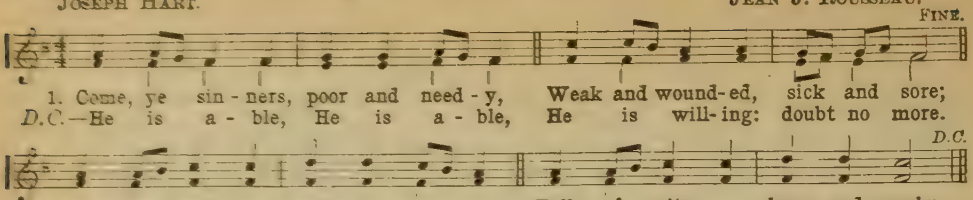
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-span gled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled

*Broaden.* *ff*

Star-spangled Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Ban - ner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

## No. 148. Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART. JEAN J. ROUSSEAU.


FINE.
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
D.C.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.
D.C.
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r:

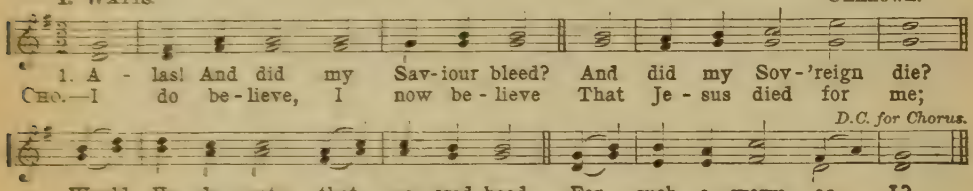
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to all.

## No. 149. I Do Believe.

I. WATTS. Unknown.

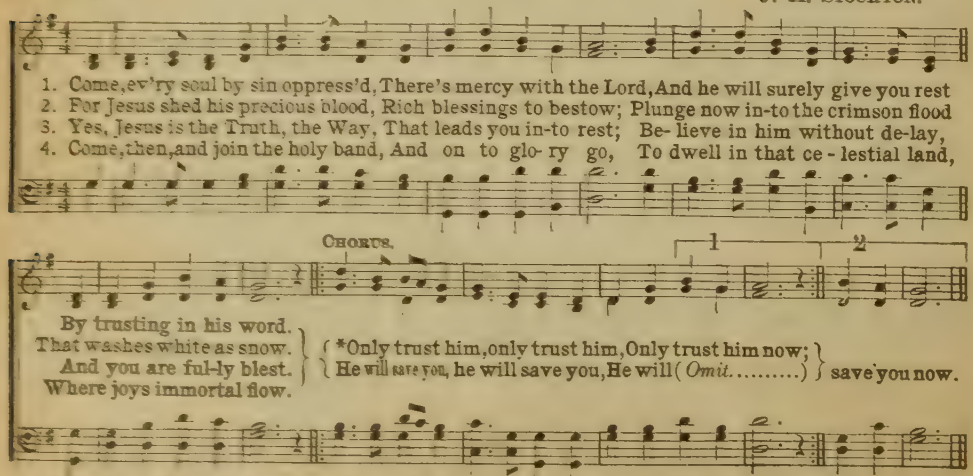

1. A - las! And did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je - sus died for me;
D.C. for Chorus.
Would He de - vote that sa-cred head, For such a worm as I?
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

## No. 150. Only Trust Him.

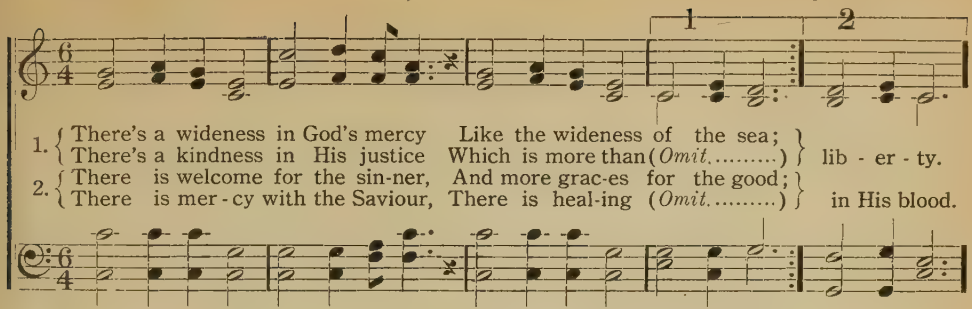
J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely give you rest
2. For Jesus shed his precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood
3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in him without de-lay,
4. Come, then, and join the holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-lestial land,
CHORUS.
1
2
By trusting in his word.
That washes white as snow.
And you are ful-ly blest.
Where joys immortal flow.
*Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit.....) save you now.

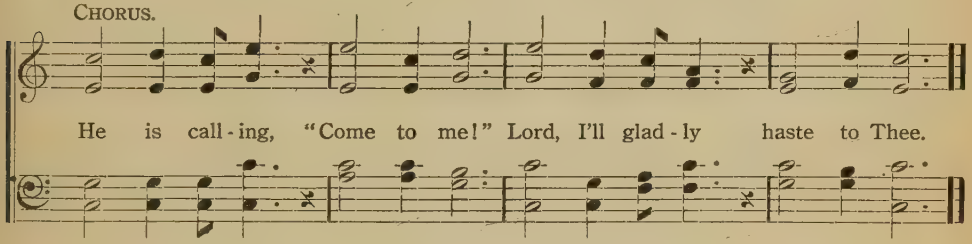
* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only trust him."

## No. 151. He is Calling.

FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.


1
2
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than (*Omit.*.....) lib - er - ty.
2. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
There is mer - cy with the Saviour, There is heal-ing (*Omit.*.....) in His blood.

CHORUS.

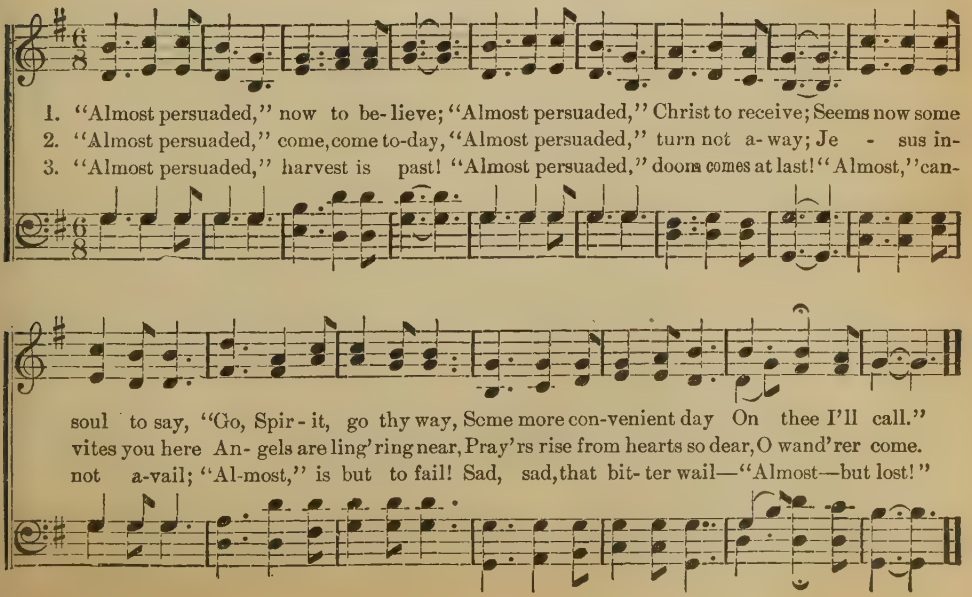



3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple
We would take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

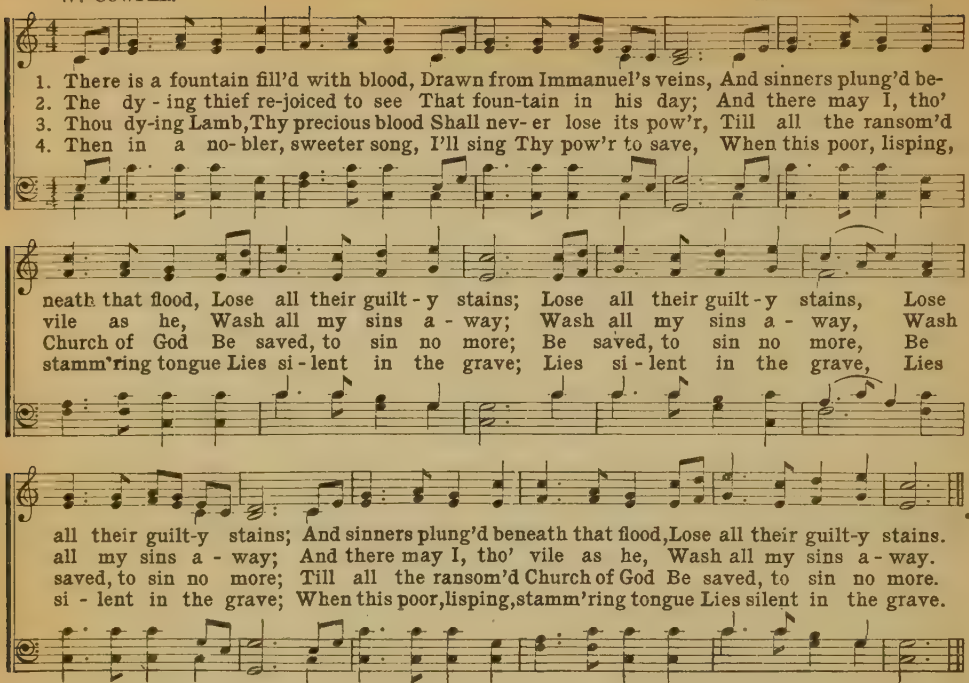
## No. 152. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. "Almost persuaded," now to be-lieve; "Almost persuaded," Christ to receive; Seems now some
2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day, "Almost persuaded," turn not a - way; Je - sus in-
3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last! "Almost," "can-
soul to say, "Go, Spir - it, go thy way, Some more con-venient day On thee I'll call."
vites you here An - gels are ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand'rer come.
not a-vail; "Al-most," is but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Almost—but lost!"

## No. 153. There is a Fountain.

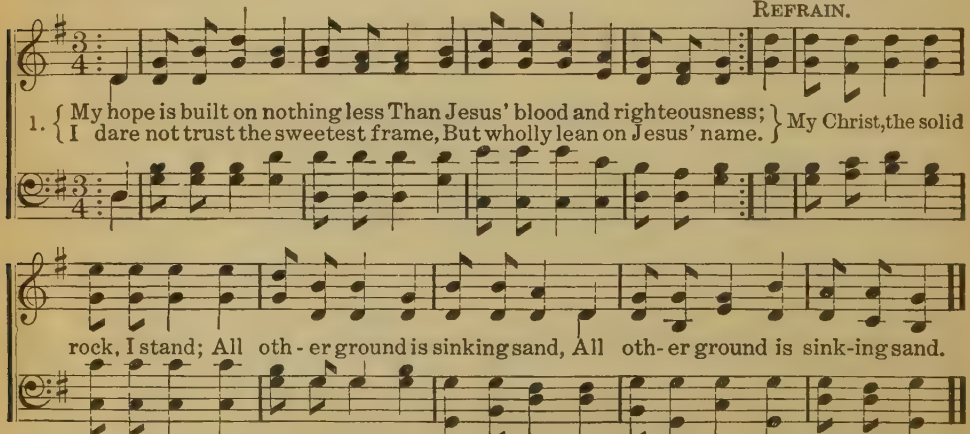
W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.


1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plung'd be-
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day; And there may I, tho'
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, Till all the ransom'd
4. Then in a no-bler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, When this poor, lisping,
neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains; Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose
vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way; Wash all my sins a - way, Wash
Church of God Be saved, to sin no more; Be saved, to sin no more, Be
stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave; Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies
all their guilt-y stains; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
all my sins a - way; And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
saved, to sin no more; Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
si - lent in the grave; When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave.

## No. 154. The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name. My Christ, the solid
rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sinking sand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

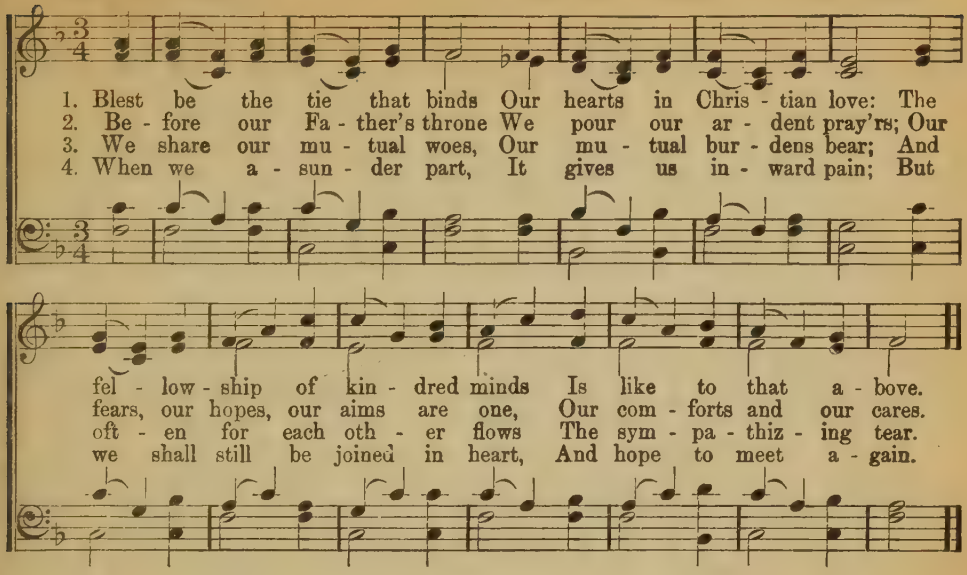
2 When darkness veils his lovely face
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, his convenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in him be found;
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

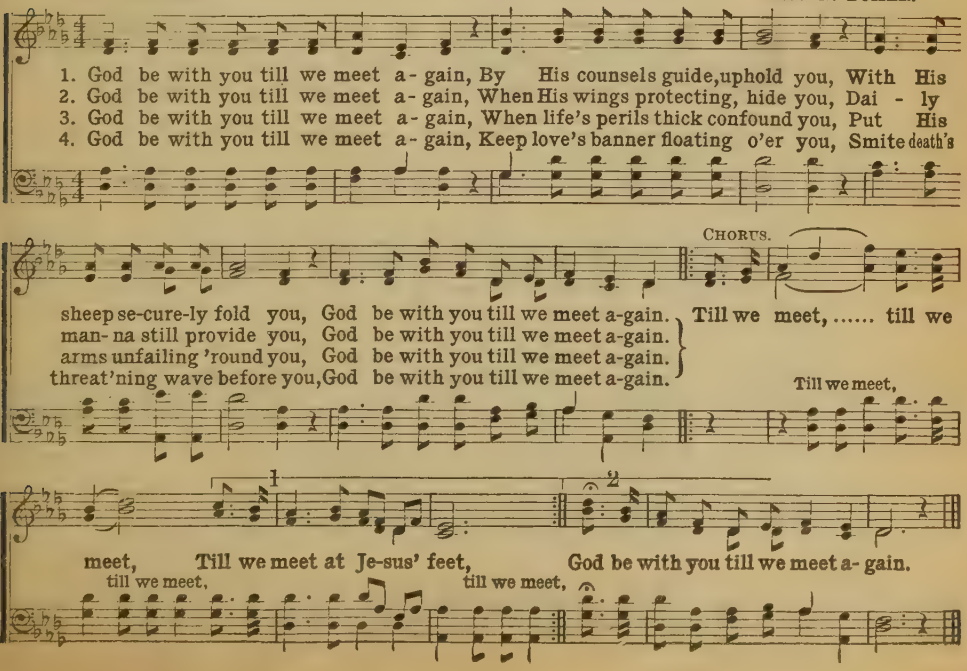
## No. 155. Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT. Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by LOWELL MASON.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love: The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

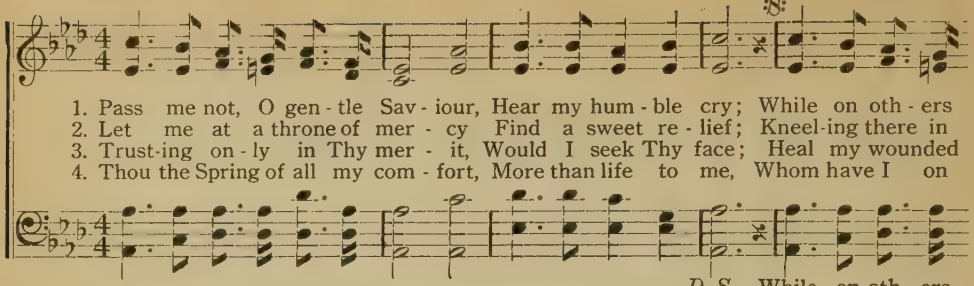
## No. 156. God Be With You.

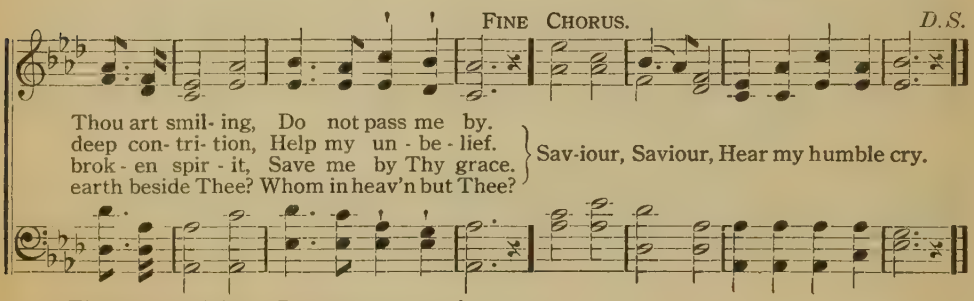
J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When His wings protecting, hide you, Dai - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you, Put His
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's
CHORUS.
sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
man-na still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
arms unfailing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, ..... till we
Till we meet,
1
2
meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
till we meet,
till we meet,

## No. 157. Pass Me Not.

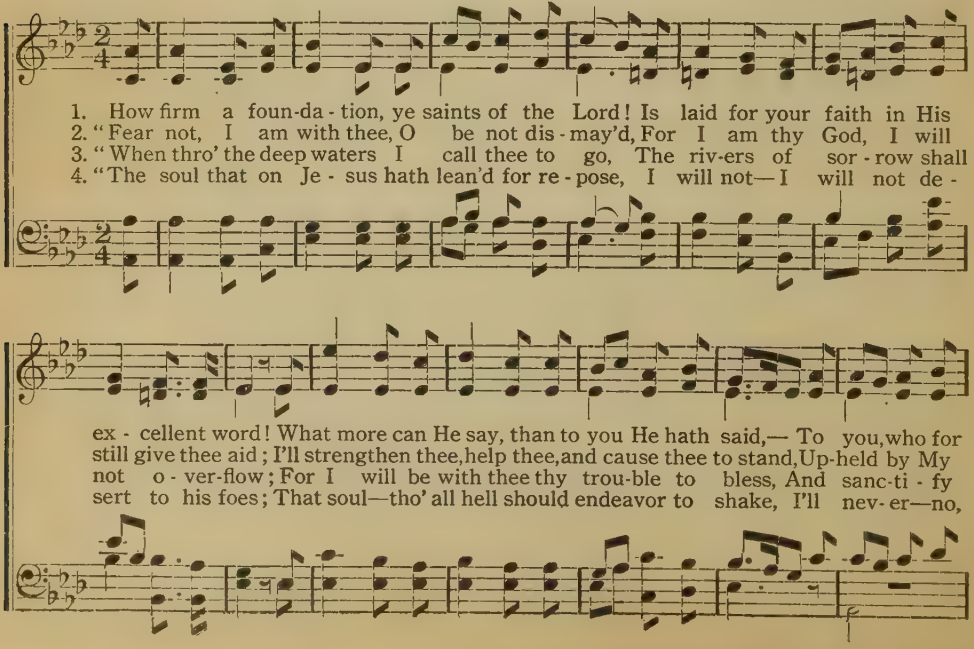
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

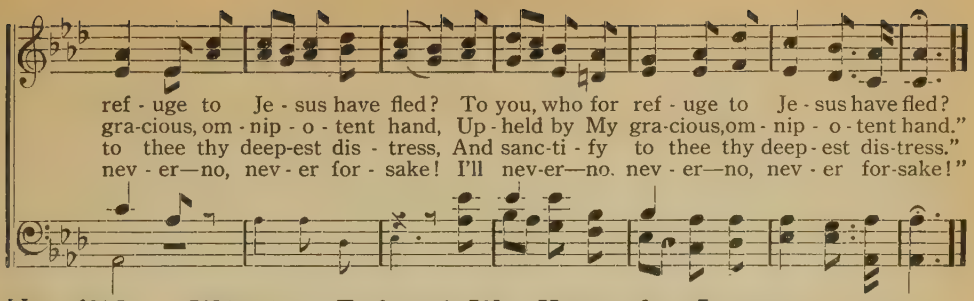

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
D. S.—While on oth - ers


FINE CHORUS.
D.S.
Thou art smil- ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con- tri- tion, Help my un - be - lief.
brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Sav-iour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry.
Thou art call- ing, Do not pass me by.

## No. 158. How Firm a Foundation.

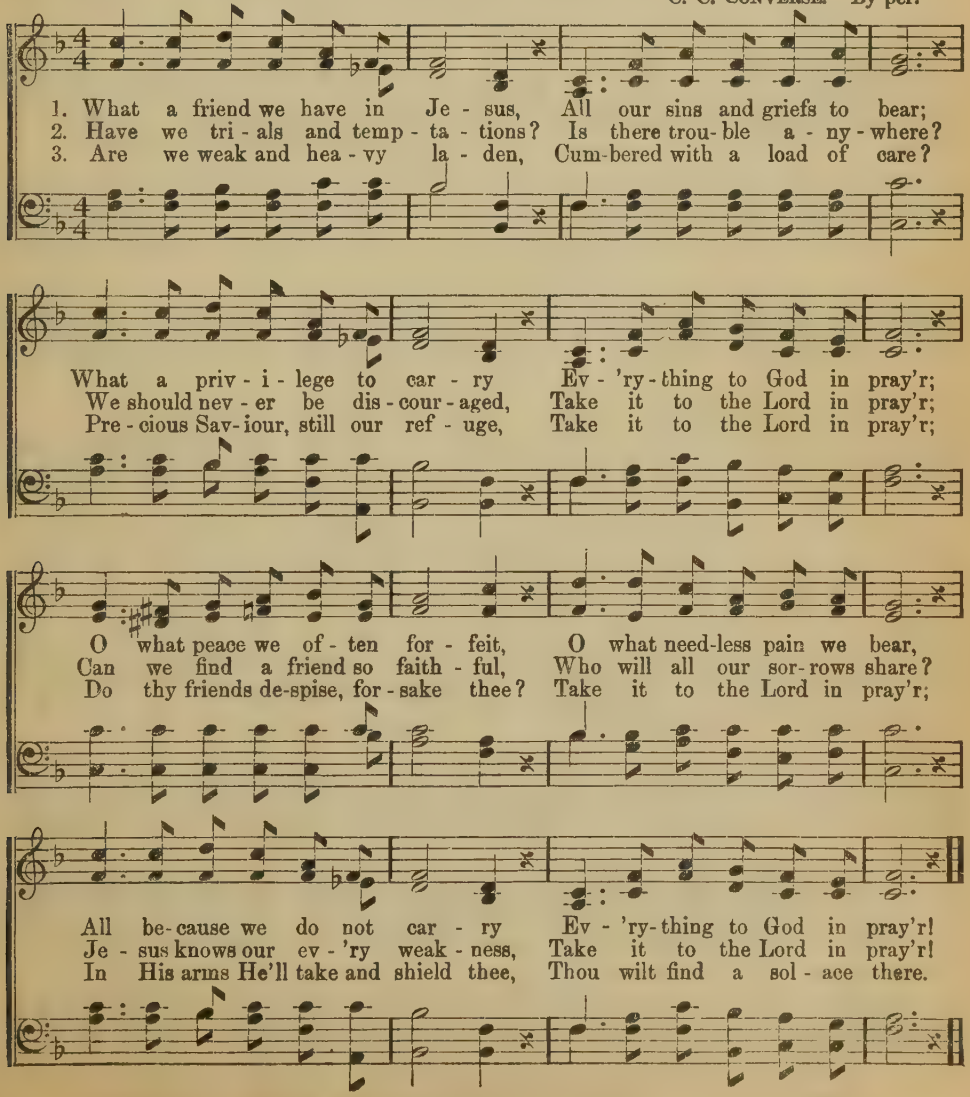
G. KEITH. M. PORTOGALLO.


1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - may'd, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor - row shall
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I will not—I will not de -
ex - cellent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,— To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My
not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trou-ble to bless, And sanc-ti - fy
sert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev- er—no,


ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
gra-cious, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My gra-cious,om - nip - o - tent hand."
to thee thy deep-est dis - tress, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis-tress."
nev - er—no, nev - er for - sake! I'll nev-er—no. nev - er—no, nev - er for-sake!"

## No. 159. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

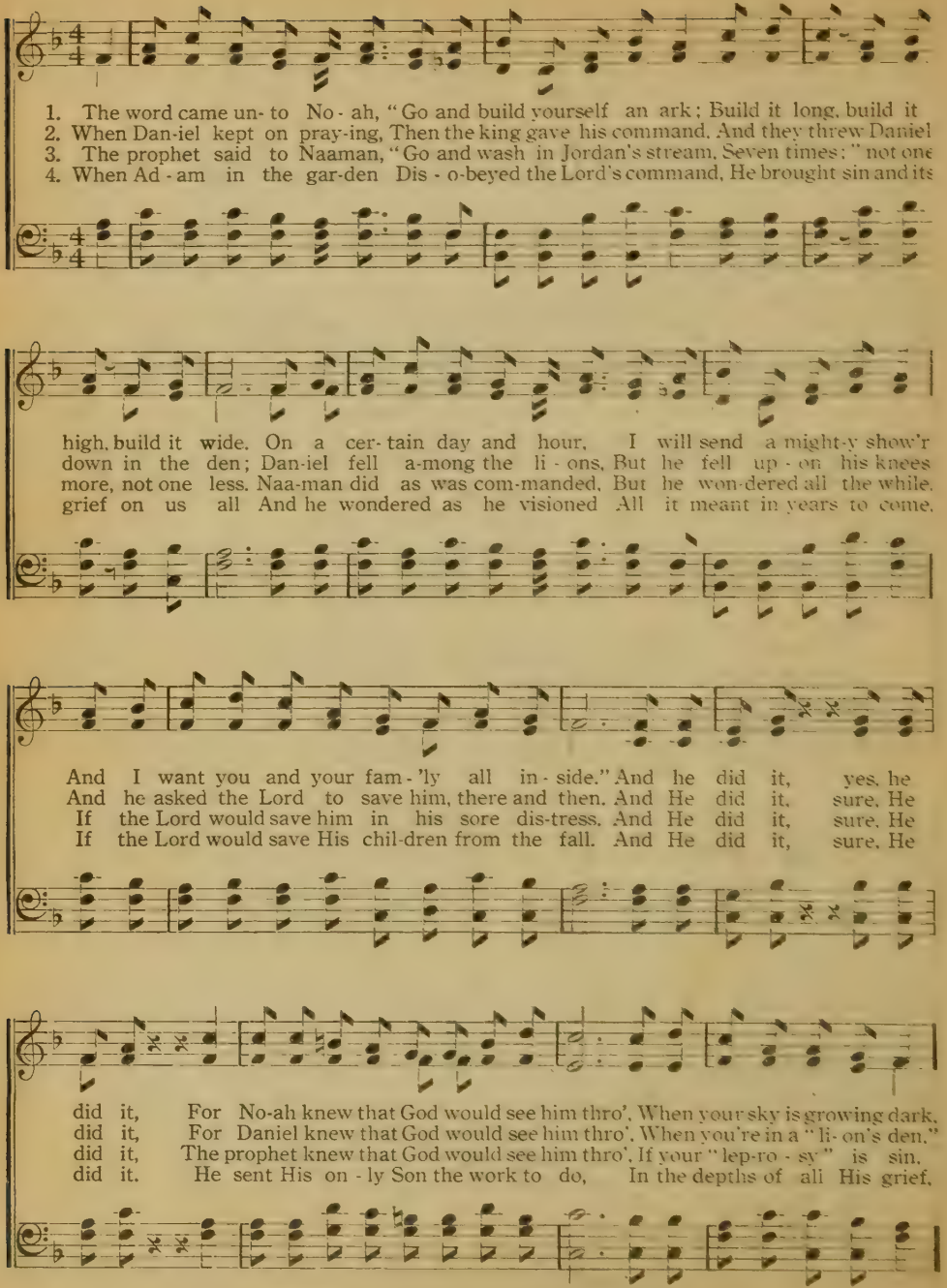
C. C. Converse. By per.


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and hea - vy la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r;
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

**No. 160. "Shall We Gather at the River?" See No. 132a.**

# No. 161. He Did It.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. The word came un- to No - ah, "Go and build yourself an ark; Build it long, build it
2. When Dan-iel kept on pray-ing, Then the king gave his command, And they threw Daniel
3. The prophet said to Naaman, "Go and wash in Jordan's stream, Seven times;" not one
4. When Ad - am in the gar-den Dis - o-beyed the Lord's command, He brought sin and its
high, build it wide. On a cer- tain day and hour, I will send a might-y show'r
down in the den; Dan-iel fell a-mong the li - ons, But he fell up - on his knees
more, not one less. Naa-man did as was com-manded, But he won-dered all the while,
grief on us all And he wondered as he visioned All it meant in years to come,
And I want you and your fam - 'ly all in - side." And he did it, yes, he
And he asked the Lord to save him, there and then. And He did it, sure, He
If the Lord would save him in his sore dis-tress. And He did it, sure, He
If the Lord would save His chil-dren from the fall. And He did it, sure, He
did it, For No-ah knew that God would see him thro', When your sky is growing dark,
did it, For Daniel knew that God would see him thro'. When you're in a "li- on's den."
did it, The prophet knew that God would see him thro'. If your "lep-ro - sy" is sin,
did it. He sent His on - ly Son the work to do, In the depths of all His grief,

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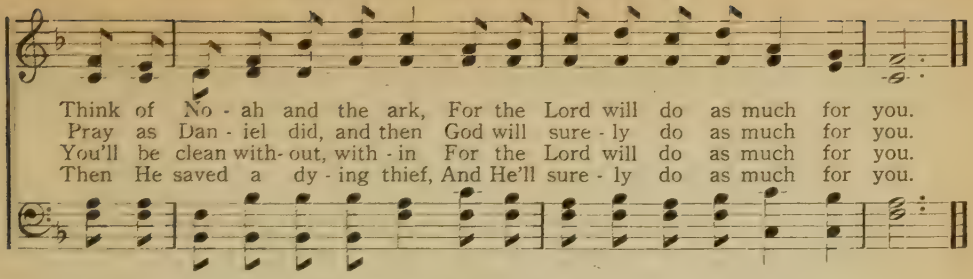
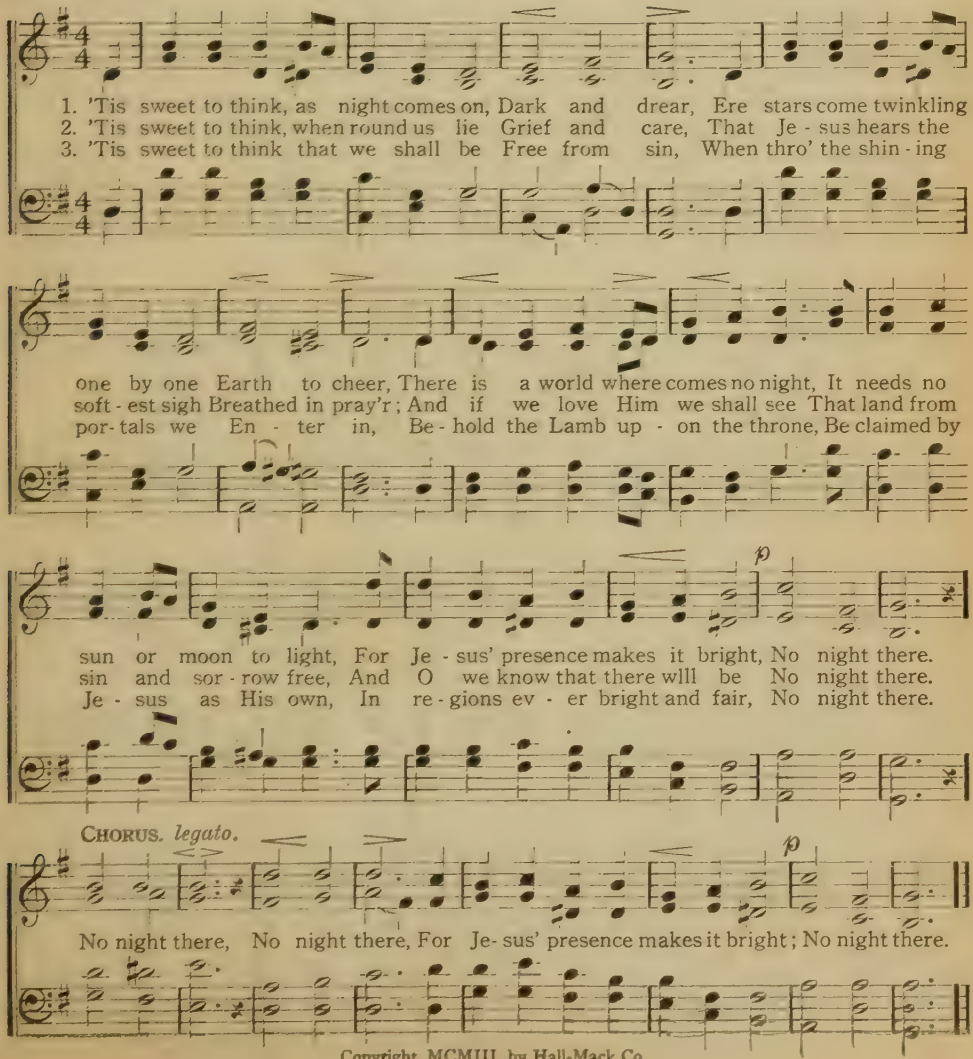

Think of No - ah and the ark, For the Lord will do as much for you.
Pray as Dan - iel did, and then God will sure - ly do as much for you.
You'll be clean with- out, with - in For the Lord will do as much for you.
Then He saved a dy - ing thief, And He'll sure - ly do as much for you.

## No. 162. No Night There.

J. Lincoln Hall.


1. 'Tis sweet to think, as night comes on, Dark and drear, Ere stars come twinkling
2. 'Tis sweet to think, when round us lie Grief and care, That Je - sus hears the
3. 'Tis sweet to think that we shall be Free from sin, When thro' the shin - ing
one by one Earth to cheer, There is a world where comes no night, It needs no
soft - est sigh Breathed in pray'r; And if we love Him we shall see That land from
por- tals we En - ter in, Be - hold the Lamb up - on the throne, Be claimed by
sun or moon to light, For Je - sus' presence makes it bright, No night there.
sin and sor - row free, And O we know that there will be No night there.
Je - sus as His own, In re - gions ev - er bright and fair, No night there.
Chorus. legato.
No night there, No night there, For Je- sus' presence makes it bright; No night there.

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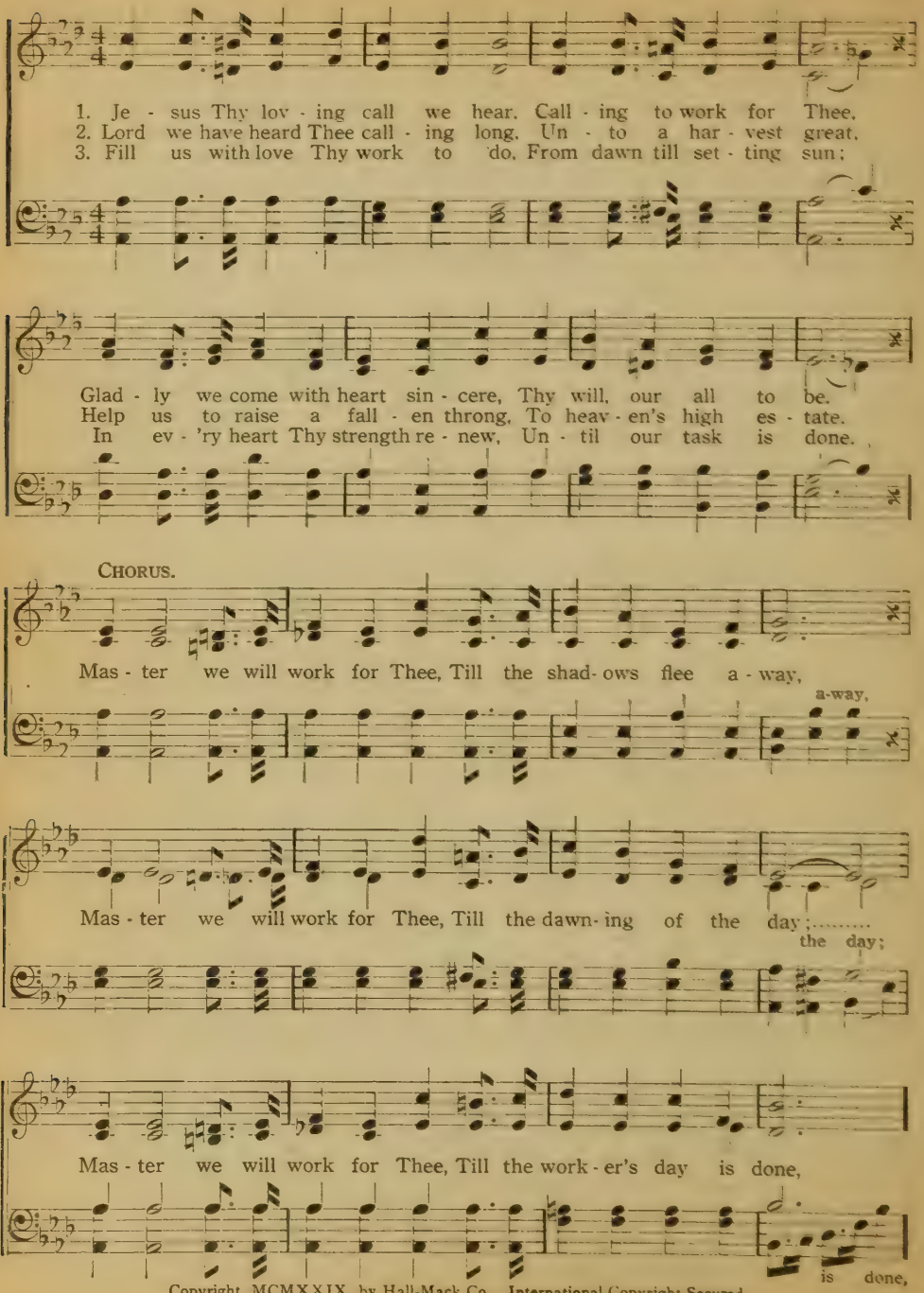
# No. 163. Master we Will Work for Thee.

F. F. WALTERS. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. Je - sus Thy lov - ing call we hear. Call - ing to work for Thee.
2. Lord we have heard Thee call - ing long. Un - to a har - vest great.
3. Fill us with love Thy work to do. From dawn till set - ting sun;
Glad - ly we come with heart sin - cere, Thy will, our all to be.
Help us to raise a fall - en throng, To heav - en's high es - tate.
In ev - 'ry heart Thy strength re - new, Un - til our task is done.
CHORUS.
Mas - ter we will work for Thee, Till the shad- ows flee a - way,
a-way.
Mas - ter we will work for Thee, Till the dawn- ing of the day;.....
the day;
Mas - ter we will work for Thee, Till the work - er's day is done,
is done,

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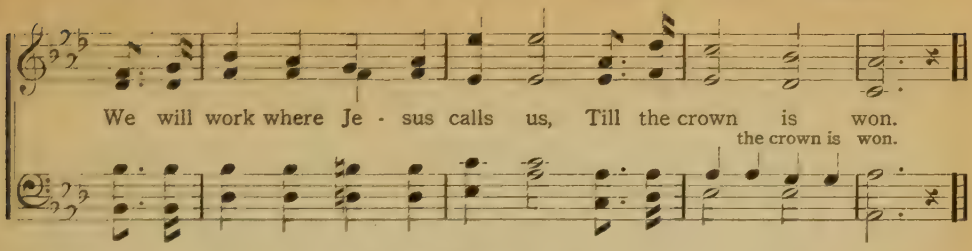
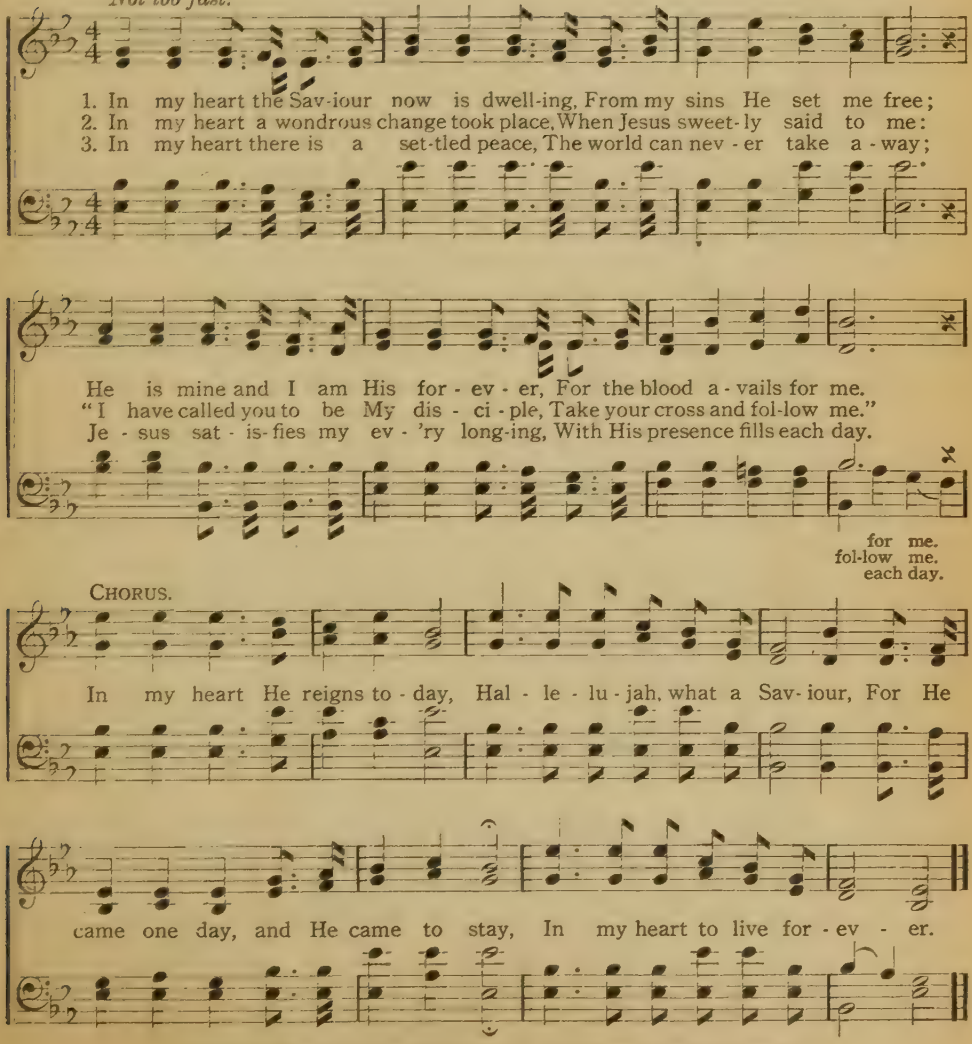



## No. 164. In My Heart.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

*Not too fast.*


1. In my heart the Sav-iour now is dwell-ing, From my sins He set me free;
2. In my heart a wondrous change took place, When Jesus sweet-ly said to me:
3. In my heart there is a set-tled peace, The world can nev - er take a - way;
He is mine and I am His for - ev - er, For the blood a - vails for me.
"I have called you to be My dis - ci - ple, Take your cross and fol-low me."
Je - sus sat - is-fies my ev - 'ry long-ing, With His presence fills each day.
for me.
fol-low me.
each day.
CHORUS.
In my heart He reigns to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-iour, For He
came one day, and He came to stay, In my heart to live for - ev - er.

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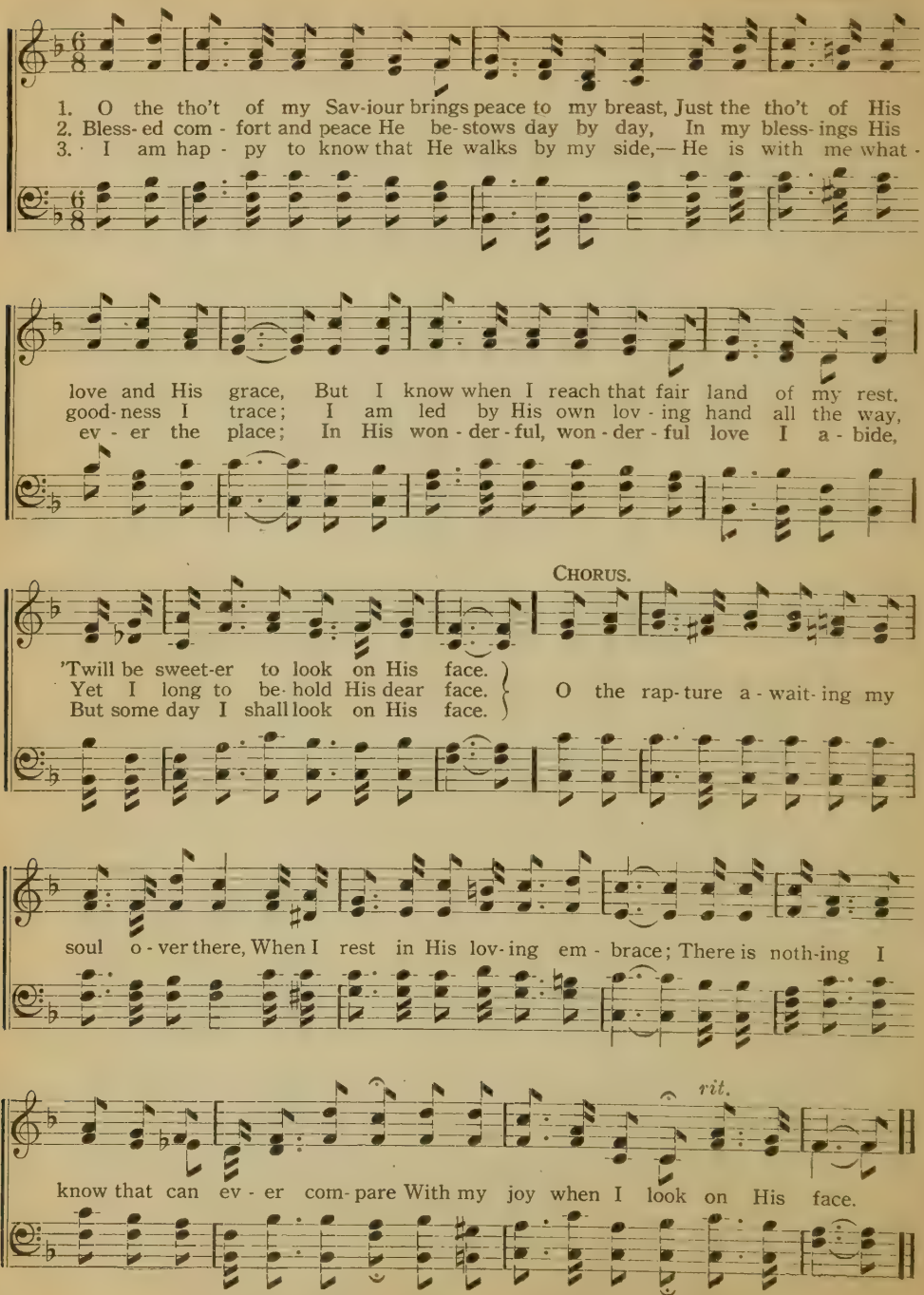
# No. 165. The Sight of His Face.

W. C. MARTIN. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. O the tho't of my Sav-iour brings peace to my breast, Just the tho't of His
2. Bless-ed com-fort and peace He be-stows day by day, In my bless-ings His
3. I am hap-py to know that He walks by my side,—He is with me what-
love and His grace, But I know when I reach that fair land of my rest.
good-ness I trace; I am led by His own lov-ing hand all the way,
ev-er the place; In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love I a-bide,
CHORUS.
'Twill be sweet-er to look on His face.
Yet I long to be-hold His dear face.
But some day I shall look on His face.
O the rap-ture a-wait-ing my
soul o-ver there, When I rest in His lov-ing em-brace; There is noth-ing I
rit.
know that can ev-er com-pare With my joy when I look on His face.

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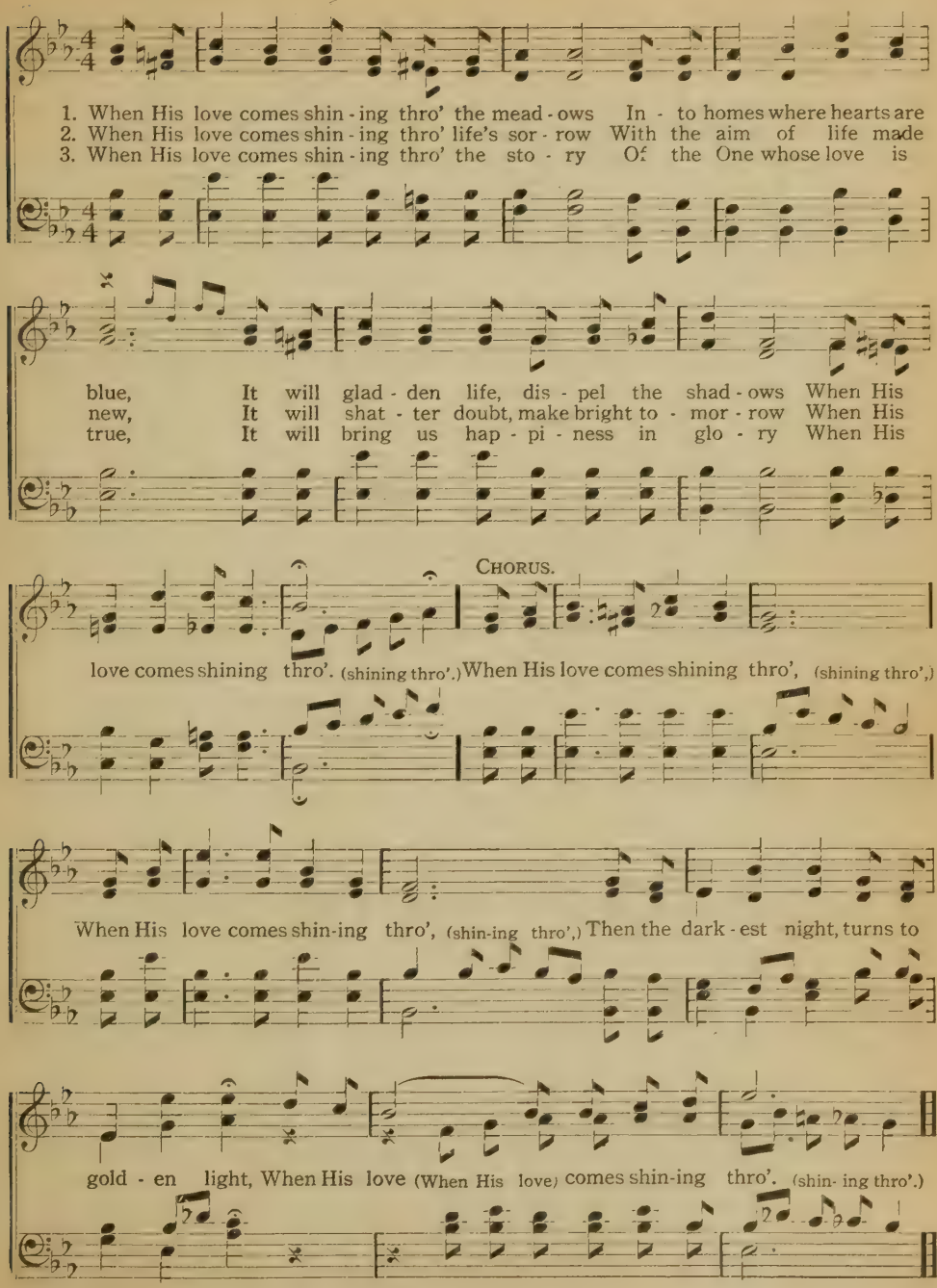
# No. 166. When His Love Comes Shining Through.

F. F. WALTERS. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. When His love comes shin - ing thro' the mead - ows In - to homes where hearts are
2. When His love comes shin - ing thro' life's sor - row With the aim of life made
3. When His love comes shin - ing thro' the sto - ry Of the One whose love is
blue, It will glad - den life, dis - pel the shad - ows When His
new, It will shat - ter doubt, make bright to - mor - row When His
true, It will bring us hap - pi - ness in glo - ry When His
CHORUS.
love comes shining thro'. (shining thro'.) When His love comes shining thro', (shining thro',)
When His love comes shin-ing thro', (shin-ing thro',) Then the dark - est night, turns to
gold - en light, When His love (When His love) comes shin-ing thro'. (shin- ing thro'.)

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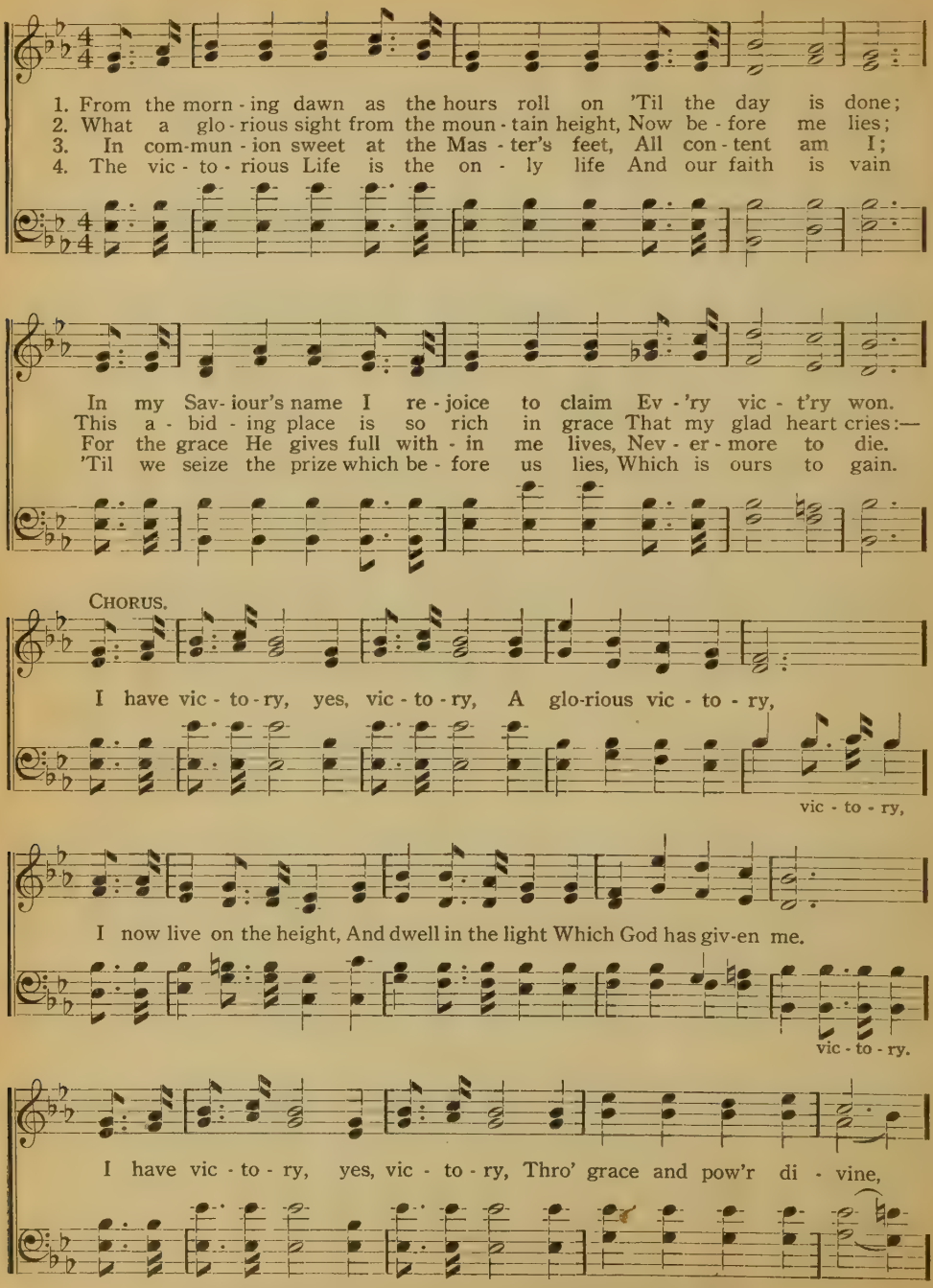
# No. 167. The Victorious Life.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. From the morn - ing dawn as the hours roll on 'Til the day is done;
2. What a glo - rious sight from the moun - tain height, Now be - fore me lies;
3. In com-mun - ion sweet at the Mas - ter's feet, All con - tent am I;
4. The vic - to - rious Life is the on - ly life And our faith is vain
In my Sav - iour's name I re - joice to claim Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won.
This a - bid - ing place is so rich in grace That my glad heart cries:—
For the grace He gives full with - in me lives, Nev - er - more to die.
'Til we seize the prize which be - fore us lies, Which is ours to gain.
Chorus.
I have vic - to - ry, yes, vic - to - ry, A glo-rious vic - to - ry,
vic - to - ry,
I now live on the height, And dwell in the light Which God has giv-en me.
vic - to - ry.
I have vic - to - ry, yes, vic - to - ry, Thro' grace and pow'r di - vine,

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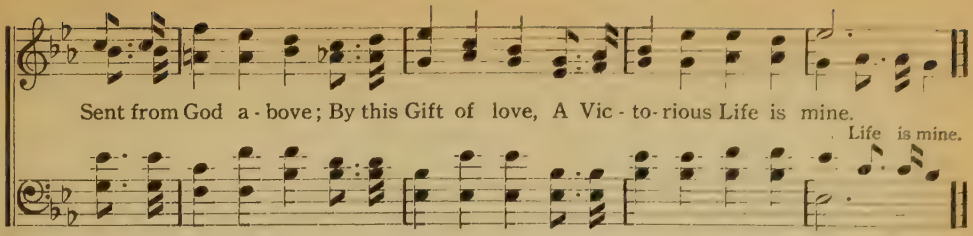


## No. 168. Able and Willing.

"I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—Ps. 50: 15.

Mrs. J. I. McC. Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

DUET.

1. He is a - ble and will - ing to keep us, What ev - er thy dan - ger may be;
2. Since our Captain, our Lord and our Sav - iour, On Cal - v'ry de - liv - 'rance has won,
3. So by faith we will sing Hal - le - lu - jah! By faith we will count on His Word;
Our God is our Shield and De - fend - er And strong to de - liv - er is He.
The bat - tle is not ours, be - lov - ed, We rest in what Je - sus has done.
We'll praise in advance for the an - swer, And trust in our glo - ri - ous Lord.
CHORUS.
Praise God, He is will - ing to keep us! O praise Him each step of the way;
The faith that will sing in the dark - ness, Brings mar - vel - ous grace in the day.

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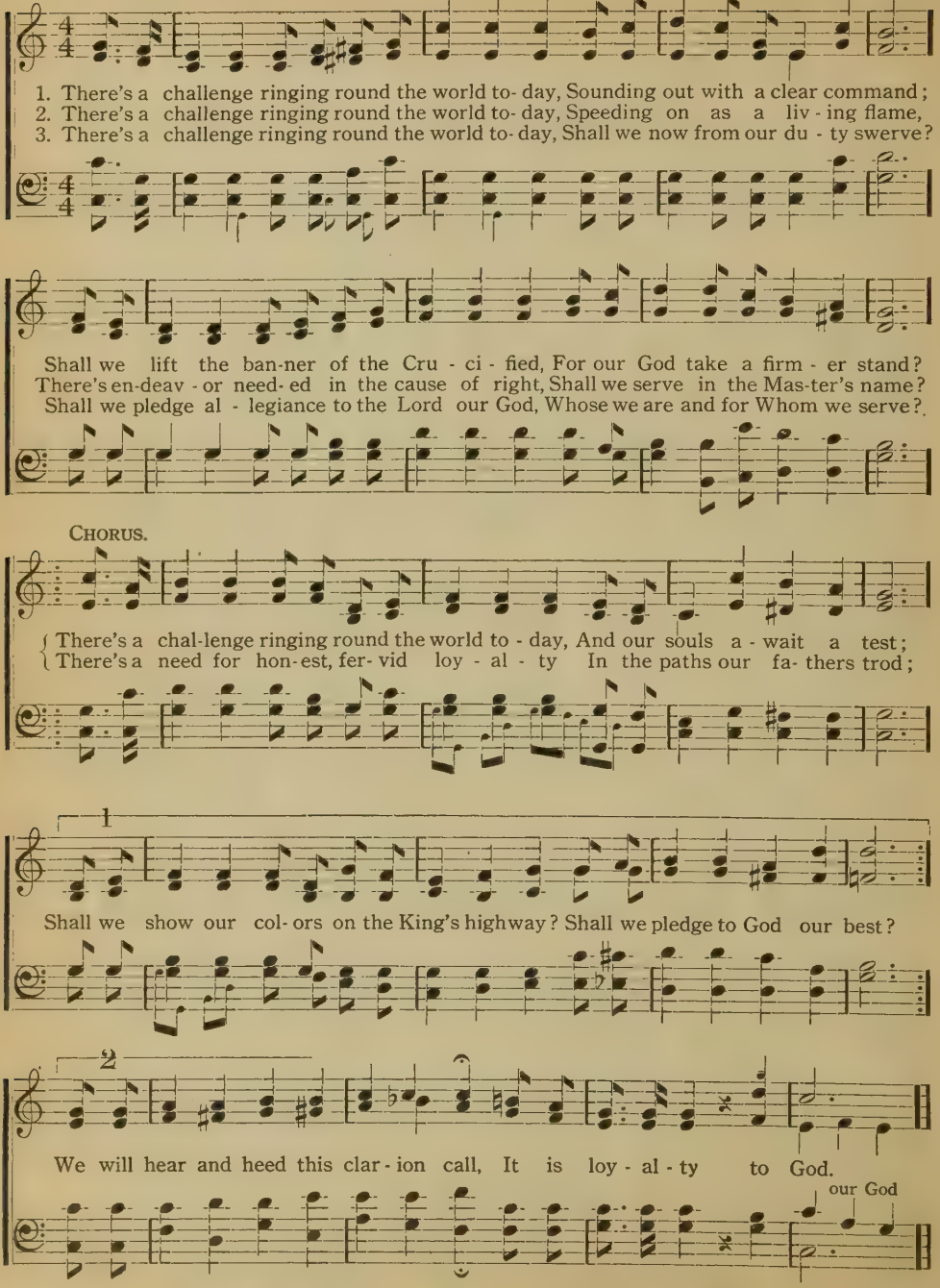
# No. 169. A Challenge to Loyalty.

MATTIE B. SHANNON. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. There's a challenge ringing round the world to-day, Sounding out with a clear command;
2. There's a challenge ringing round the world to-day, Speeding on as a liv-ing flame,
3. There's a challenge ringing round the world to-day, Shall we now from our du-ty swerve?
Shall we lift the ban-ner of the Cru-ci-fied, For our God take a firm-er stand?
There's en-deav-or need-ed in the cause of right, Shall we serve in the Mas-ter's name?
Shall we pledge al-legiance to the Lord our God, Whose we are and for Whom we serve?
CHORUS.
There's a chal-lenge ringing round the world to-day, And our souls a-wait a test;
There's a need for hon-est, fer-vid loy-al-ty In the paths our fa-thers trod;
1
Shall we show our col-ors on the King's highway? Shall we pledge to God our best?
2
We will hear and heed this clar-ion call, It is loy-al-ty to God.
our God

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# No. 170. A Loving Heart.

*Written for and Dedicated to James A. Mason.*

C. Austin Miles. Clinton D. Lowden.

Solo.

1. 'Mid the throng in which I'm dai - ly liv - ing There must be one who
2. Lov-ing hearts that beat in hap - py un - ion With those who need a
3. High and low may seek and sure - ly find Him; He trav-els best who
needs a ten - der word; Be it mine, the ho - ly joy of
mes - sage from a - bove. Are not gained ex - cept from sweet com -
jour - neys with the Lord, Blest the bonds that to the Sav - iour
giv - ing That to - ken in the name of Christ, my Lord.
mun - ion With Him whose heart still o - ver - flows with love.
bind Him As they to - geth - er walk in one ac - cord.
Chorus.
1
Give me, O Lord, a lov-ing heart That reaches out to touch a
His burden bear, His sor-row share; (Omit.
1. Give me, O Lord, a lov-ing heart
2
soul with love di - vine, Give me a lov - ing heart, dear Lord, like Thine.

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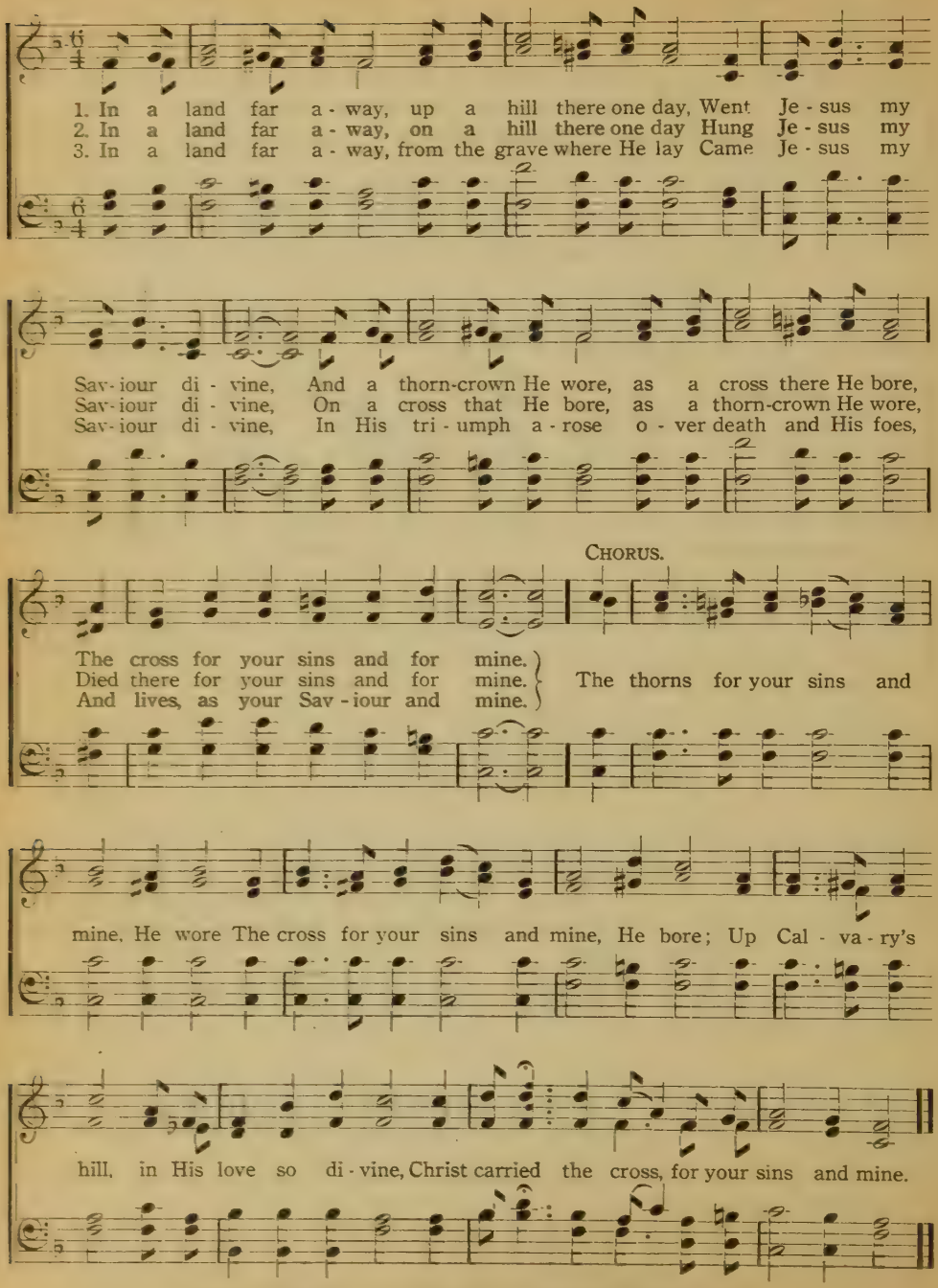
# No. 171. Your Cross and Mine.

W. C. Poole. C. Austin Miles.


1. In a land far a - way, up a hill there one day, Went Je - sus my
2. In a land far a - way, on a hill there one day Hung Je - sus my
3. In a land far a - way, from the grave where He lay Came Je - sus my
Sav - iour di - vine, And a thorn-crown He wore, as a cross there He bore,
Sav - iour di - vine, On a cross that He bore, as a thorn-crown He wore,
Sav - iour di - vine, In His tri - umph a - rose o - ver death and His foes,
Chorus.
The cross for your sins and for mine.
Died there for your sins and for mine.
And lives, as your Sav - iour and mine.
The thorns for your sins and
mine, He wore The cross for your sins and mine, He bore; Up Cal - va - ry's
hill, in His love so di - vine, Christ carried the cross, for your sins and mine.

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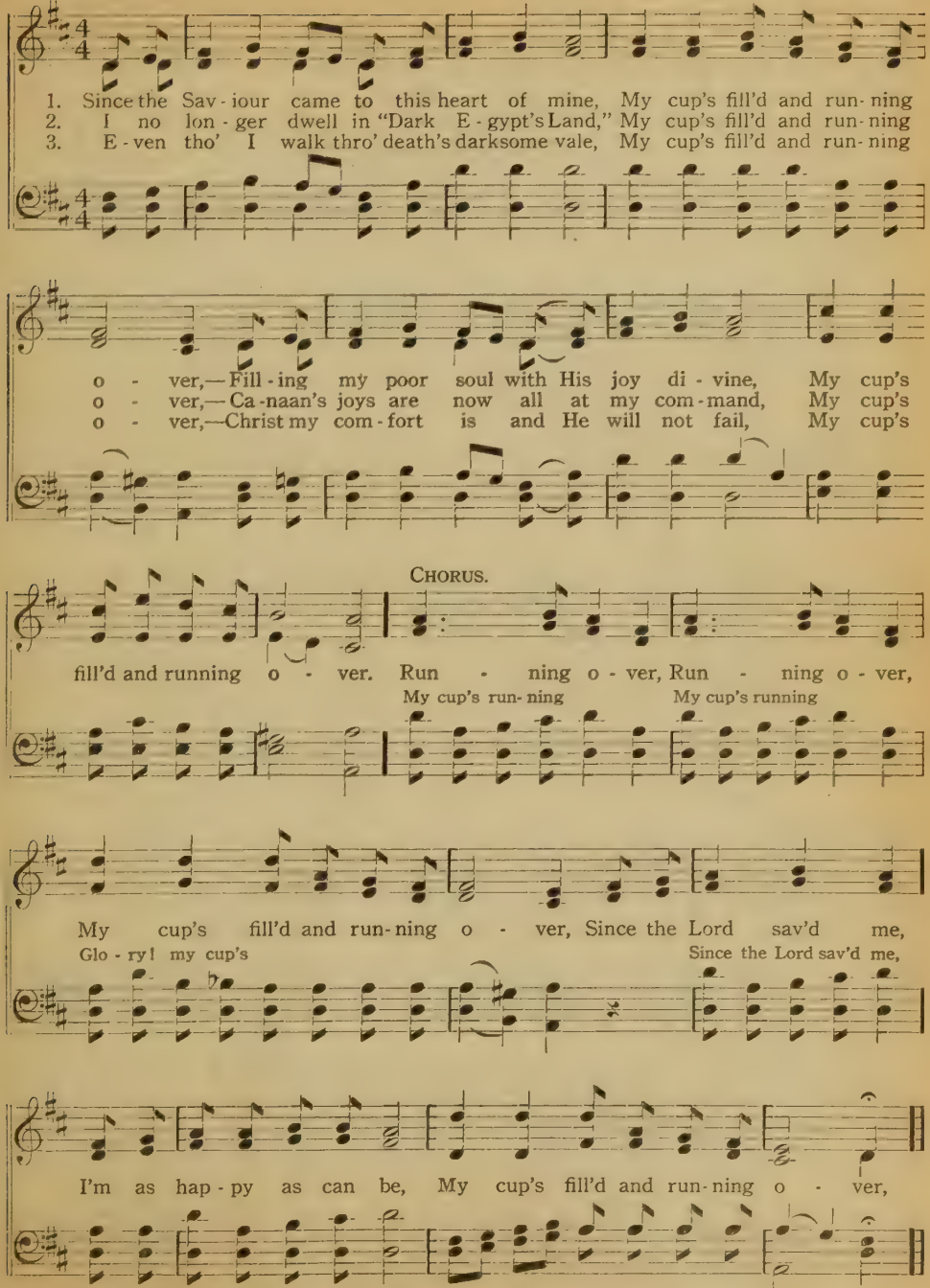
# No. 172. Running Over.

SETH SYKES. W. GARDNER HUNTER.


1. Since the Sav - iour came to this heart of mine, My cup's fill'd and run - ning
2. I no lon - ger dwell in "Dark E - gypt's Land," My cup's fill'd and run - ning
3. E - ven tho' I walk thro' death's darksome vale, My cup's fill'd and run - ning
o - ver,— Fill - ing my poor soul with His joy di - vine, My cup's
o - ver,— Ca - naan's joys are now all at my com - mand, My cup's
o - ver,— Christ my com - fort is and He will not fail, My cup's
CHORUS.
fill'd and running o - ver. Run - ning o - ver, Run - ning o - ver,
My cup's run - ning My cup's running
My cup's fill'd and run - ning o - ver, Since the Lord sav'd me,
Glo - ry! my cup's Since the Lord sav'd me,
I'm as hap - py as can be, My cup's fill'd and run - ning o - ver,

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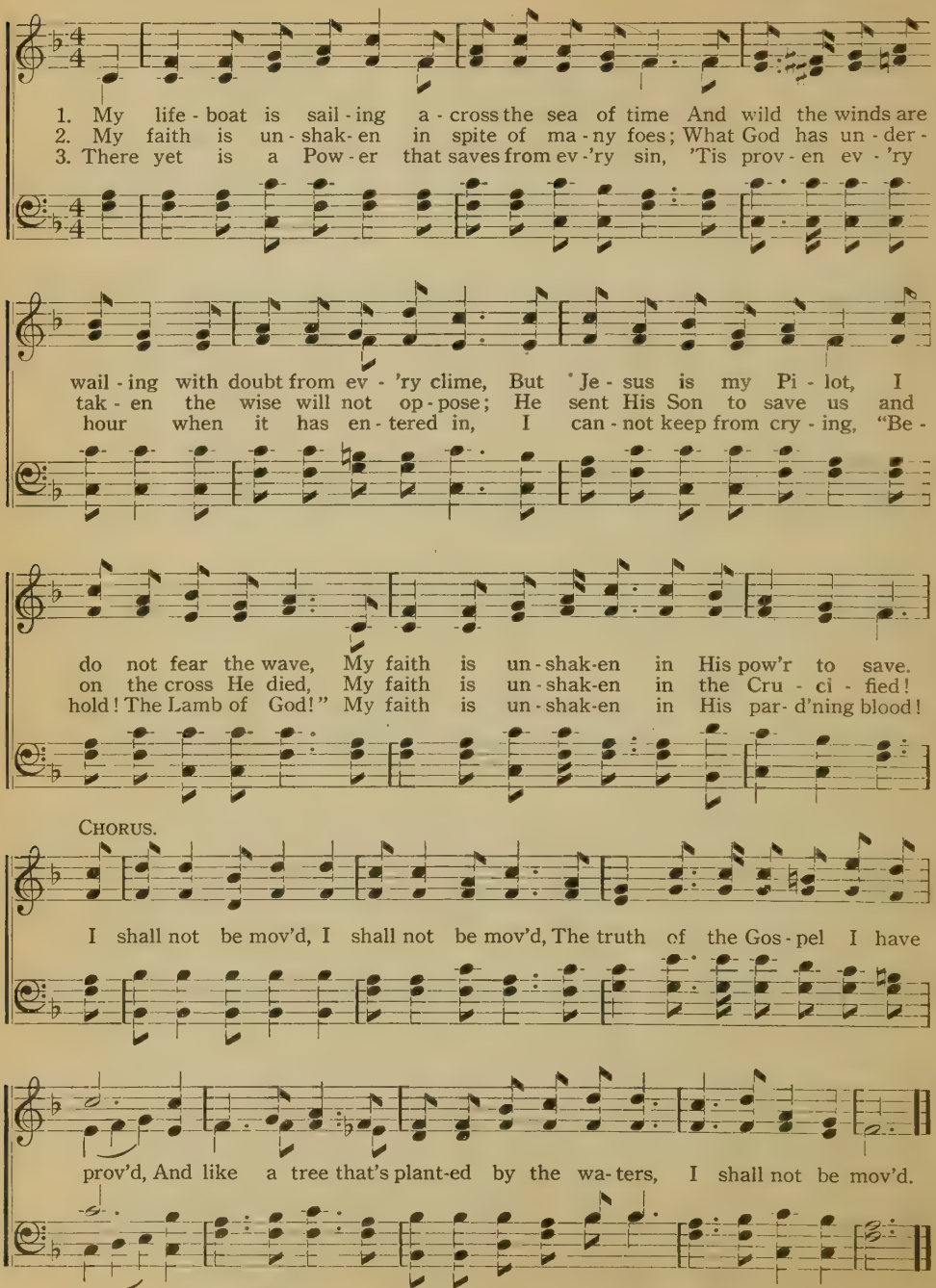
# No. 173. My Faith is Unshaken.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. My life - boat is sail - ing a - cross the sea of time And wild the winds are
2. My faith is un - shak - en in spite of ma - ny foes; What God has un - der -
3. There yet is a Pow - er that saves from ev - 'ry sin, 'Tis prov - en ev - 'ry
wail - ing with doubt from ev - 'ry clime, But 'Je - sus is my Pi - lot, I
tak - en the wise will not op - pose; He sent His Son to save us and
hour when it has en - tered in, I can - not keep from cry - ing, "Be -
do not fear the wave, My faith is un - shak - en in His pow'r to save.
on the cross He died, My faith is un - shak - en in the Cru - ci - fied!
hold! The Lamb of God!" My faith is un - shak - en in His par - d'ning blood!
Chorus.
I shall not be mov'd, I shall not be mov'd, The truth of the Gos - pel I have
prov'd, And like a tree that's plant - ed by the wa - ters, I shall not be mov'd.

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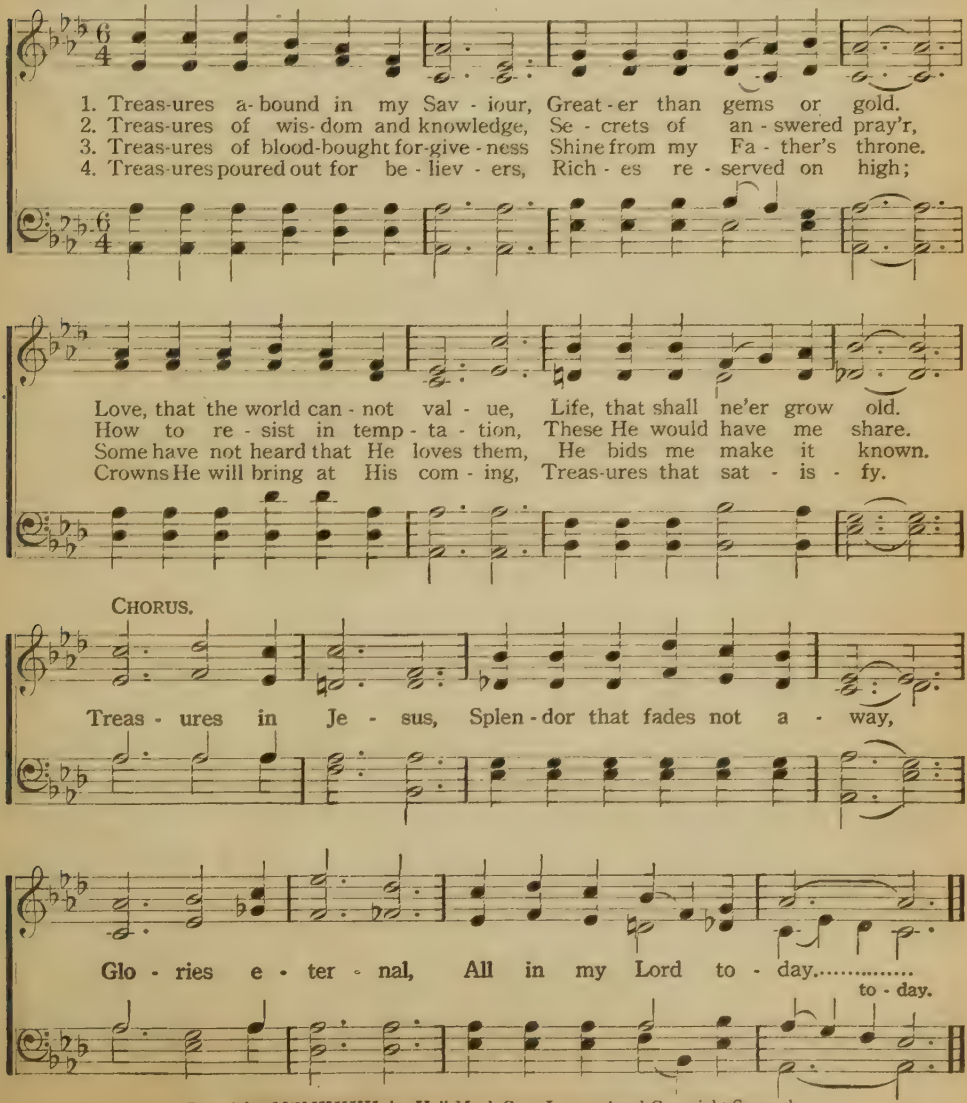
# Songs of Faith and Triumph, No. 2.

## No. 174. Treasures In Jesus.

"The Lord shall open to thee His good treasure."—Deut. 28: 12.
"Christ . . . In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."—Col. 2: 2, 3.

Mrs. J. I. McClelland. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Treas-ures a-bound in my Sav - iour, Great-er than gems or gold.
2. Treas-ures of wis-dom and knowledge, Se - crets of an - swered pray'r,
3. Treas-ures of blood-bought for-give - ness Shine from my Fa - ther's throne.
4. Treas-ures poured out for be - liev - ers, Rich - es re - served on high;
Love, that the world can - not val - ue, Life, that shall ne'er grow old.
How to re - sist in temp - ta - tion, These He would have me share.
Some have not heard that He loves them, He bids me make it known.
Crowns He will bring at His com - ing, Treas-ures that sat - is - fy.
Chorus.
Treas - ures in Je - sus, Splen - dor that fades not a - way,
Glo - ries e - ter - nal, All in my Lord to - day.....
to - day.

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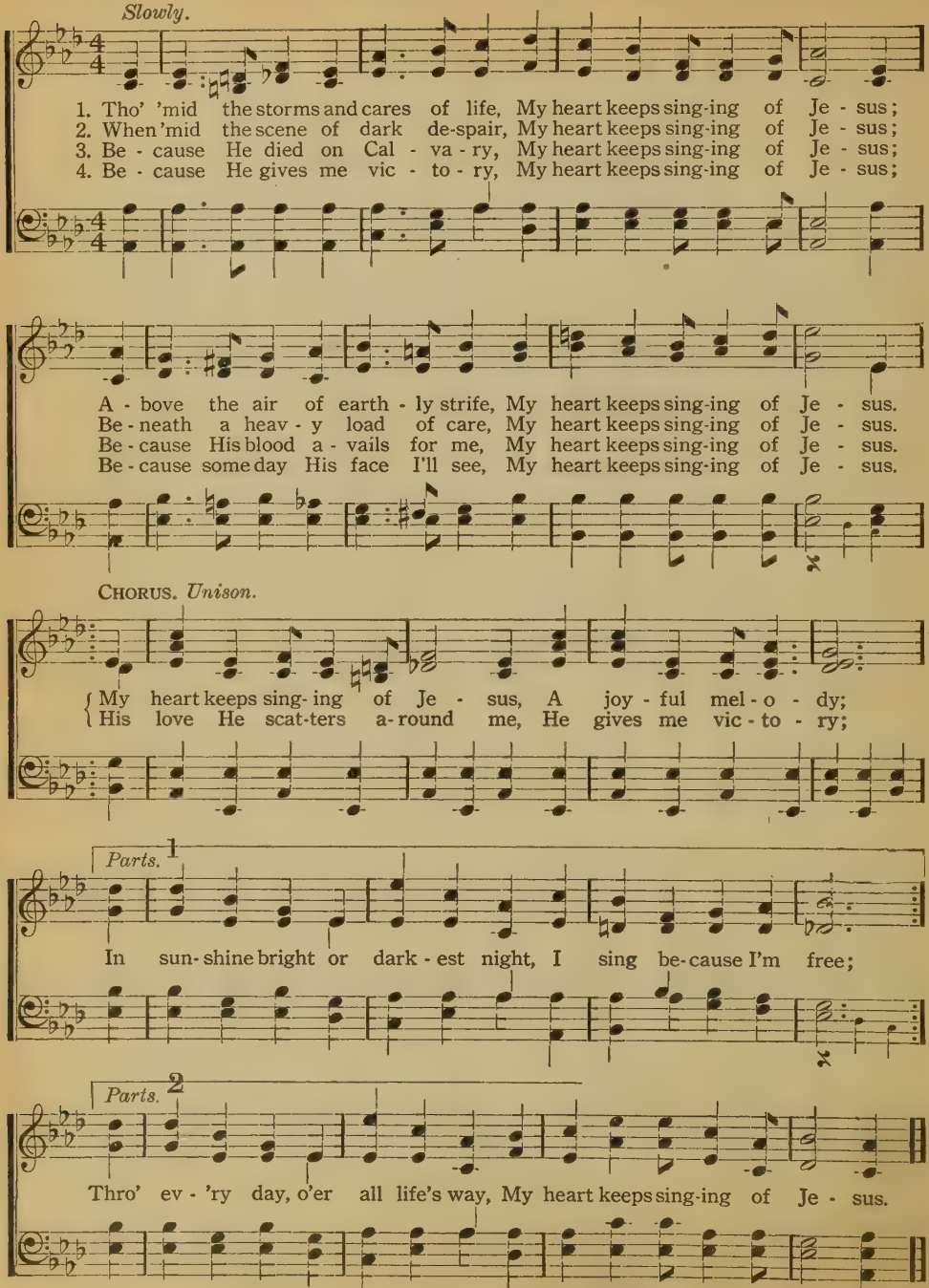
# No. 175. My Heart Keeps Singing.

D. M. S. D. M. SHANKS.

*Slowly.*


1. Tho' 'mid the storms and cares of life, My heart keeps sing-ing of Je - sus;
2. When 'mid the scene of dark de-spair, My heart keeps sing-ing of Je - sus;
3. Be - cause He died on Cal - va - ry, My heart keeps sing-ing of Je - sus;
4. Be - cause He gives me vic - to - ry, My heart keeps sing-ing of Je - sus;
A - bove the air of earth - ly strife, My heart keeps sing-ing of Je - sus.
Be - neath a heav - y load of care, My heart keeps sing-ing of Je - sus.
Be - cause His blood a - vails for me, My heart keeps sing-ing of Je - sus.
Be - cause some day His face I'll see, My heart keeps sing-ing of Je - sus.
CHORUS. Unison.
My heart keeps sing- ing of Je - sus, A joy - ful mel - o - dy;
His love He scat-ters a-round me, He gives me vic - to - ry;
Parts. 1
In sun- shine bright or dark - est night, I sing be-cause I'm free;
Parts. 2
Thro' ev - 'ry day, o'er all life's way, My heart keeps sing-ing of Je - sus.

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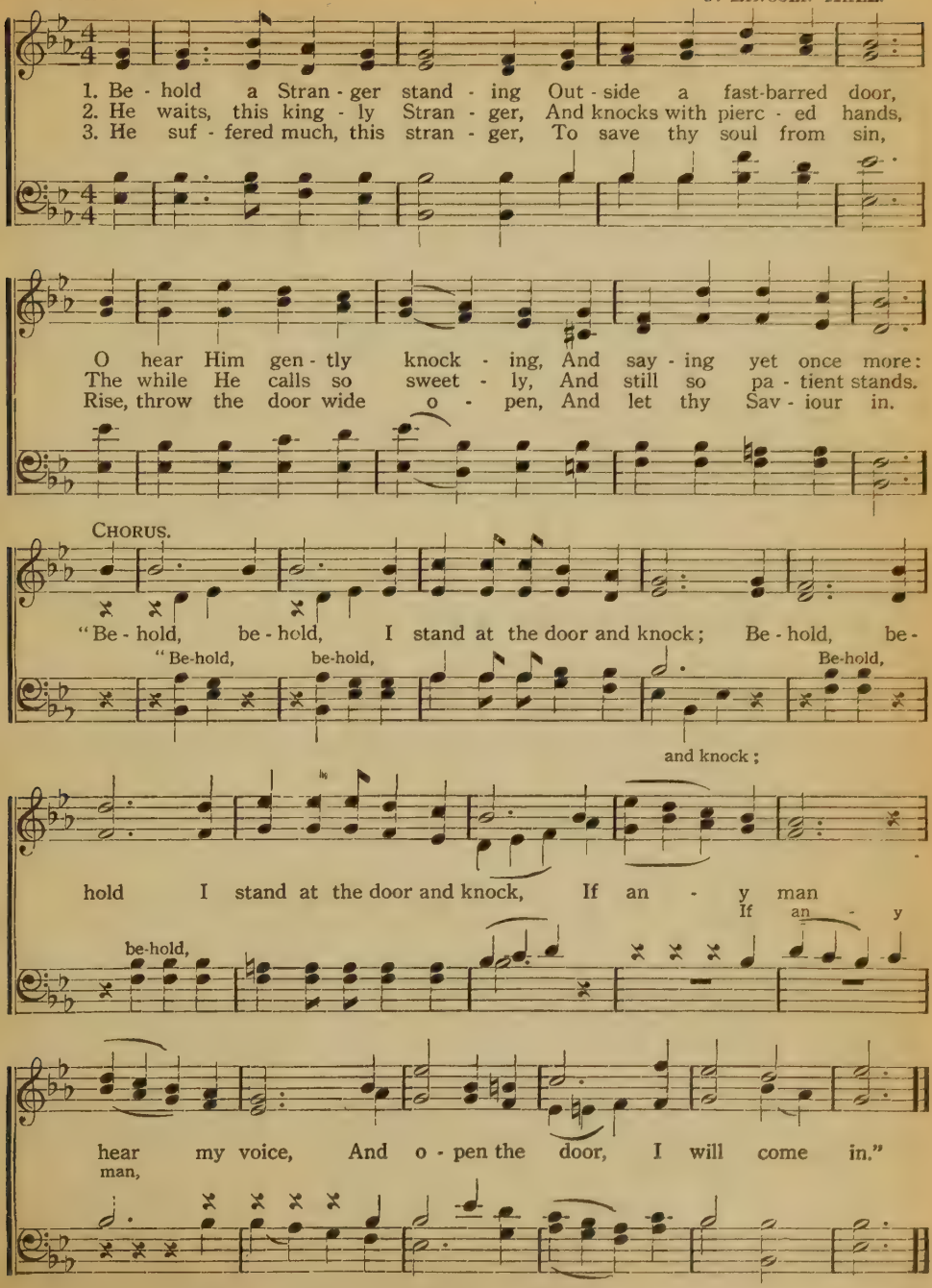
# No. 176. Behold, I Stand at the Door.

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Be - hold a Stran - ger stand - ing Out - side a fast-barred door,
2. He waits, this king - ly Stran - ger, And knocks with pierc - ed hands,
3. He suf - fered much, this stran - ger, To save thy soul from sin,
O hear Him gen - tly knock - ing, And say - ing yet once more:
The while He calls so sweet - ly, And still so pa - tient stands.
Rise, throw the door wide o - pen, And let thy Sav - iour in.
Chorus.
"Be - hold, be - hold, I stand at the door and knock; Be - hold, be -
"Be-hold, be-hold, Be-hold,
and knock;
hold I stand at the door and knock, If an - y man
If an - y
be-hold,
hear my voice, And o - pen the door, I will come in."
man,
And o - pen the door, the door,

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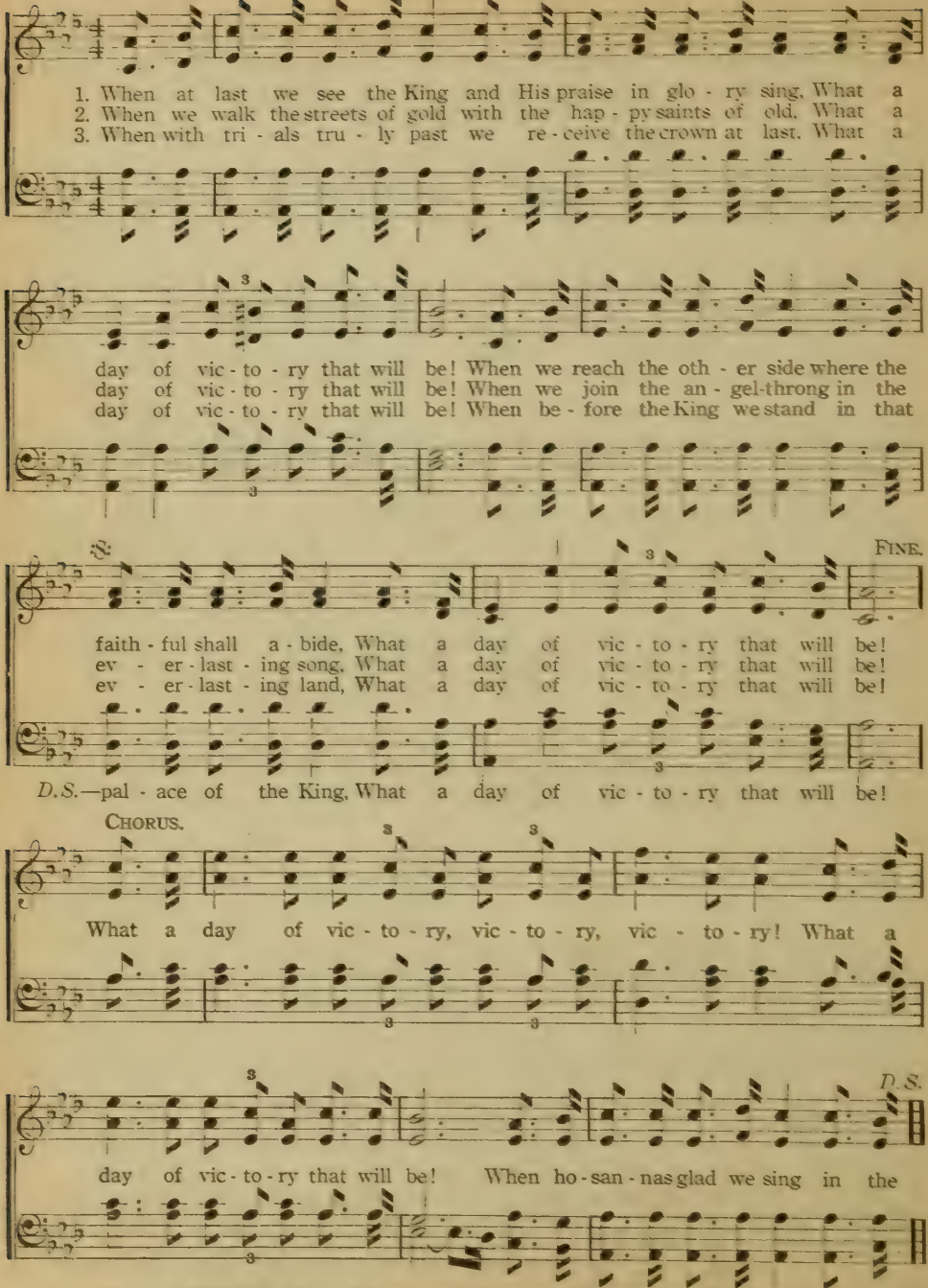
# No. 177. What a Day of Victory?

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. When at last we see the King and His praise in glo - ry sing, What a
2. When we walk the streets of gold with the hap - py saints of old, What a
3. When with tri - als tru - ly past we re - ceive the crown at last, What a
day of vic - to - ry that will be! When we reach the oth - er side where the
day of vic - to - ry that will be! When we join the an - gel-throng in the
day of vic - to - ry that will be! When be - fore the King we stand in that
S:
FINE.
faith - ful shall a - bide, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!
ev - er - last - ing song, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!
ev - er - last - ing land, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!
D.S.—pal - ace of the King, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!
CHORUS.
What a day of vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry! What a
day of vic - to - ry that will be! When ho - san - nas glad we sing in the
D.S.

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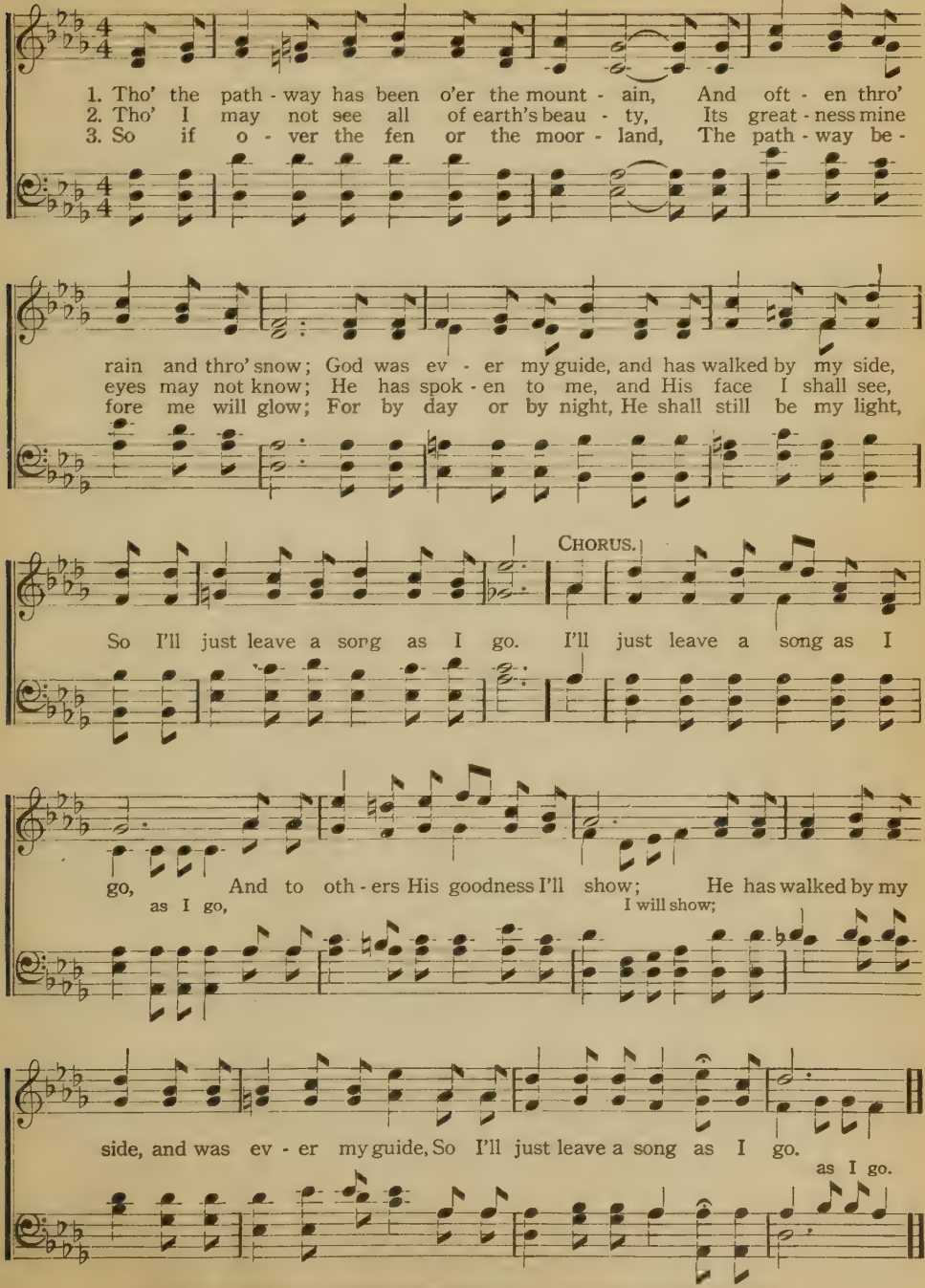
# No. 178. I'll Just Leave a Song as I Go.

MARGARET A. FASSETT. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Tho' the path - way has been o'er the mount - ain, And oft - en thro'
2. Tho' I may not see all of earth's beau - ty, Its great - ness mine
3. So if o - ver the fen or the moor - land, The path - way be -
rain and thro' snow; God was ev - er my guide, and has walked by my side,
eyes may not know; He has spok - en to me, and His face I shall see,
fore me will glow; For by day or by night, He shall still be my light,
CHORUS.
So I'll just leave a song as I go. I'll just leave a song as I
go, And to oth - ers His goodness I'll show; He has walked by my
as I go, I will show;
side, and was ev - er my guide, So I'll just leave a song as I go.
as I go.

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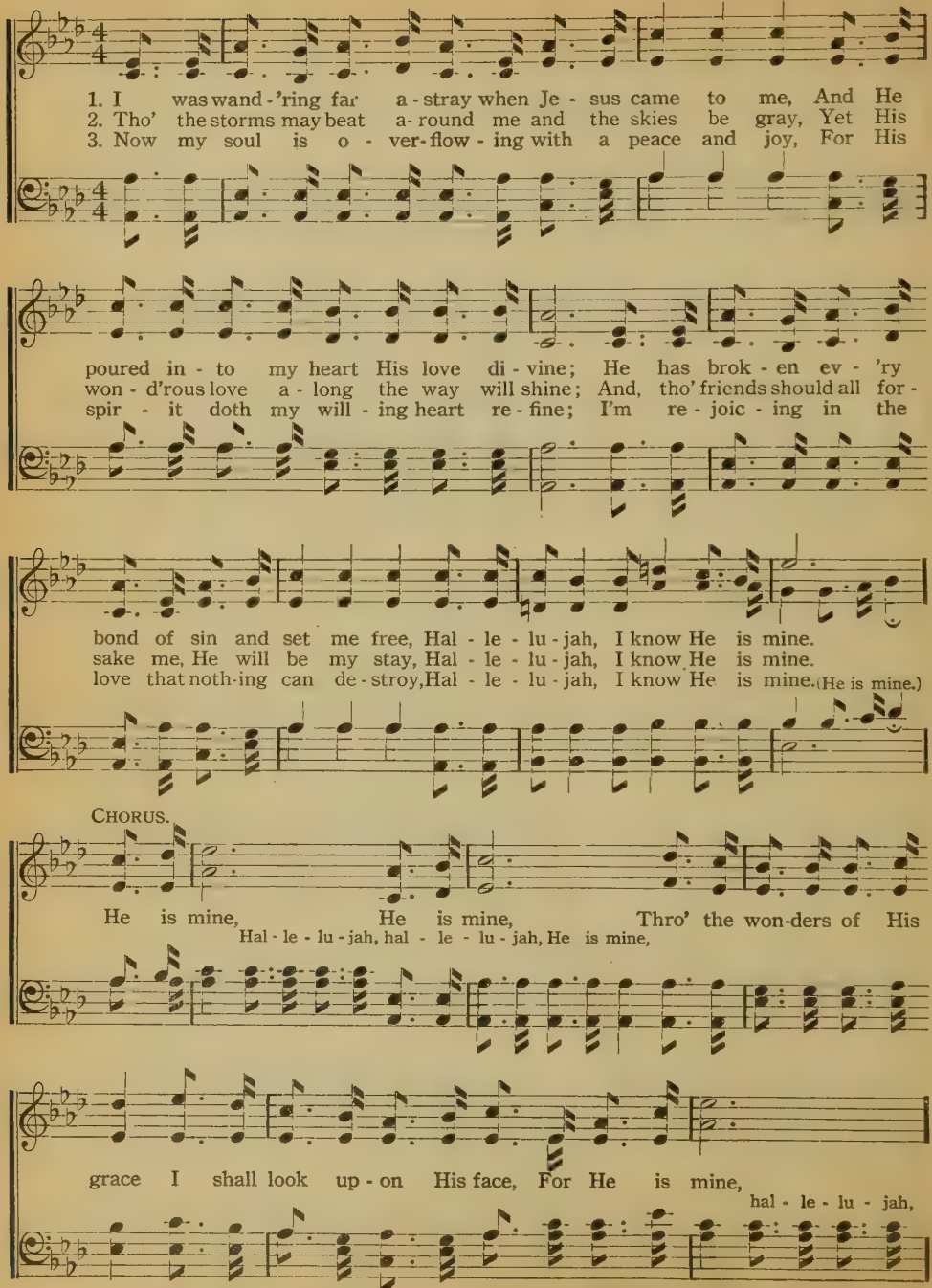
# No. 179. I Know He Is Mine.

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. I was wand-'ring far a-stray when Je-sus came to me, And He
2. Tho' the storms may beat a-round me and the skies be gray, Yet His
3. Now my soul is o-ver-flow-ing with a peace and joy, For His
poured in-to my heart His love di-vine; He has brok-en ev-'ry
won-d'rous love a-long the way will shine; And, tho' friends should all for-
spir-it doth my will-ing heart re-fine; I'm re-joic-ing in the
bond of sin and set me free, Hal-le-lu-jah, I know He is mine.
sake me, He will be my stay, Hal-le-lu-jah, I know He is mine.
love that noth-ing can de-stroy, Hal-le-lu-jah, I know He is mine. (He is mine.)
CHORUS.
He is mine, He is mine, Thro' the won-ders of His
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, He is mine,
grace I shall look up-on His face, For He is mine,
hal-le-lu-jah,

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## I Know He Is Mine.—Concluded.

## No. 180. Love Won on Calvary.

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, left heav'n a - bove, Came down to earth with His won - drous love. Though I re - sist - ed His claim on me,
2. Me He came seek - ing so ten - der - ly, Seek - ing so long and so pa - tient - ly, 'Til thro' my tears I His love could see,
3. Now He is guid - ing me ev - 'ry day, Nor from His side would I ev - er stray, In sweet com - mu - nion He walks with me.
Male Voices.
Chorus.
Love won on Cal - va - ry. When Christ was cru - ci - fied, My debt was sat - is - fied, And when for me He died Love won on Cal - va - ry.

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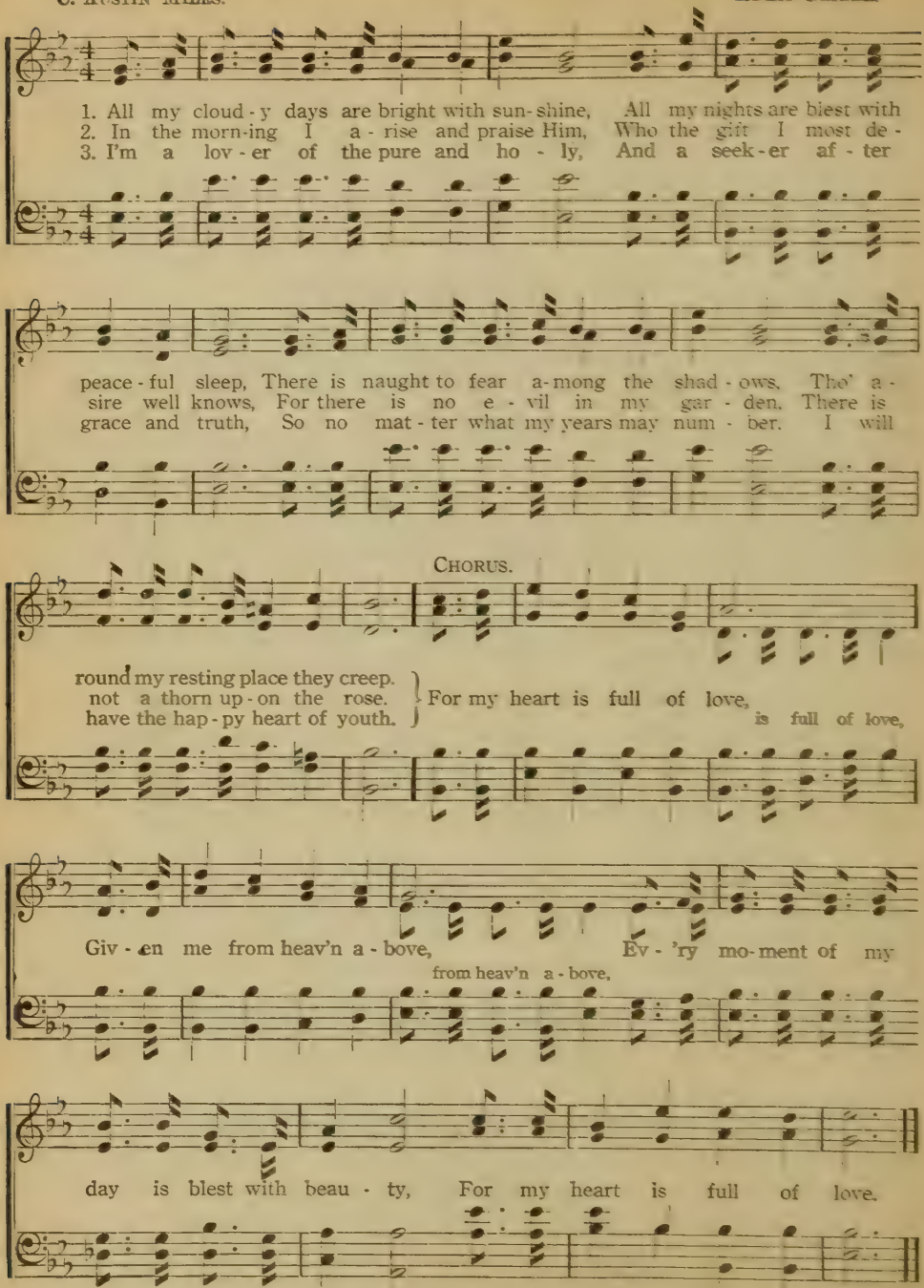
# No. 181. My Heart is Full of Love.

C. Austin Miles. Adam Geibel.


1. All my cloud - y days are bright with sun - shine, All my nights are blest with
2. In the morn-ing I a - rise and praise Him, Who the gift I most de -
3. I'm a lov - er of the pure and ho - ly, And a seek - er af - ter
peace - ful sleep, There is naught to fear a - mong the shad - ows, Tho' a -
sire well knows, For there is no e - vil in my gar - den, There is
grace and truth, So no mat - ter what my years may num - ber, I will
Chorus.
round my resting place they creep.
not a thorn up - on the rose.
have the hap - py heart of youth.
For my heart is full of love,
is full of love,
Giv - en me from heav'n a - bove,
Ev - 'ry mo - ment of my
from heav'n a - bove,
day is blest with beau - ty,
For my heart is full of love.

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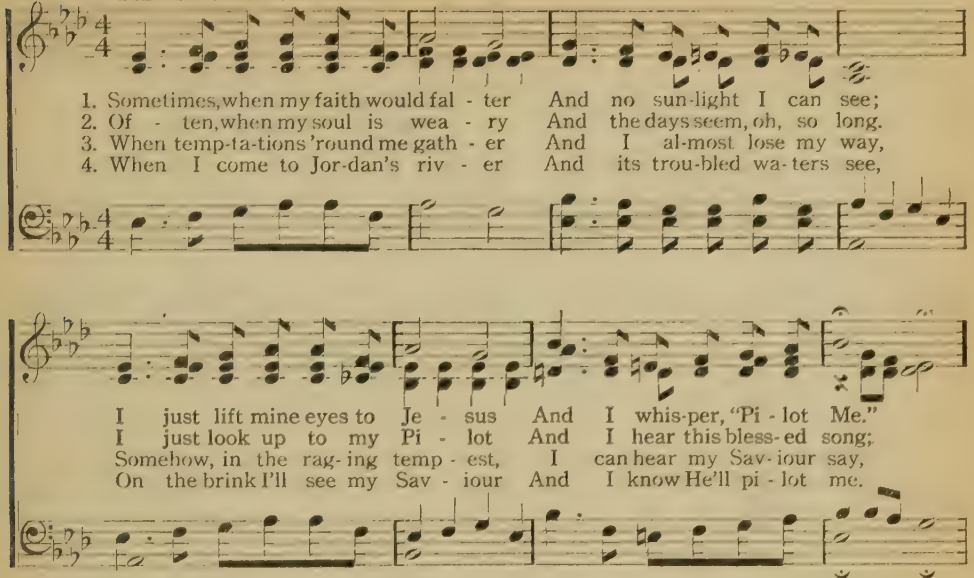
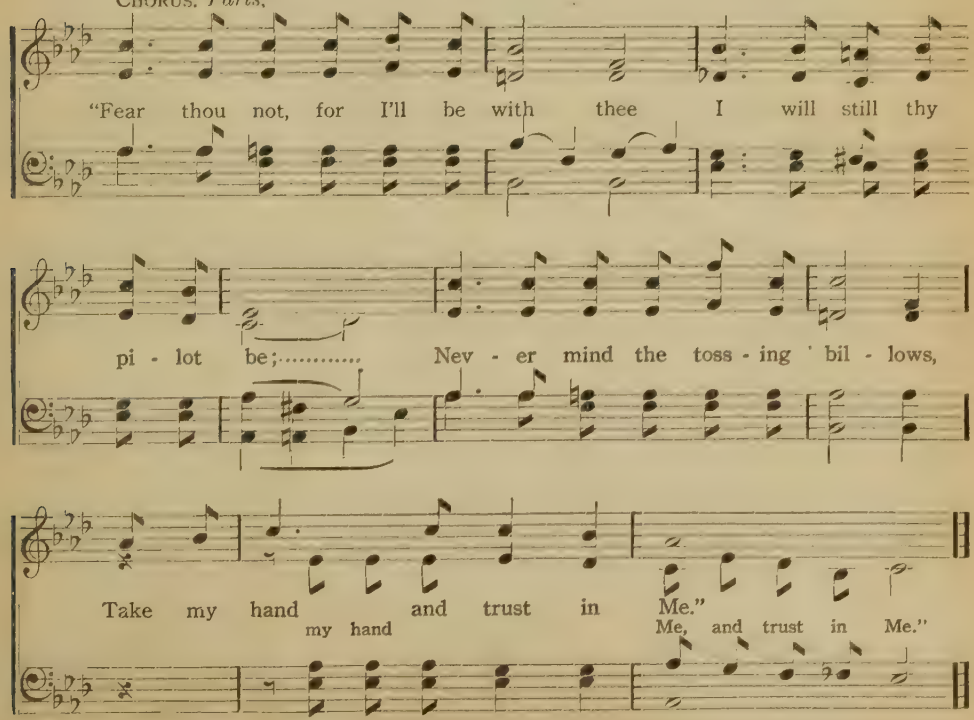
# No. 182. I Will Pilot Thee.

E. D. W. Mrs. Emily D. Wilson.

Solo or Unison. *Andante.*


1. Sometimes, when my faith would fal - ter And no sun-light I can see;
2. Of - ten, when my soul is wea - ry And the days seem, oh, so long.
3. When temp-ta-tions 'round me gath - er And I al-most lose my way,
4. When I come to Jor-dan's riv - er And its trou-bled wa-ters see,
I just lift mine eyes to Je - sus And I whis-per, "Pi - lot Me."
I just look up to my Pi - lot And I hear this bless-ed song;
Somehow, in the rag-ing temp - est, I can hear my Sav-iour say,
On the brink I'll see my Sav - iour And I know He'll pi - lot me.

Chorus. *Parts.*


"Fear thou not, for I'll be with thee I will still thy
pi - lot be;..... Nev - er mind the toss - ing bil - lows,
Take my hand and trust in Me."
my hand Me, and trust in Me."

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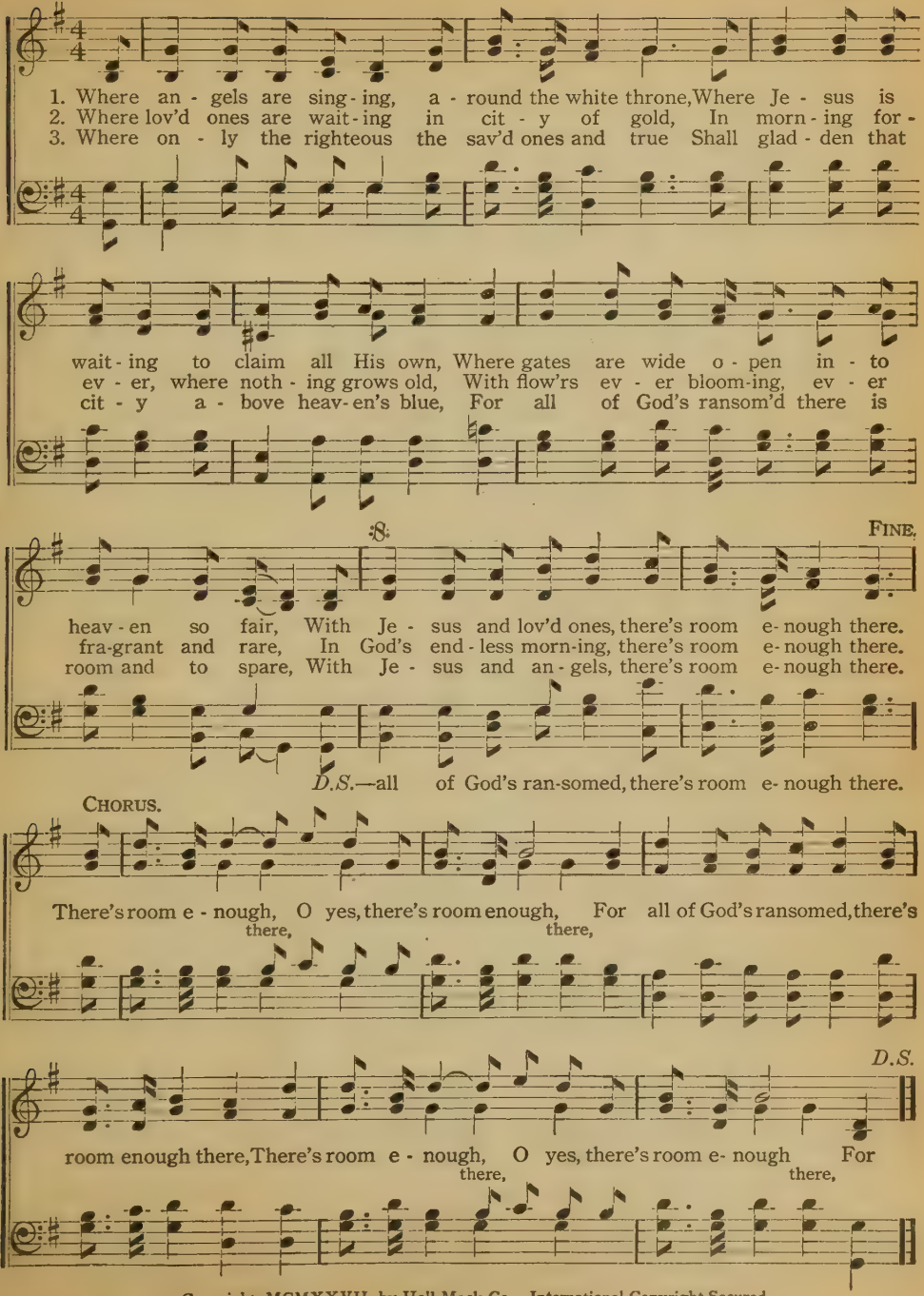
# No. 183. Send the Light.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!.....
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to - day, "Send the light!.....
3. Let us pray that grace may ev - 'ry-where a - bound; Send the light!.....
4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, Send the light!.....
Send the light!
Send the light!" There are souls to res - cue, there are souls to save.
Send the light!" And a gold - en of - f'ring at the cross we lay.
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found.
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove.
Send the light!
REFRAIN.
Send the light!..... Send the light!..... Send the light!.....
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!
1
bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine..... from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine
2
shore!..... shine..... for - ev - er - more.....
from shore to shore! Let it shine for - ev - er - more.

# No. 184. Room Enough There.

W. C. POOLE. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Where an - gels are sing - ing, a - round the white throne, Where Je - sus is
2. Where lov'd ones are wait - ing in cit - y of gold, In morn - ing for -
3. Where on - ly the righteous the sav'd ones and true Shall glad - den that
wait - ing to claim all His own, Where gates are wide o - pen in - to
ev - er, where noth - ing grows old, With flow'rs ev - er bloom - ing, ev - er
cit - y a - bove heav - en's blue, For all of God's ransom'd there is
:S:
FINE.
heav - en so fair, With Je - sus and lov'd ones, there's room e - nough there.
fra - grant and rare, In God's end - less morn - ing, there's room e - nough there.
room and to spare, With Je - sus and an - gels, there's room e - nough there.
D.S.—all of God's ran - somed, there's room e - nough there.
CHORUS.
There's room e - nough, O yes, there's room enough, For all of God's ransomed, there's
there, there,
D.S.
room enough there, There's room e - nough, O yes, there's room e - nough For
there, there,

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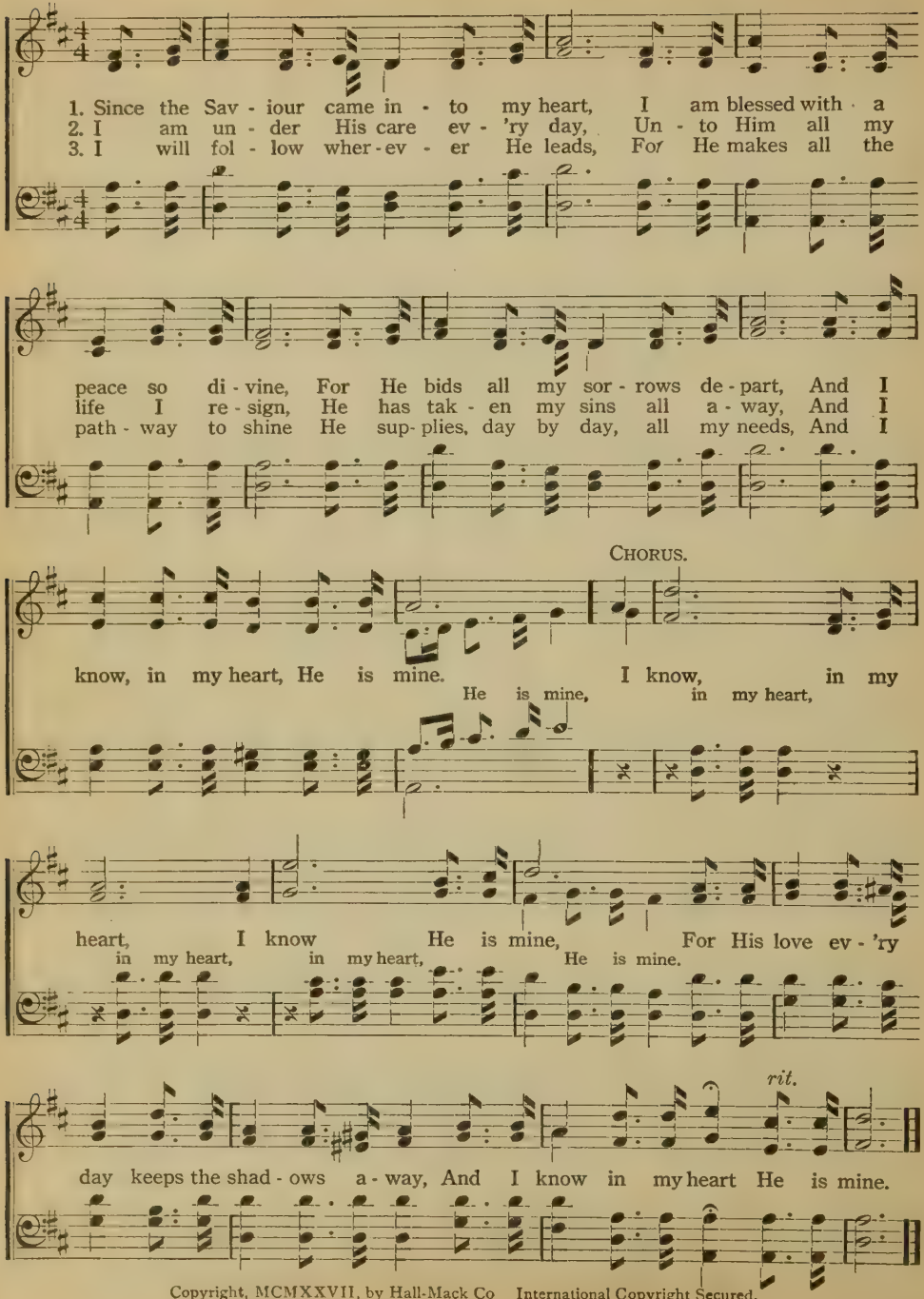
# No. 185. I Know In My Heart.

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. Since the Sav - iour came in - to my heart, I am blessed with a
2. I am un - der His care ev - 'ry day, Un - to Him all my
3. I will fol - low wher - ev - er He leads, For He makes all the
peace so di - vine, For He bids all my sor - rows de - part, And I
life I re - sign, He has tak - en my sins all a - way, And I
path - way to shine He sup - plies, day by day, all my needs, And I
CHORUS.
know, in my heart, He is mine. I know, in my
He is mine, in my heart,
heart, I know He is mine, For His love ev - 'ry
in my heart, in my heart, He is mine.
rit.
day keeps the shad - ows a - way, And I know in my heart He is mine.

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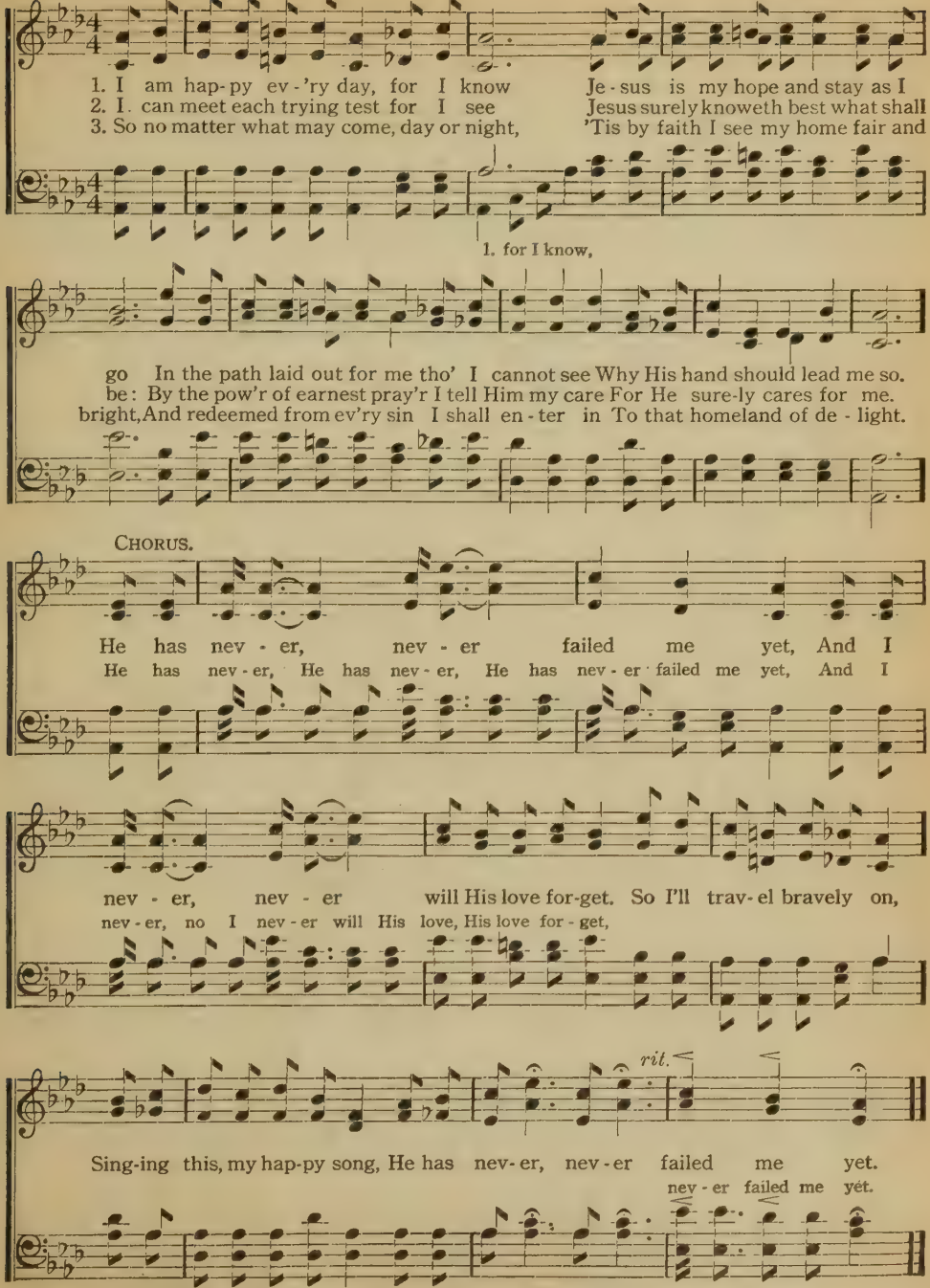
# No. 186. He Has Never Failed Me Yet.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. I am hap-py ev-'ry day, for I know Je-sus is my hope and stay as I
2. I can meet each trying test for I see Jesus surely knoweth best what shall
3. So no matter what may come, day or night, 'Tis by faith I see my home fair and
1. for I know,
go In the path laid out for me tho' I cannot see Why His hand should lead me so.
be: By the pow'r of earnest pray'r I tell Him my care For He sure-ly cares for me.
bright, And redeemed from ev'ry sin I shall en-ter in To that homeland of de-light.
Chorus.
He has nev-er, nev-er failed me yet, And I
He has nev-er, He has nev-er, He has nev-er failed me yet, And I
nev-er, nev-er will His love for-get. So I'll trav-el bravely on,
nev-er, no I nev-er will His love, His love for-get,
rit.
Sing-ing this, my hap-py song, He has nev-er, nev-er failed me yet.
nev-er failed me yet.

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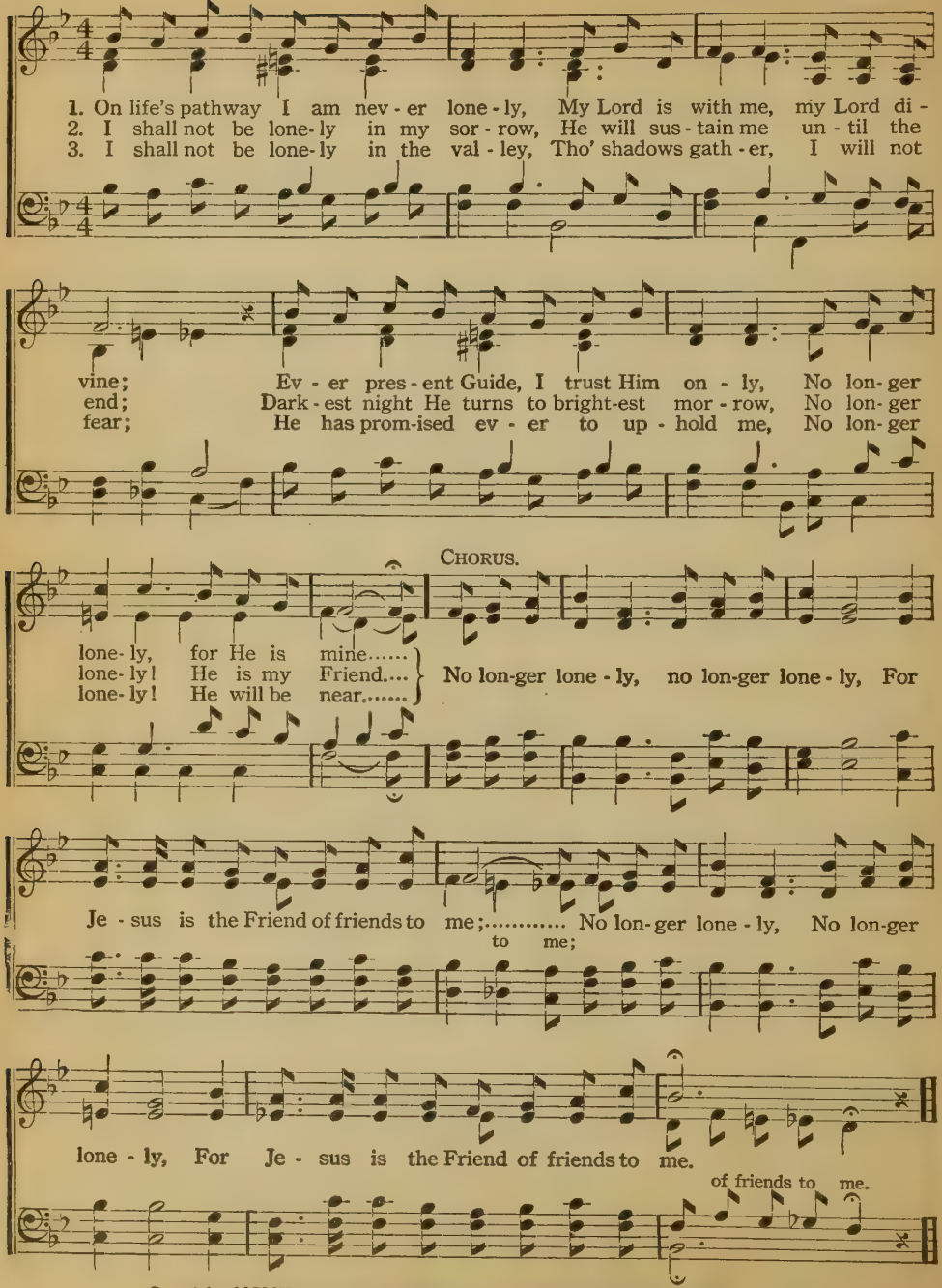
# No. 187. No Longer Lonely.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. On life's pathway I am nev - er lone - ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di -
2. I shall not be lone - ly in my sor - row, He will sus - tain me un - til the
3. I shall not be lone - ly in the val - ley, Tho' shadows gath - er, I will not
vine; Ev - er pres - ent Guide, I trust Him on - ly, No lon - ger
end; Dark - est night He turns to bright - est mor - row, No lon - ger
fear; He has prom - ised ev - er to up - hold me, No lon - ger
CHORUS.
lone - ly, for He is mine.....
lone - ly! He is my Friend....
lone - ly! He will be near.....
No lon-ger lone - ly, no lon-ger lone - ly, For
Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me;..... No lon - ger lone - ly, No lon-ger
to me;
lone - ly, For Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me.
of friends to me.

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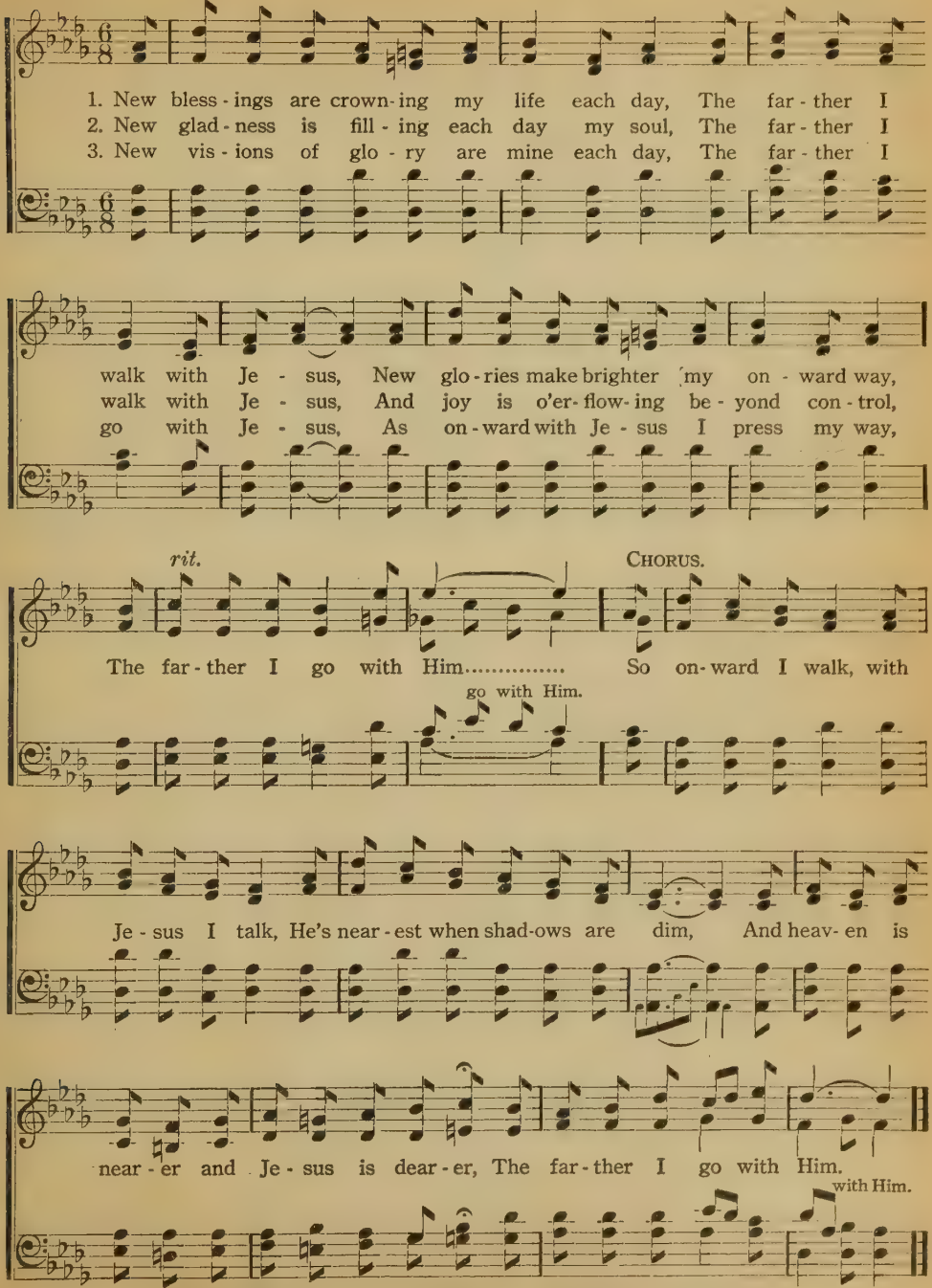
# No. 188. The Farther I Walk With Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Reuben Windisch.


1. New bless - ings are crown - ing my life each day, The far - ther I
2. New glad - ness is fill - ing each day my soul, The far - ther I
3. New vis - ions of glo - ry are mine each day, The far - ther I
walk with Je - sus, New glo - ries make brighter my on - ward way,
walk with Je - sus, And joy is o'er - flow - ing be - yond con - trol,
go with Je - sus, As on - ward with Je - sus I press my way,
rit.
CHORUS.
The far - ther I go with Him..... So on - ward I walk, with
go with Him.
Je - sus I talk, He's near - est when shad - ows are dim, And heav - en is
near - er and Je - sus is dear - er, The far - ther I go with Him.
with Him.

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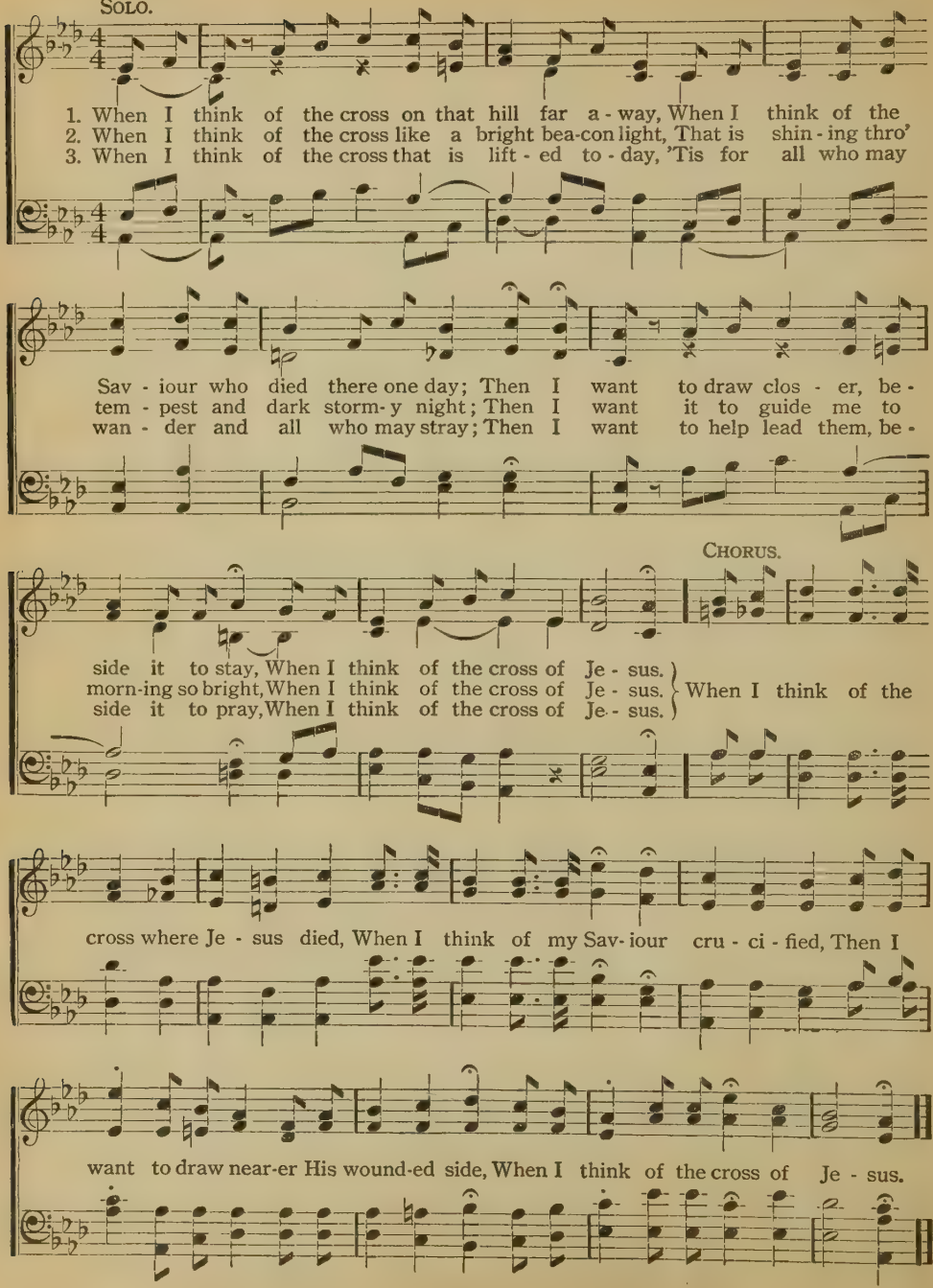
# No. 189. When I Think of the Cross.

W. C. POOLE. C. AUSTIN MILES.

SOLO.


1. When I think of the cross on that hill far a - way, When I think of the
2. When I think of the cross like a bright bea-con light, That is shin - ing thro'
3. When I think of the cross that is lift - ed to - day, 'Tis for all who may
Sav - iour who died there one day; Then I want to draw clos - er, be -
tem - pest and dark storm-y night; Then I want it to guide me to
wan - der and all who may stray; Then I want to help lead them, be -
CHORUS.
side it to stay, When I think of the cross of Je - sus.
morn-ing so bright, When I think of the cross of Je - sus.
side it to pray, When I think of the cross of Je - sus.
When I think of the
cross where Je - sus died, When I think of my Sav-iour cru - ci - fied, Then I
want to draw near-er His wound-ed side, When I think of the cross of Je - sus.

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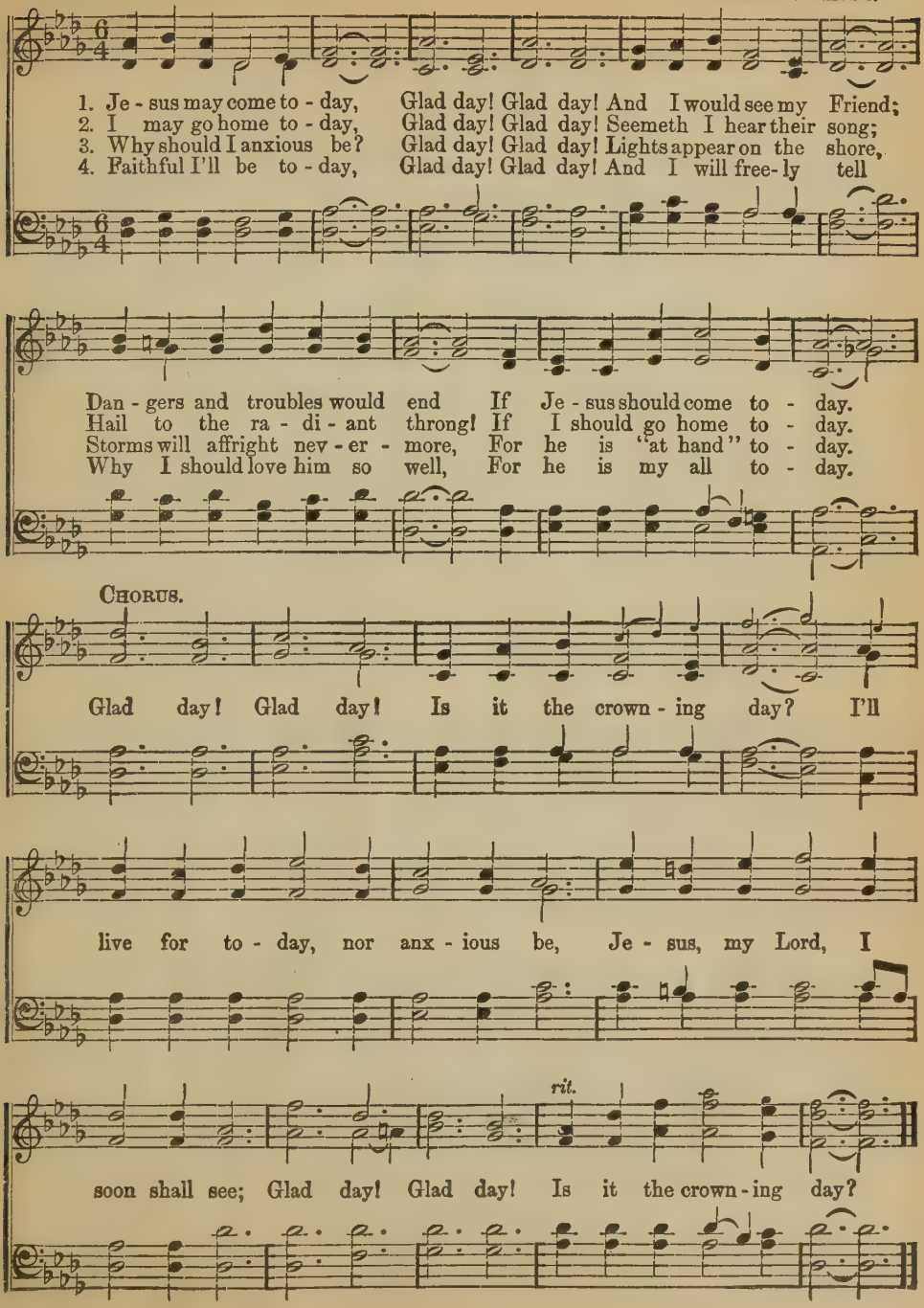
# No. 190. Is it the Crowning Day?

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB. CHARLES H. MARSH.


1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my Friend;
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seemeth I hear their song;
3. Why should I anxious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights appear on the shore,
4. Faithful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will free - ly tell
Dan - gers and troubles would end If Je - sus should come to - day.
Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If I should go home to - day.
Storms will affright nev - er - more, For he is "at hand" to - day.
Why I should love him so well, For he is my all to - day.
CHORUS.
Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day? I'll
live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I
rit.
soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

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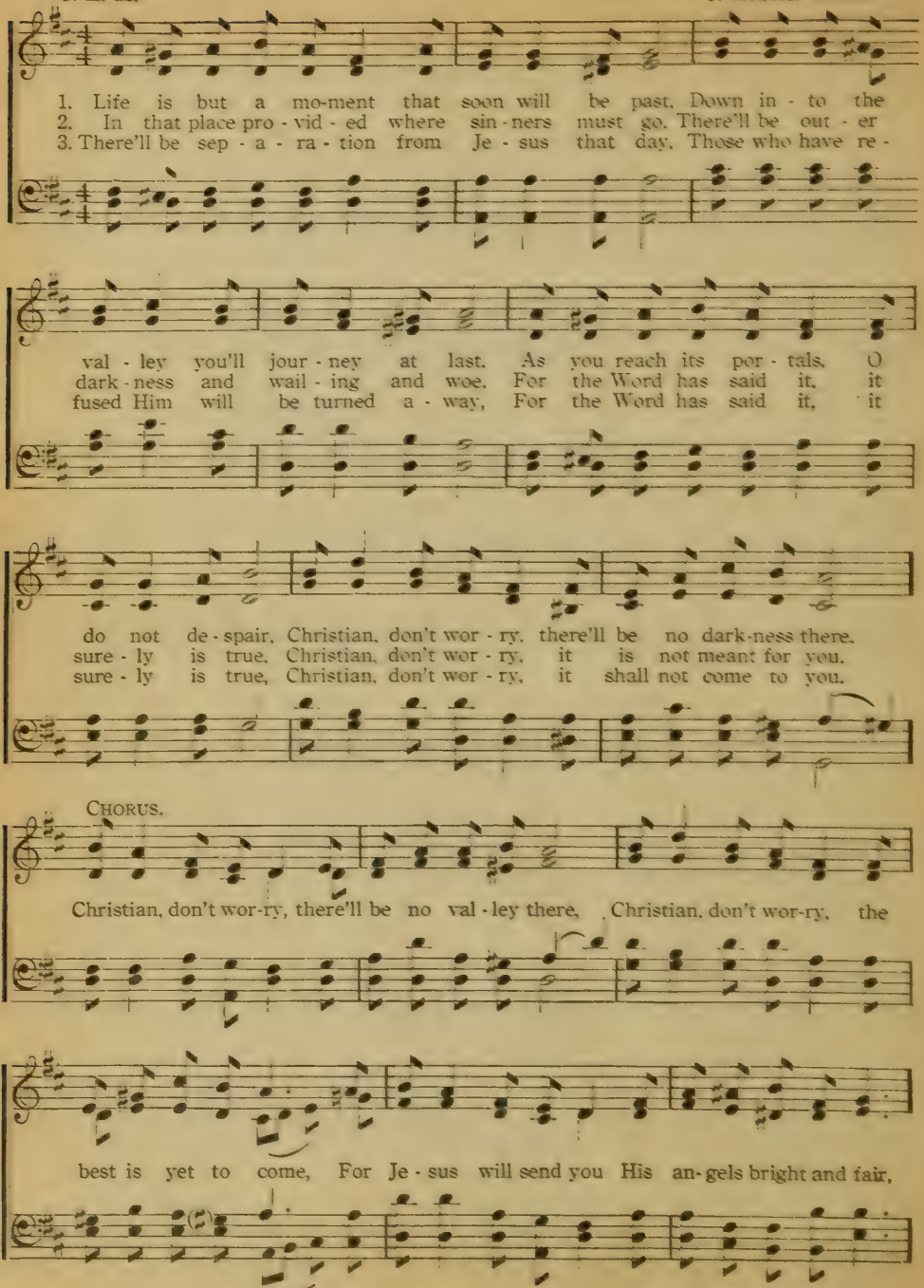
# No. 191. Christian! Don't Worry.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Life is but a mo-ment that soon will be past, Down in - to the
2. In that place pro - vid - ed where sin - ners must go, There'll be out - er
3. There'll be sep - a - ra - tion from Je - sus that day, Those who have re -
val - ley you'll jour - ney at last, As you reach its por - tals, O
dark - ness and wail - ing and woe, For the Word has said it, it
fused Him will be turned a - way, For the Word has said it, it
do not de - spair, Christian, don't wor - ry, there'll be no dark-ness there,
sure - ly is true, Christian, don't wor - ry, it is not meant for you,
sure - ly is true, Christian, don't wor - ry, it shall not come to you,
Chorus.
Christian, don't wor-ry, there'll be no val - ley there, Christian, don't wor-ry, the
best is yet to come, For Je - sus will send you His an-gels bright and fair,

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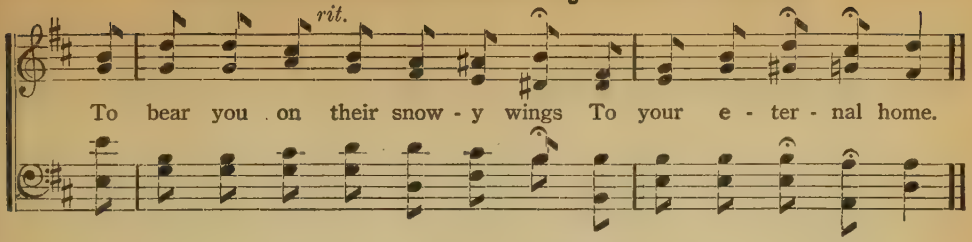
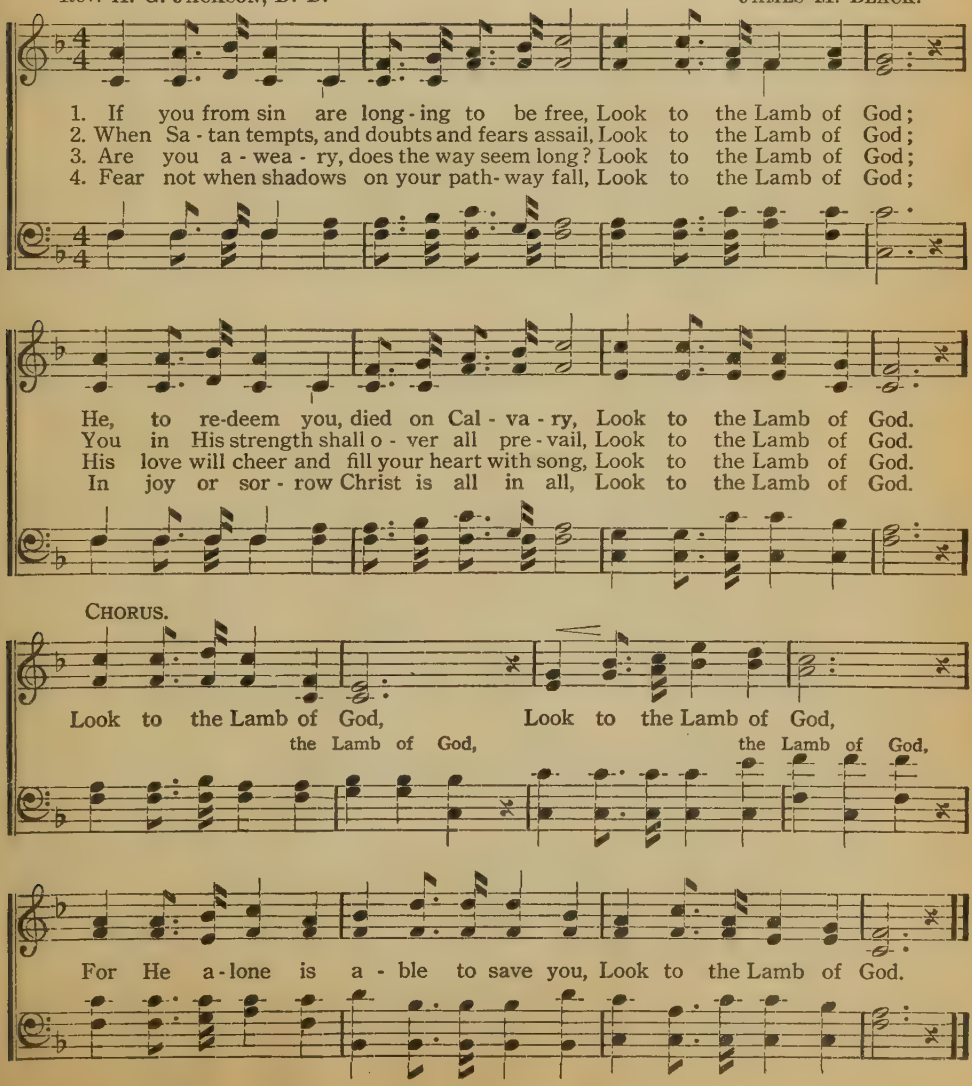


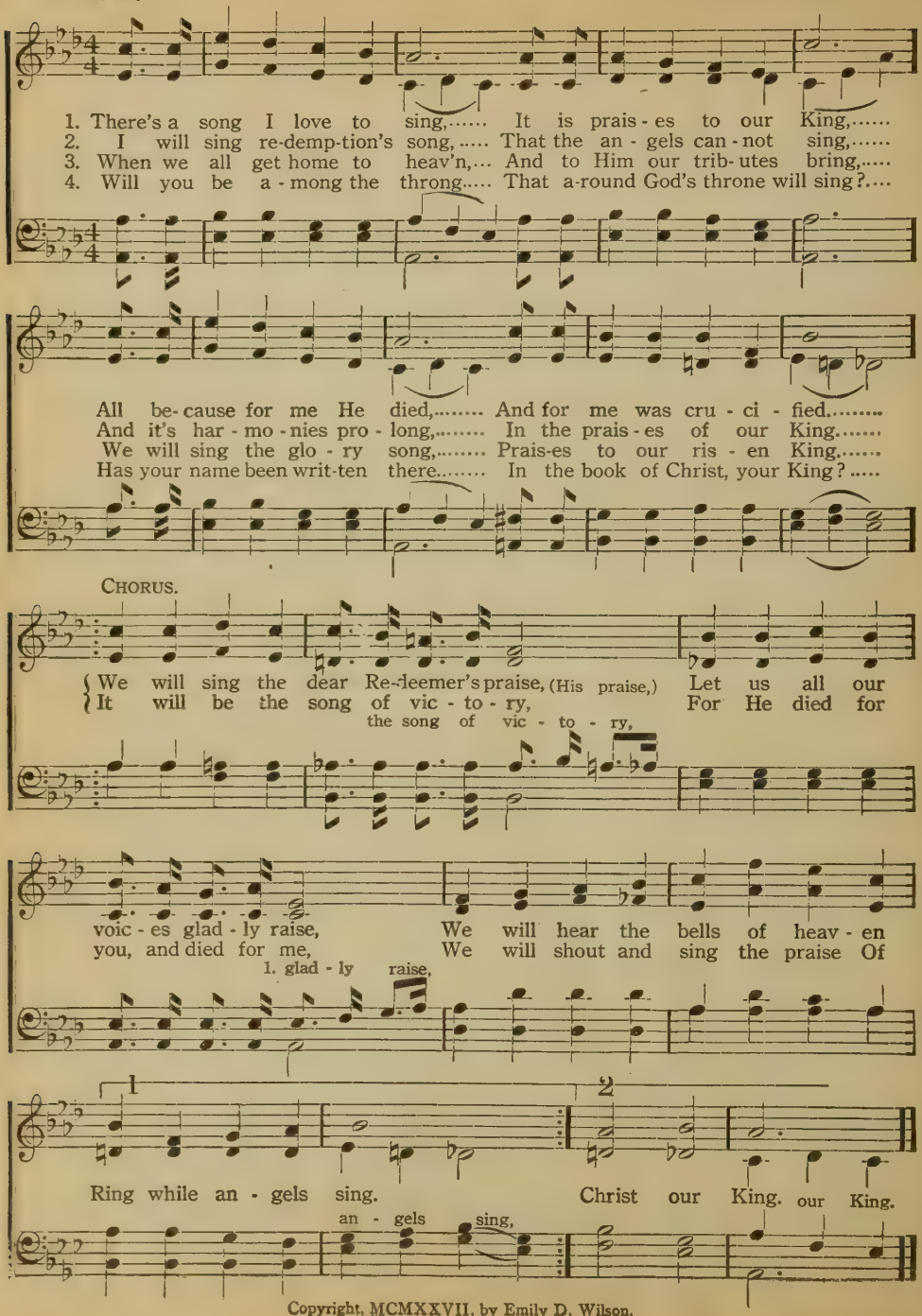

## No. 192. Look to the Lamb of God.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. If you from sin are long - ing to be free, Look to the Lamb of God;
2. When Sa - tan tempts, and doubts and fears assail, Look to the Lamb of God;
3. Are you a - wea - ry, does the way seem long? Look to the Lamb of God;
4. Fear not when shadows on your path - way fall, Look to the Lamb of God;
He, to re-deem you, died on Cal - va - ry, Look to the Lamb of God.
You in His strength shall o - ver all pre - vail, Look to the Lamb of God.
His love will cheer and fill your heart with song, Look to the Lamb of God.
In joy or sor - row Christ is all in all, Look to the Lamb of God.
CHORUS.
Look to the Lamb of God, Look to the Lamb of God,
the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God,
For He a - lone is a - ble to save you, Look to the Lamb of God.

# No. 193. Song of Praise to Christ our King.

E. D. W. EMILY D. WILSON.


1. There's a song I love to sing,..... It is prais - es to our King,.....
2. I will sing re-demp-tion's song,..... That the an - gels can - not sing,.....
3. When we all get home to heav'n,... And to Him our trib- utes bring,.....
4. Will you be a - mong the throng..... That a-round God's throne will sing?....
All be- cause for me He died,..... And for me was cru - ci - fied.....
And it's har - mo - nies pro - long,..... In the prais - es of our King.....
We will sing the glo - ry song,..... Prais-es to our ris - en King.....
Has your name been writ-ten there..... In the book of Christ, your King?.....
CHORUS.
We will sing the dear Re-deemer's praise, (His praise,) Let us all our
It will be the song of vic - to - ry, For He died for
the song of vic - to - ry,
voic - es glad - ly raise, We will hear the bells of heav - en
you, and died for me, We will shout and sing the praise Of
1. glad - ly raise,
1
2
Ring while an - gels sing. Christ our King. our King.
an - gels sing,

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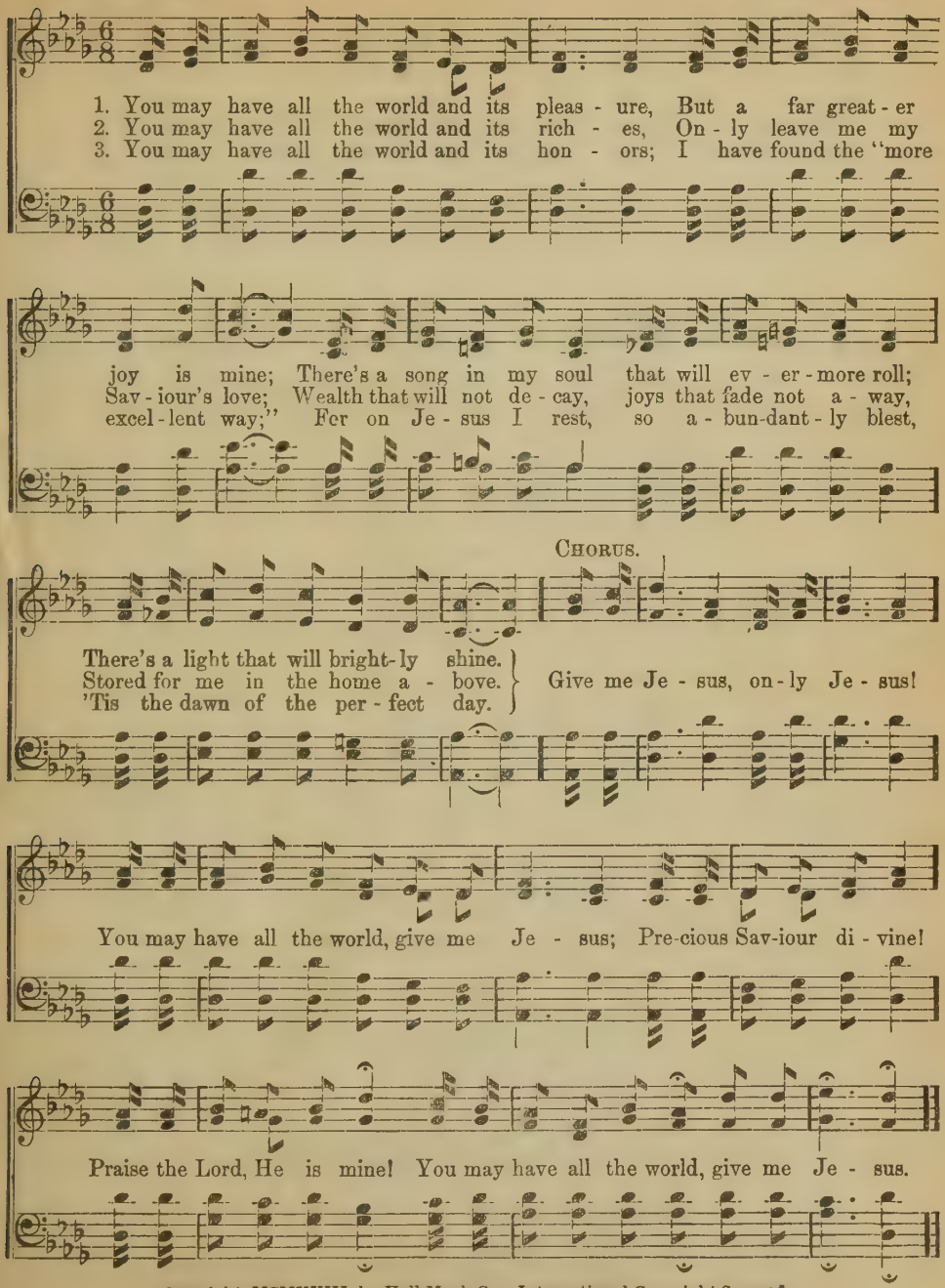
# No. 194. You May Have All the World.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. You may have all the world and its pleas - ure, But a far great - er
2. You may have all the world and its rich - es, On - ly leave me my
3. You may have all the world and its hon - ors; I have found the "more
joy is mine; There's a song in my soul that will ev - er - more roll;
Sav - iour's love; Wealth that will not de - cay, joys that fade not a - way,
excel - lent way;" For on Je - sus I rest, so a - bun-dant - ly blest,
Chorus.
There's a light that will bright-ly shine.
Stored for me in the home a - bove.
'Tis the dawn of the per - fect day.
Give me Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus!
You may have all the world, give me Je - sus; Pre-cious Sav-iour di - vine!
Praise the Lord, He is mine! You may have all the world, give me Je - sus.

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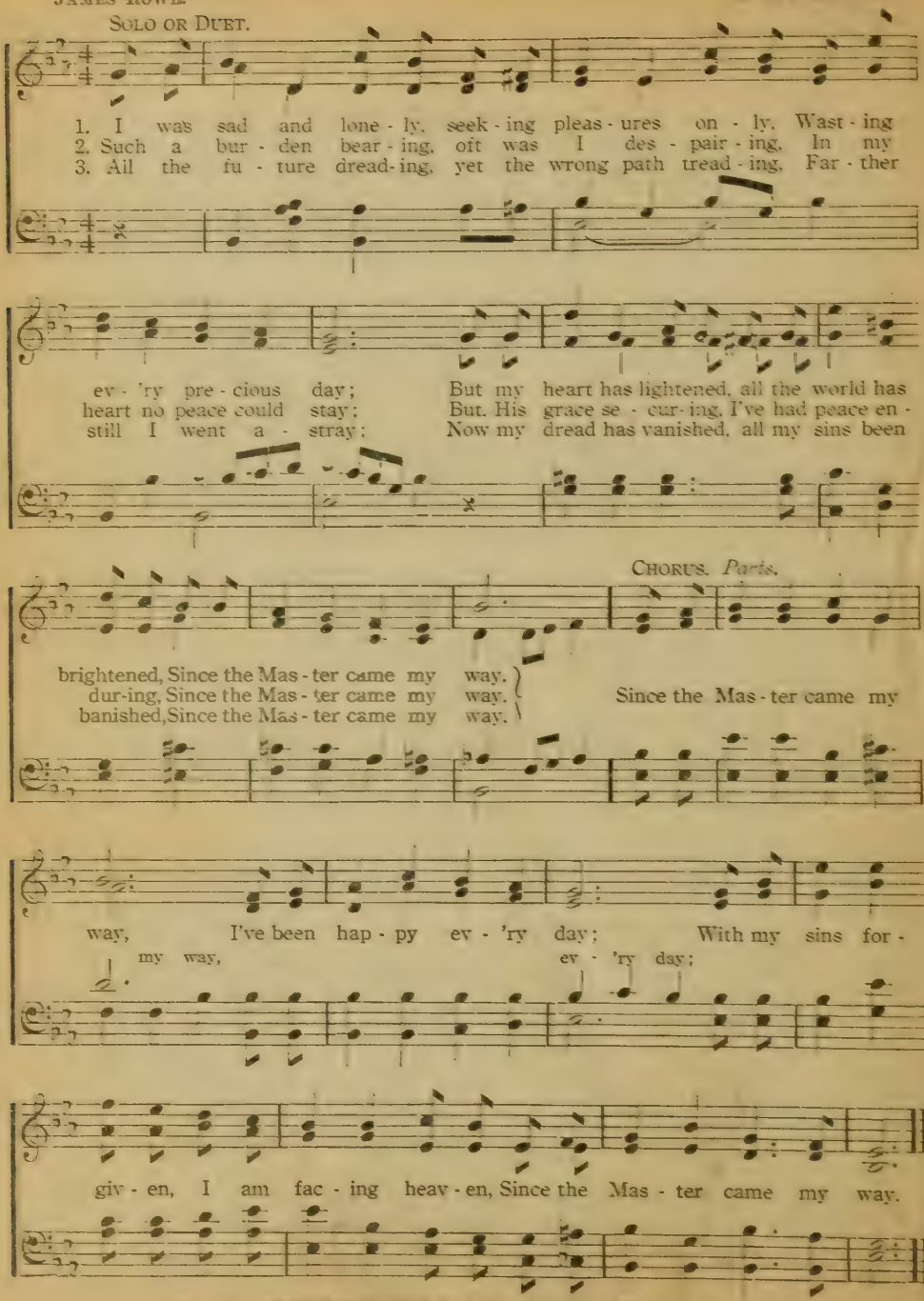
**Suggested Choruses to follow—"I will Shout His Praise in Glory;" "It is Well with My Soul."**

# No. 195. Since the Master Came My Way.

JAMES ROWE. B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO OR DUET.


1. I was sad and lone - ly, seek - ing pleas - ures on - ly, Wast - ing
2. Such a bur - den bear - ing, oft was I des - pair - ing, In my
3. All the fu - ture dread - ing, yet the wrong path tread - ing, Far - ther
ev - 'ry pre - cious day; But my heart has lightened, all the world has
heart no peace could stay; But, His grace se - cur - ing, I've had peace en -
still I went a - stray; Now my dread has vanished, all my sins been
CHORUS. Paris.
brightened, Since the Mas - ter came my way.
dur-ing, Since the Mas - ter came my way.
banished, Since the Mas - ter came my way.
Since the Mas - ter came my
way, I've been hap - py ev - 'ry day; With my sins for -
my way, ev - 'ry day;
giv - en, I am fac - ing heav - en, Since the Mas - ter came my way.

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# No. 196. One Day!

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. One day when heav-en was fill'd with His prais-es. One day when sin was as
2. One day they led Him up Cal-va-ry's mountain, One day they nail'd Him to
3. One day they left Him a-lone in the gar-den, One day He rest-ed, from
4. One day the grave could con-ceal Him no lon-ger, One day the stone roll'd a-
5. One day the trum-pet will sound for His com-ing, One day the skies with His
black as could be, Je-sus came forth to be born of a vir-gin—
die on the tree; Suf-fer-ing an-guish, de-spised and re-ject-ed:
suf-fer-ing free; An-gels came down o'er His tomb to keep vig-il;
way from the door; Then He a-rose, o-ver death He had con quered;
glo-ry will shine; Won-der-ful day, my be-lov-ed ones bring-ing;
Chorus.
Dwelt a-mongst men, my ex-am-ple is He!
Bear-ing our sins, my Re-deem-er is He!
Hope of the hope-less, my Sav-iour is He!
Now is as-cend-ed, my Lord ev-er-more!
Glo-ri-ous Sav-iour, this Je-sus is mine!
Liv-ing, He loved me;
dy-ing, He sav'd me; Bur-ied, He car-ried my sins far a-way, Ris-ing, He
cres.
rit.
jus-ti-fied free-ly for-ev-er: One day He's coming—O glo-ri-ous day!

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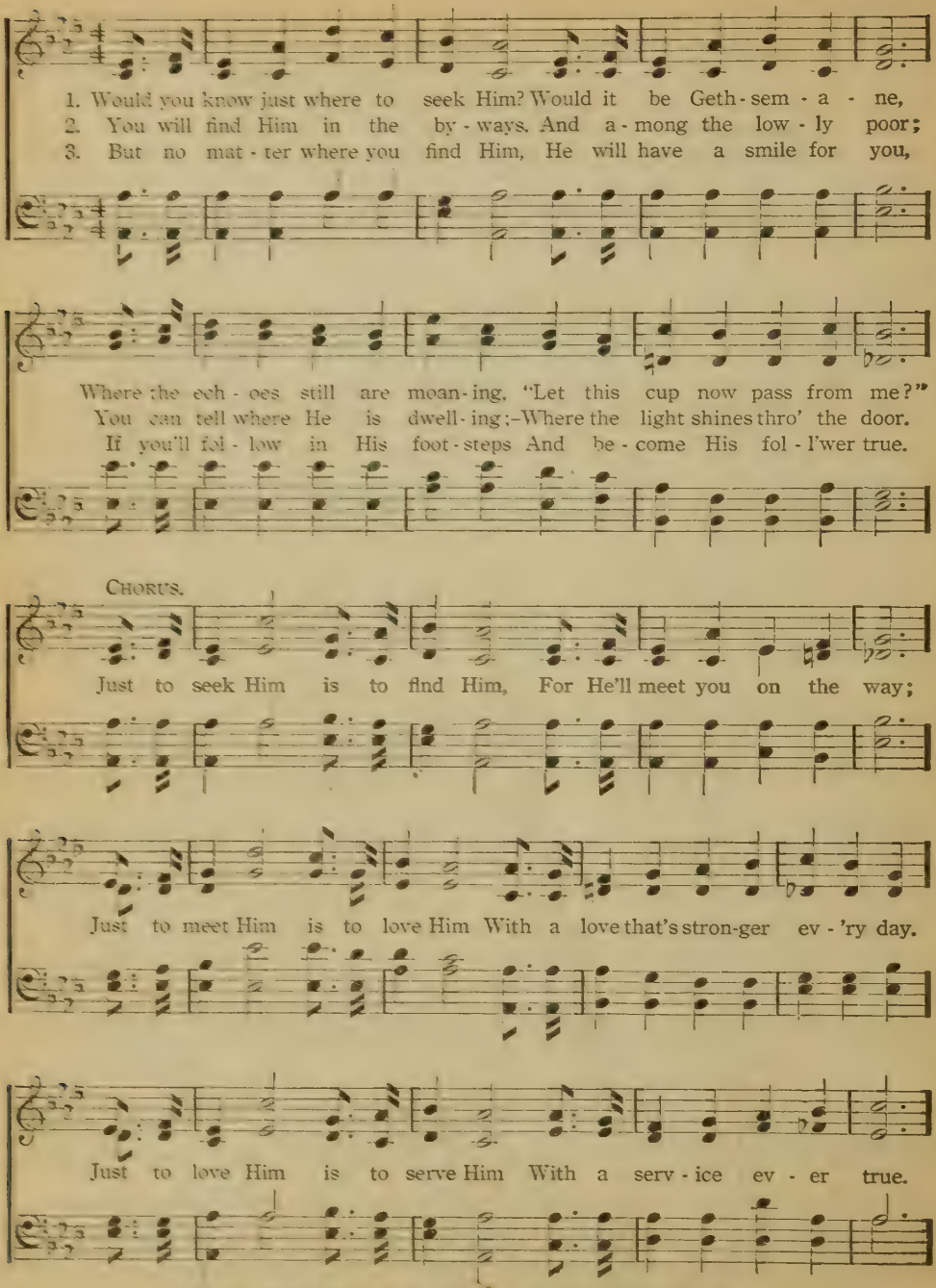
# No. 197. To Seek Him is to Find Him.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Would you know just where to seek Him? Would it be Geth-sem-a-ne,
2. You will find Him in the by-ways. And a-mong the low-ly poor;
3. But no mat-ter where you find Him, He will have a smile for you,
Where the ech-oes still are moan-ing, "Let this cup now pass from me?"
You can tell where He is dwell-ing;—Where the light shines thro' the door.
If you'll fol-low in His foot-steps And be-come His fol-l'wer true.
Chorus.
Just to seek Him is to find Him, For He'll meet you on the way;
Just to meet Him is to love Him With a love that's stron-ger ev-'ry day.
Just to love Him is to serve Him With a serv-ice ev-er true.

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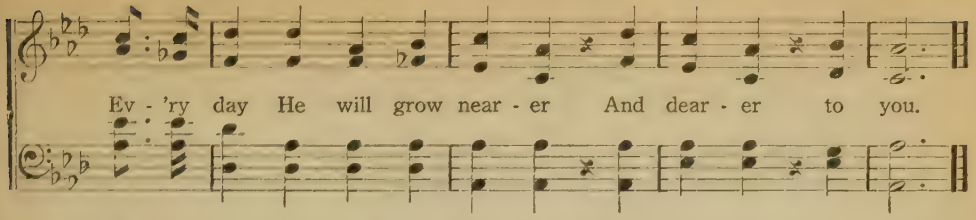
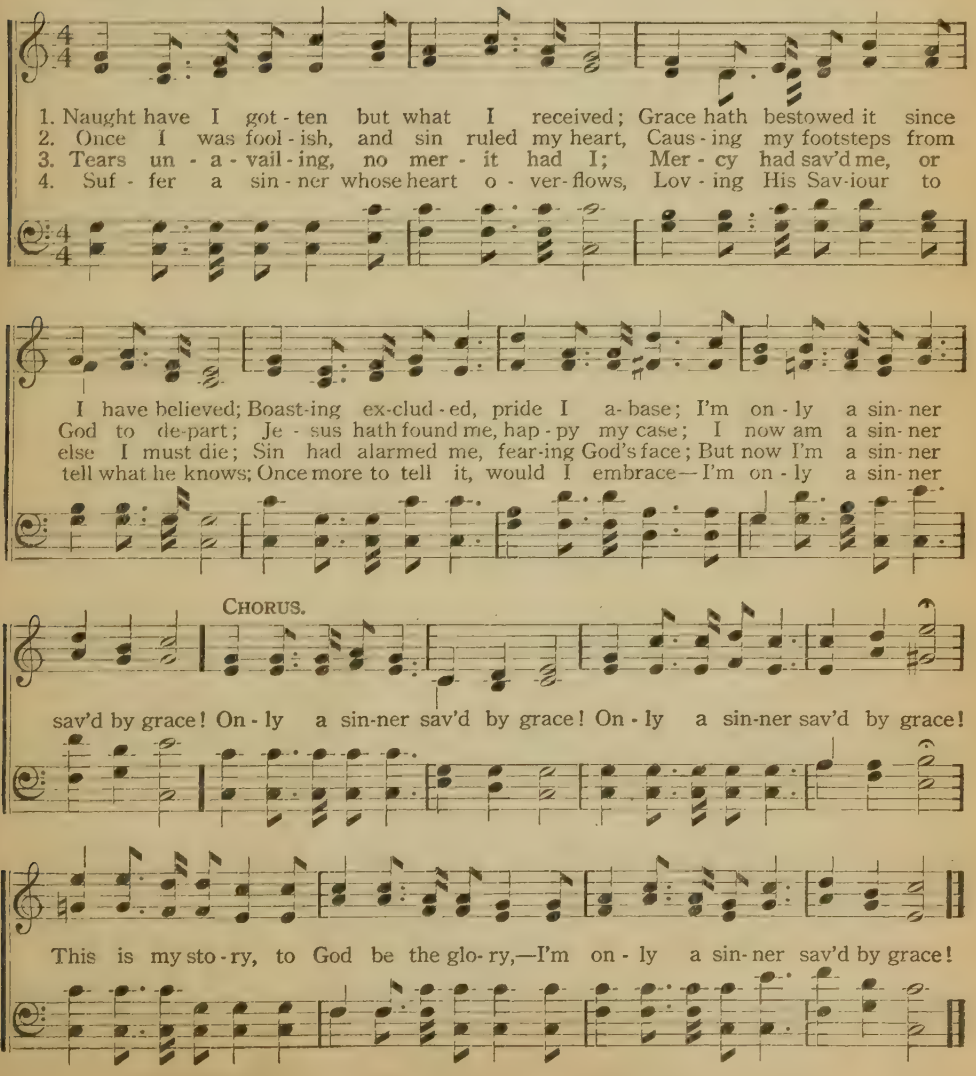
## To Seek Him is to Find Him.—Concluded.




## No. 198. Only a Sinner.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Naught have I got - ten but what I received; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool - ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a - vail - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had sav'd me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver - flows, Lov - ing His Sav - iour to
I have believed; Boast-ing ex-clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm on - ly a sin - ner
God to de-part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I now am a sin - ner
else I must die; Sin had alarmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a sin - ner
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on - ly a sin - ner
CHORUS.
sav'd by grace! On - ly a sin-ner sav'd by grace! On - ly a sin-ner sav'd by grace!
This is my sto - ry, to God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner sav'd by grace!

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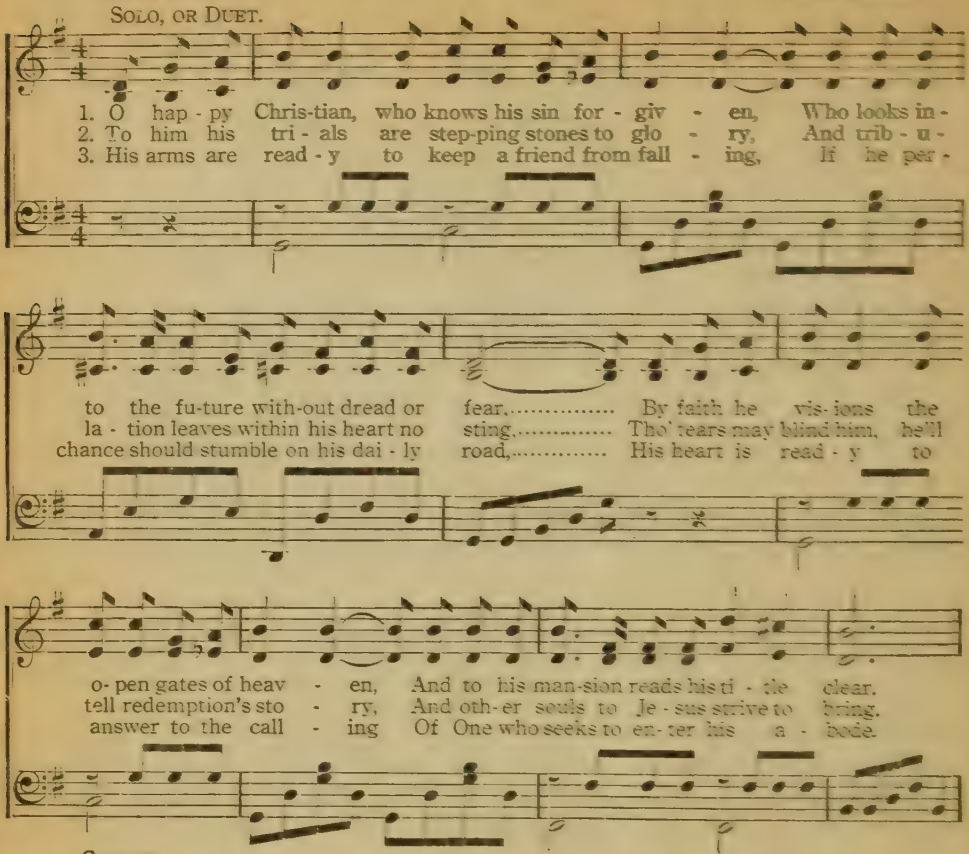
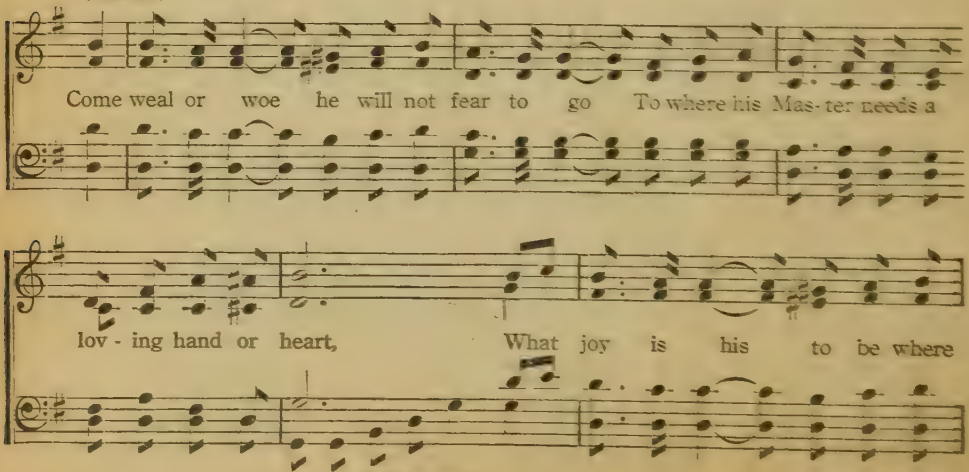
# No. 199. O Happy Christian.

C. Austin Miles. Adam Geibel.

Solo, or Duet.


1. O hap - py Chris-tian, who knows his sin for - giv - en, Who looks in -
2. To him his tri - als are step-ping stones to glo - ry, And trib - u -
3. His arms are read - y to keep a friend from fall - ing, If he per -
to the fu-ture with-out dread or fear, By faith he vis-ions the
la - tion leaves within his heart no sting, Tho' tears may blind him, he'll
chance should stumble on his dai - ly road, His heart is read - y to
o - pen gates of heav - en, And to his man-sion reads his ti - tle clear.
tell redemption's sto - ry, And oth-er souls to Je - sus strive to bring.
answer to the call - ing Of One who seeks to en - ter his a - bode.

Chorus.


Come weal or woe he will not fear to go To where his Mas - ter needs a
lov - ing hand or heart, What joy is his to be where
a hand or heart,

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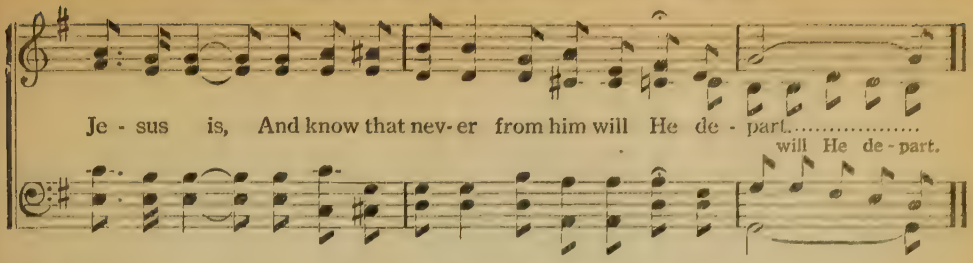
# O Happy Christian.—Concluded.




## No. 200. Just a Little Help From You.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Do you ev - er stop, my friend, to think, The while this world you're passing thro',
2. Just a lit - tle deed of kind - ness now, It may the faith of one re - store,
3. Just a lit - tle word of Je - sus' love, Some precious soul may help de - cide
4. Let us do our part, ere day is done, And to our call - ing faith-ful be;
Some-one may be sav'd from ru - in's brink, By just a lit - tle help from you?
Who beneath some load of grief doth bow, Is al-most read-y to give o'er.
To for-sake the wrong and look a - bove, And let the Lord his foot-steps guide.
For the world to Christ must now be won, By help of you, by help of me.
CHORUS.
Just a lit - tle help from you, Just a lit - tle help from you;
Just a lit - tle help from you, Just a lit - tle help from you.
Won-drous things the Lord may do, By just a lit - tle help from you.

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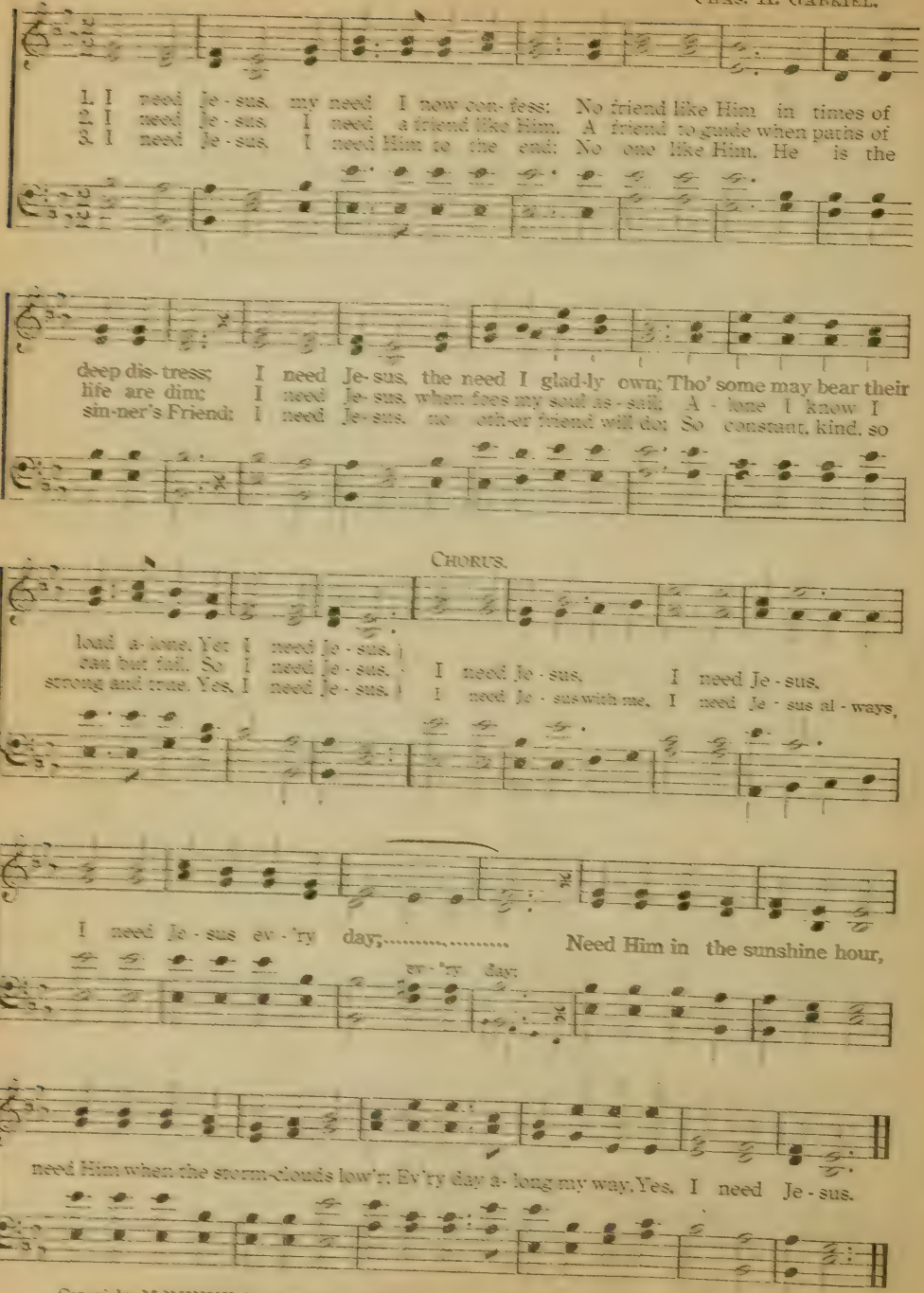
No. 201.

# I Need Jesus.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I need Je - sus, my need I now con - fess: No friend like Him in times of
2. I need Je - sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when paths of
3. I need Je - sus, I need Him to the end: No one like Him. He is the
deep dis - tress; I need Je - sus, the need I glad - ly own; Tho' some may bear their
life are dim; I need Je - sus, when foes my soul as - sail; A - lone I know I
sin - ner's Friend; I need Je - sus, no oth - er friend will do; So constant, kind, so
CHORUS.
loud a - lone, Yet I need Je - sus.
can but fail, So I need Je - sus.
strong and true, Yes, I need Je - sus.
I need Je - sus, I need Je - sus,
I need Je - sus with me, I need Je - sus al - ways,
I need Je - sus ev - 'ry day;
Need Him in the sunshine hour,
ev - 'ry day;
need Him when the storm-clouds low'r; Ev'ry day a - long my way, Yes, I need Je - sus.

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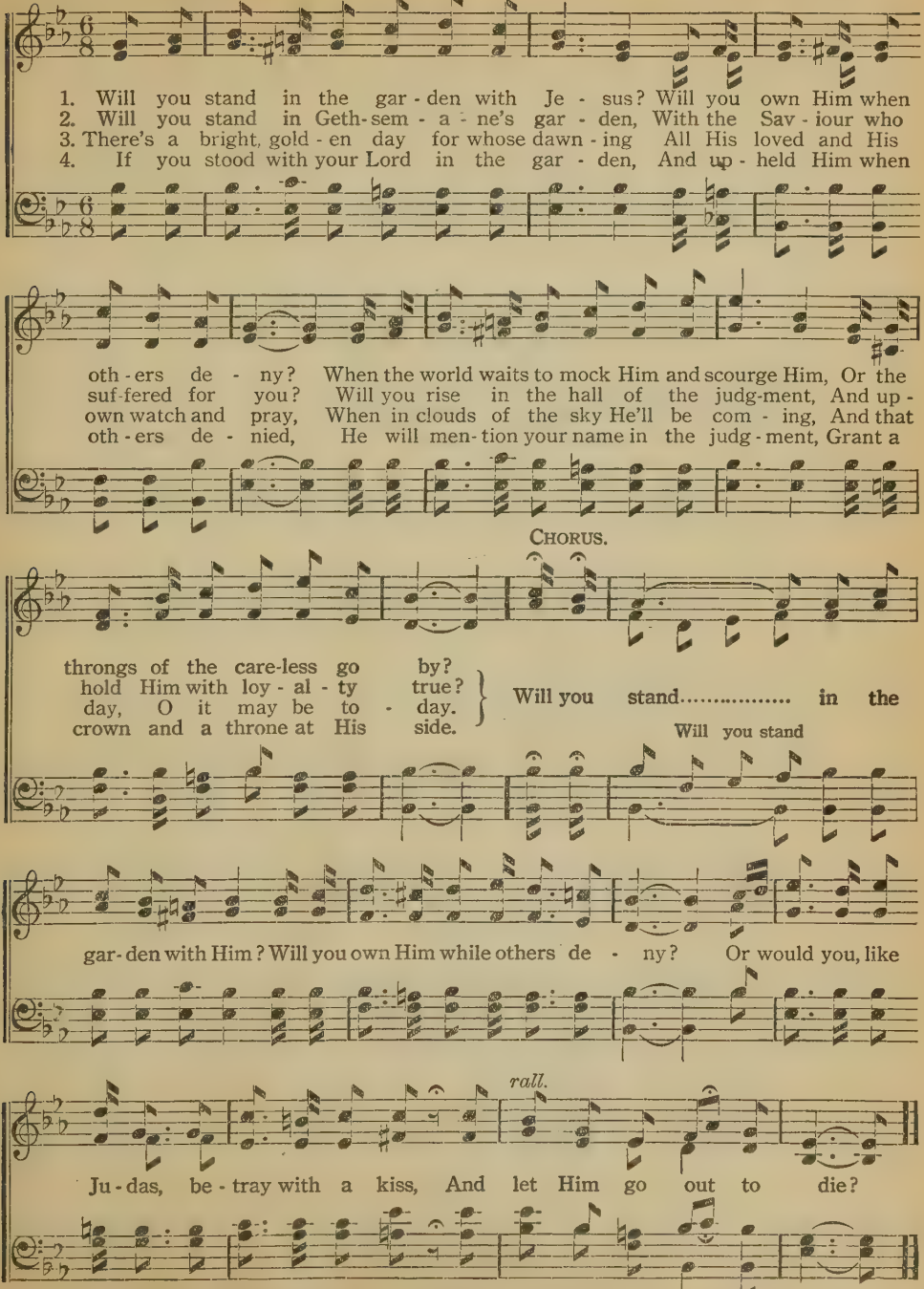
# No. 202. Will You Stand in the Garden?

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Will you stand in the gar - den with Je - sus? Will you own Him when
2. Will you stand in Geth-sem - a - ne's gar - den, With the Sav - iour who
3. There's a bright, gold - en day for whose dawn - ing All His loved and His
4. If you stood with your Lord in the gar - den, And up - held Him when
oth - ers de - ny? When the world waits to mock Him and scourge Him, Or the
suf-fered for you? Will you rise in the hall of the judg-ment, And up -
own watch and pray, When in clouds of the sky He'll be com - ing, And that
oth - ers de - nied, He will men-tion your name in the judg - ment, Grant a
CHORUS.
throngs of the care-less go by?
hold Him with loy - al - ty true?
day, O it may be to - day.
crown and a throne at His side.
Will you stand..... in the
Will you stand
gar-den with Him? Will you own Him while others de - ny? Or would you, like
rall.
Ju - das, be - tray with a kiss, And let Him go out to die?

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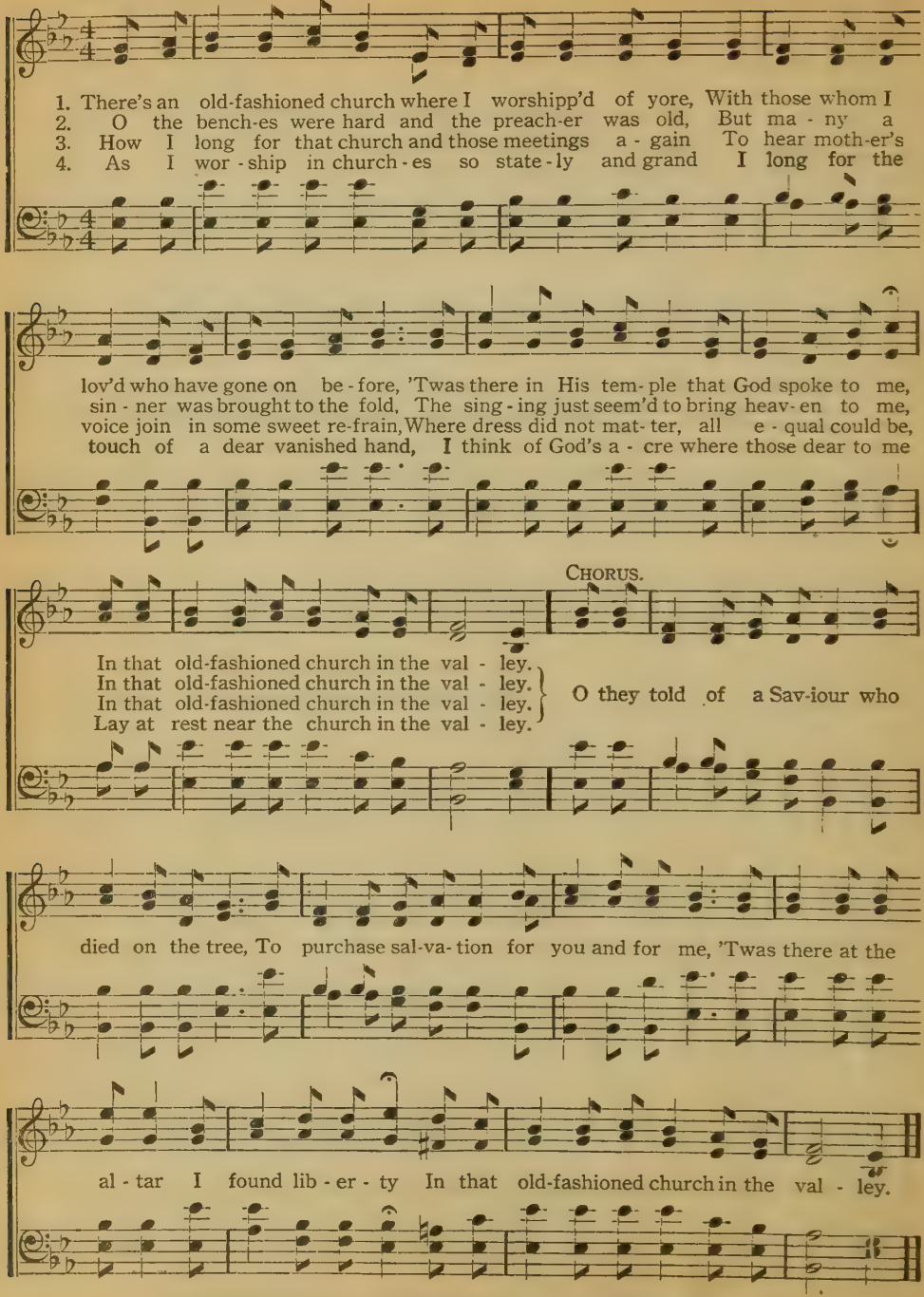
# No. 203. The Old-Fashioned Church.

GYPSY SIMON SMITH. E. J. BOND.


1. There's an old-fashioned church where I worshipp'd of yore, With those whom I
2. O the bench-es were hard and the preach-er was old, But ma - ny a
3. How I long for that church and those meetings a - gain To hear moth-er's
4. As I wor - ship in church - es so state - ly and grand I long for the
lov'd who have gone on be - fore, 'Twas there in His tem - ple that God spoke to me,
sin - ner was brought to the fold, The sing - ing just seem'd to bring heav - en to me,
voice join in some sweet re-frain, Where dress did not mat - ter, all e - qual could be,
touch of a dear vanished hand, I think of God's a - cre where those dear to me
CHORUS.
In that old-fashioned church in the val - ley.
In that old-fashioned church in the val - ley.
In that old-fashioned church in the val - ley.
Lay at rest near the church in the val - ley.
O they told of a Sav-iour who
died on the tree, To purchase sal-va-tion for you and for me, 'Twas there at the
al - tar I found lib - er - ty In that old-fashioned church in the val - ley.

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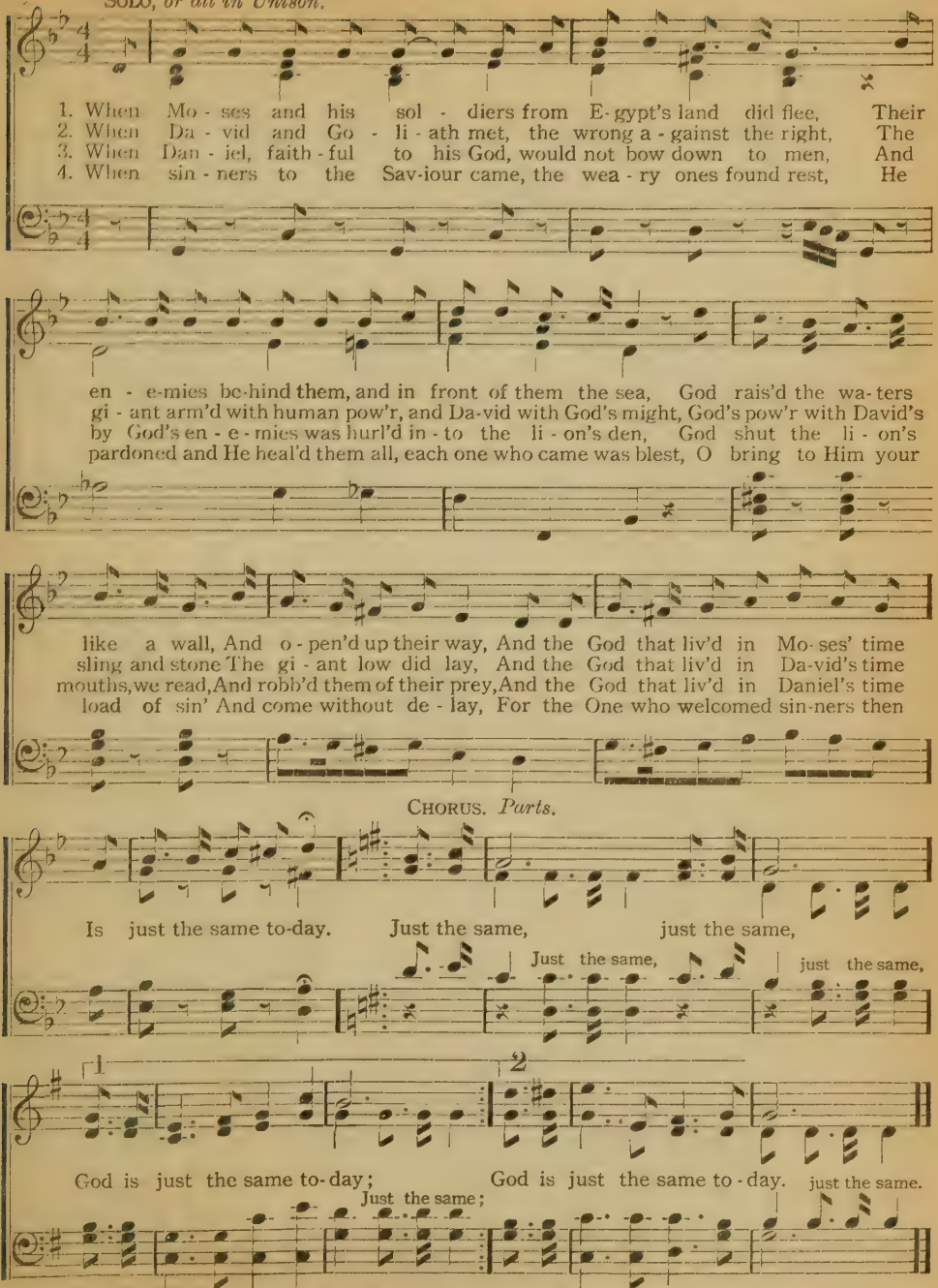
# No. 204. Just the Same.

Col. J. C. Addie.

W. H. Jude.
(Arr. by Clyde Willard.)

Solo, *or all in Unison.*


1. When Mo - ses and his sol - diers from E-gypt's land did flee, Their
2. When Da - vid and Go - li - ath met, the wrong a - gainst the right, The
3. When Dan - iel, faith - ful to his God, would not bow down to men, And
4. When sin - ners to the Sav-iour came, the wea - ry ones found rest, He
en - e-mies be-hind them, and in front of them the sea, God rais'd the wa-ters
gi - ant arm'd with human pow'r, and Da-vid with God's might, God's pow'r with David's
by God's en - e - mies was hurl'd in - to the li - on's den, God shut the li - on's
pardoned and He heal'd them all, each one who came was blest, O bring to Him your
like a wall, And o - pen'd up their way, And the God that liv'd in Mo-ses' time
sling and stone The gi - ant low did lay, And the God that liv'd in Da-vid's time
mouths, we read, And robb'd them of their prey, And the God that liv'd in Daniel's time
load of sin' And come without de - lay, For the One who welcomed sin-ners then
Chorus. *Parts.*
Is just the same to-day. Just the same, just the same,
Just the same, just the same,
1
2
God is just the same to-day; God is just the same to - day. just the same.
Just the same;

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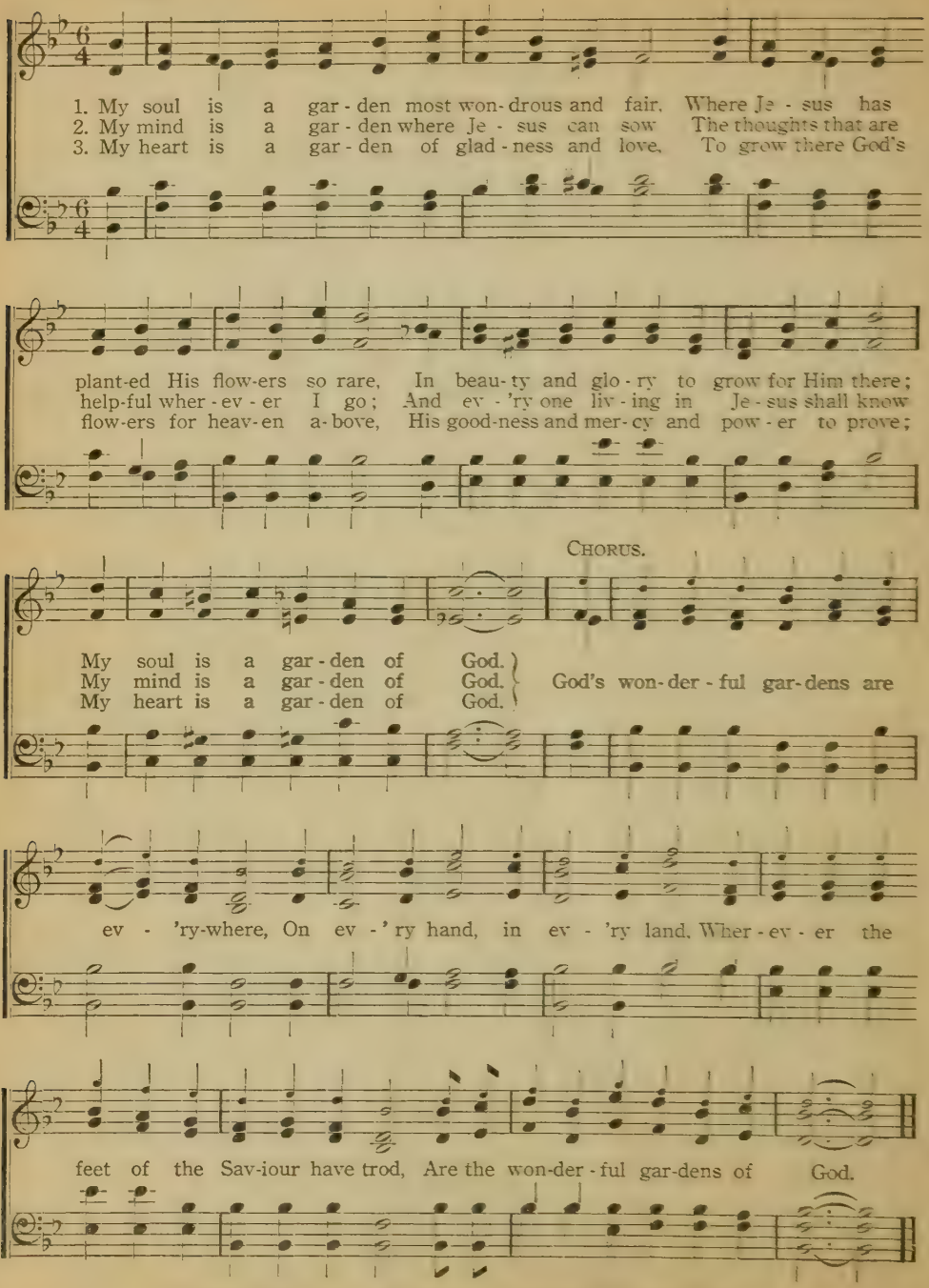
# No. 205. The Gardens of God.

W. C. POOLE. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. My soul is a gar - den most won - drous and fair, Where Je - sus has
2. My mind is a gar - den where Je - sus can sow The thoughts that are
3. My heart is a gar - den of glad - ness and love, To grow there God's
plant-ed His flow-ers so rare, In beau - ty and glo - ry to grow for Him there;
help-ful wher - ev - er I go; And ev - 'ry one liv - ing in Je - sus shall know
flow-ers for heav-en a-bove, His good-ness and mer - cy and pow - er to prove;
CHORUS.
My soul is a gar - den of God.
My mind is a gar - den of God.
My heart is a gar - den of God.
God's won - der - ful gar-dens are
ev - 'ry-where, On ev - 'ry hand, in ev - 'ry land, Wher - ev - er the
feet of the Sav-iour have trod, Are the won-der - ful gar-dens of God.

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# No. 206. Saved, Saved!

J. P. S. J. P. Schofield.

Unison.
1. I've found a Friend who is all to me, . . . His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, . . Se -
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone, . . In
love is ev - er true; . . . . . I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day; . . . . . I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me, . . . . . "Come un - to me and I'll
lift - ed me And what His grace can do for you. . . .
might - y arm; I know He'll guide me all the way. . . .
lead you home, To live with me e - ter - nal - ly." . . .
Chorus. Parts.
Saved . . . . . by His pow'r di-vine, Saved . . . . . to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r,
Saved to new life,
rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

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# No. 207. Just Beyond.

W. C. Poole. B. D. Ackley.

Solo.

1. Just be-yond the sun-set and the shades of night. Is the end-less
2. Just be-yond the war-fare there is peace, sweet peace, With all bat-tles
3. Just be-yond is sun-rise of an end-less day, Just be-yond is

glo-ry of the morn-ing bright. Where no shadows en-ter in that land of light,
o-ver where the struggles cease. Where the joy e-ter-nal shall for e'er in-crease,
glo-ry where the sunbeams play. Just beyond is heav-en and my home to stay,

Chorus. *Parts.*

It is bet-ter just be-yond..... Just be-yond the shad-ow is the

per-fect day. Just beyond the journey is the end-ing way, Just beyond the

toil-ing in the way I roam, There is rest with Je-sus in my heav'nly home.

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# No. 208. Sometime, Glorious Sometime.

To my beloved friend, Dr. Adam Geibel, whose wonderful and varied compositions show so much of God and heavenly beauty in his soul; even beyond human expression.

WM. V. N. WILLIAM VERNER NELSON.

With expression.
1. Sometime life's burdens will fall; Je - sus, our Sav-iour, will call. Then our
2. Sometime, the struggles all done; Christ's wondrous victo - ry won: Then, glad
pp rit. poco cres.
f
cres.
sor-rows will cease. Then His wonder-ful peace! Sometime, ceasing to roam:
free-dom from strife; Then His glo - ri - ous life. Sometime, reigning a - bove;
ff
f
Sometime, heav'n and home: Sometime, yes, sometime, Glo - ri- ous, glo- ri - ous day!
Sometime, God and love! Sometime, yes, sometime, Glo - ri- ous, glo- ri - ous day!
CHORUS. With spirit.
Some - time; glo - ri - ous some - time; With Christ, the King of kings:
cres.
rit.
Some-time; glo - ri - ous some - time; Its joy with - in me rings.

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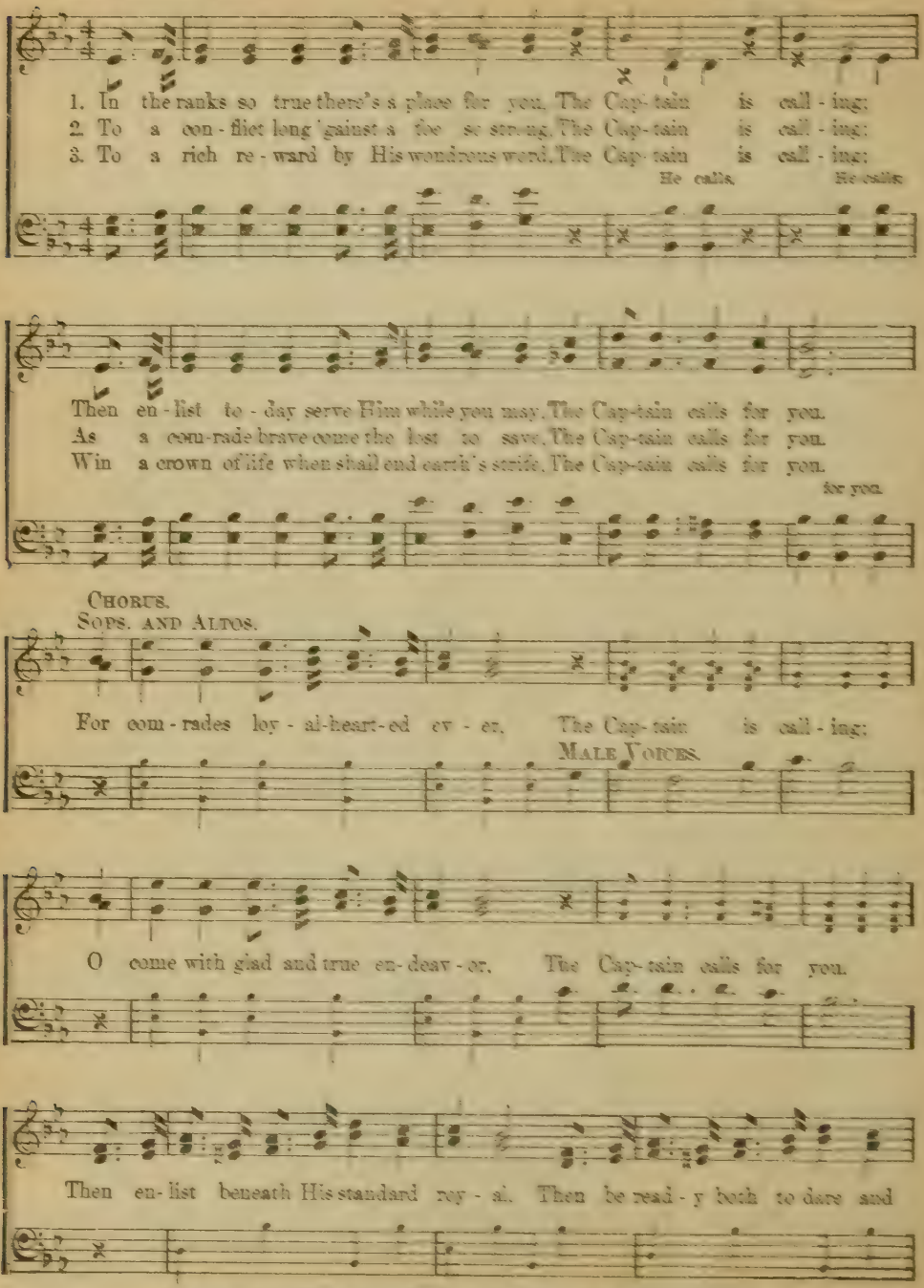
# No. 209. The Captain is Calling.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL


1. In the ranks so true there's a place for you, The Cap-tain is call-ing;
2. To a con-flict long 'gainst a foe so strong, The Cap-tain is call-ing;
3. To a rich re-ward by His wondrous word, The Cap-tain is call-ing;
He calls. He calls
Then en-list to-day serve Him while you may, The Cap-tain calls for you.
As a com-rade brave come the lost to save, The Cap-tain calls for you.
Win a crown of life when shall end earth's strife, The Cap-tain calls for you.
for you.
CHORUS.
SOPS. AND ALTOS.
For com-rades loy-al-heart-ed ev-er, The Cap-tain is call-ing;
MALE VOICES.
O come with glad and true en-deav-or, The Cap-tain calls for you.
Then en-list beneath His standard roy-al, Then be read-y both to dare and

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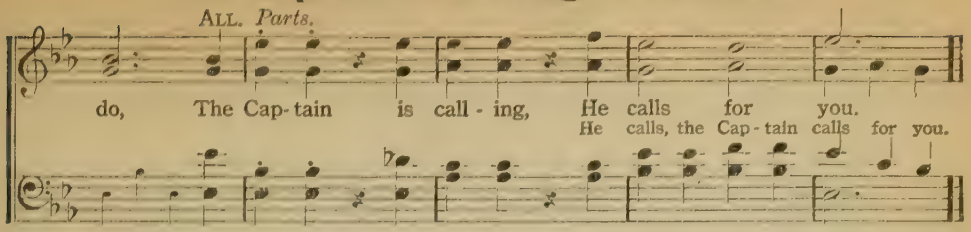
## The Captain is Calling.—Concluded.




## No. 210. O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling.

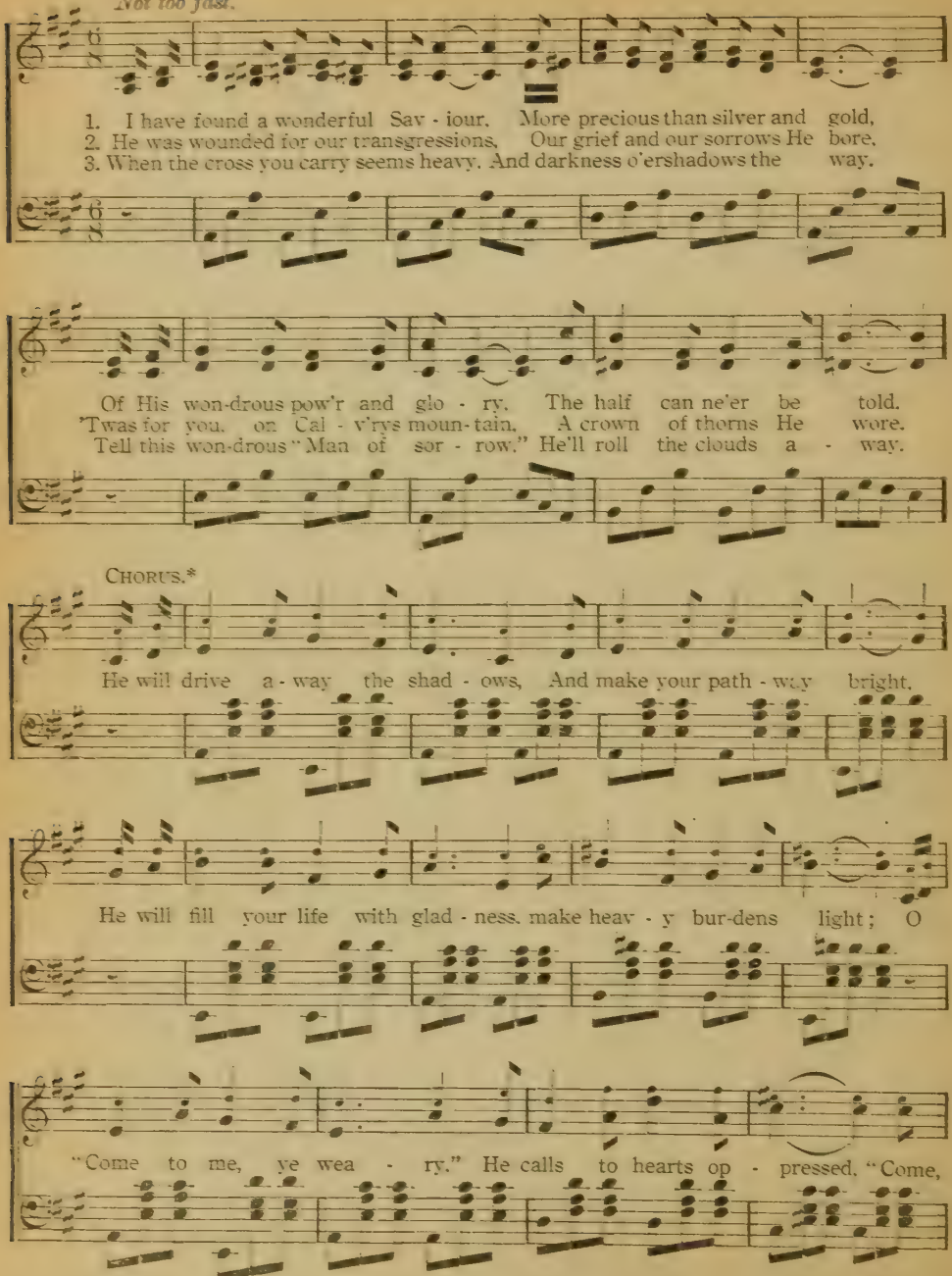
MARY ANN THOMSON. JAMES WALCH.

1. O Zi-on, haste thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how ma-ny thou-sands still are ly-ing Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God, in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to
5. He comes a-gain: O Zi-on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev-'ry
world that God is Light, That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-iour's dy-ing,
live and move, is Love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic-to-rious;
heart His sav-ing grace: Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
REFRAIN.
One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou send-est Je-sus will re-pay.
Thro' thy ne-glect, un-fit to see His face.
} Pub-lish glad ti-dings,
ti-dings of peace, Ti-dings of Je-sus, re-demp-tion and re-lease.

# No. 211. My Wondrous Saviour.

D. M. S. D. M. Shanks.

*Not too fast.*


1. I have found a wonderful Sav - iour. More precious than silver and gold,
2. He was wounded for our transgressions, Our grief and our sorrows He bore,
3. When the cross you carry seems heavy. And darkness o'ershadows the way.
Of His won-drous pow'r and glo - ry. The half can ne'er be told.
'Twas for you, on Cal - v'rys moun-tain, A crown of thorns He wore.
Tell this won-drous "Man of sor - row." He'll roll the clouds a - way.
Chorus.*
He will drive a - way the shad - ows, And make your path - way bright,
He will fill your life with glad - ness, make heav - y bur-dens light; O
"Come to me, ye wea - ry." He calls to hearts op - pressed, "Come,

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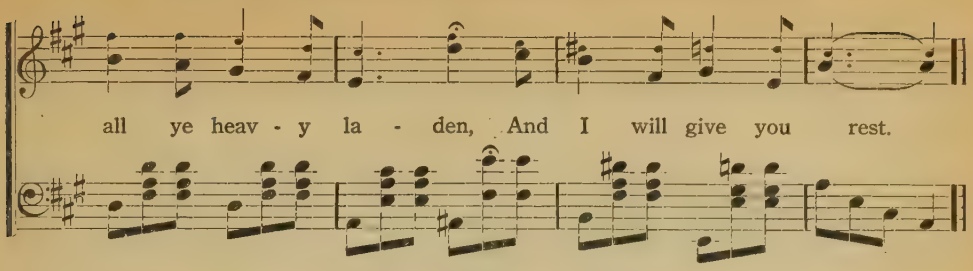
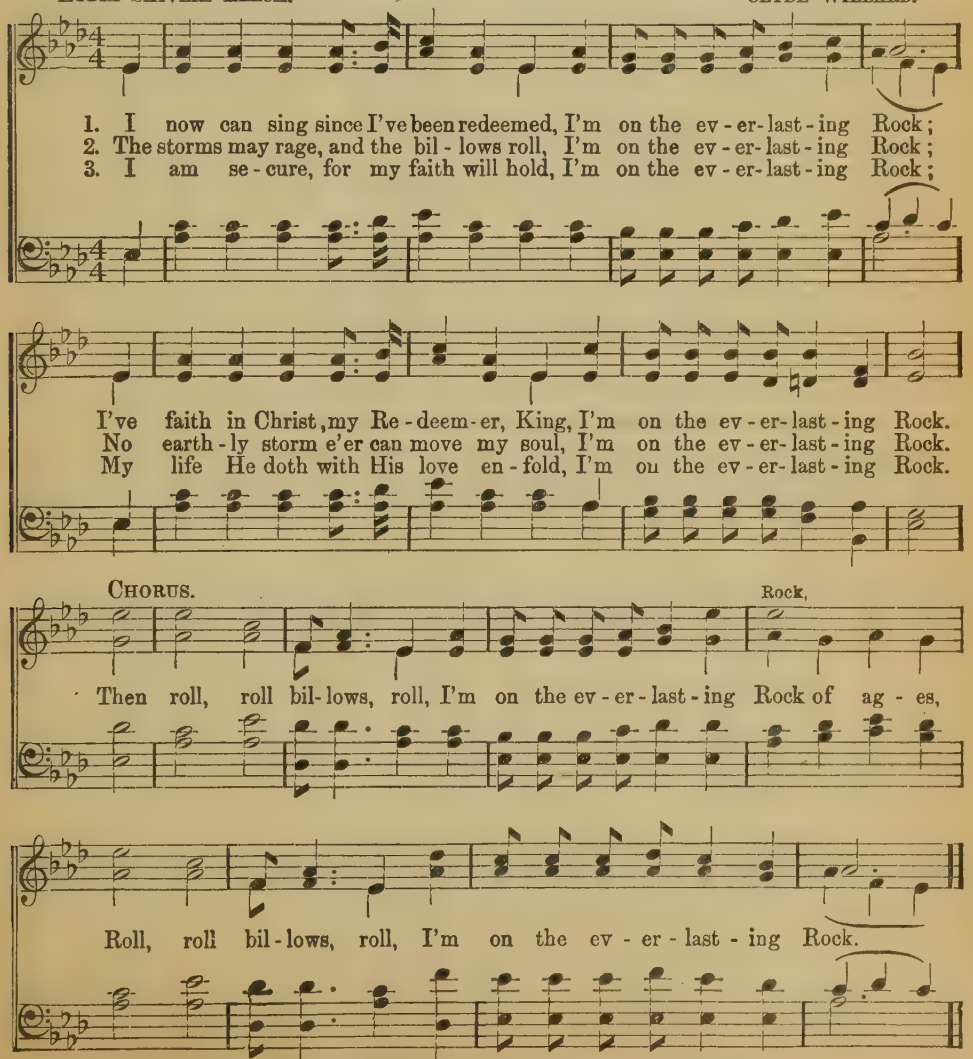
* The lower notes are the melody. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.




## No. 212. Roll, Billows, Roll.

LYDIA SHIVERS LEECH. CLYDE WILLARD.


1. I now can sing since I've been redeemed, I'm on the ev - er - last - ing Rock;
2. The storms may rage, and the bil - lows roll, I'm on the ev - er - last - ing Rock;
3. I am se - cure, for my faith will hold, I'm on the ev - er - last - ing Rock;
I've faith in Christ, my Re - deem - er, King, I'm on the ev - er - last - ing Rock.
No earth - ly storm e'er can move my soul, I'm on the ev - er - last - ing Rock.
My life He doth with His love en - fold, I'm on the ev - er - last - ing Rock.
CHORUS.
Rock,
Then roll, roll bil - lows, roll, I'm on the ev - er - last - ing Rock of ag - es,
Roll, roll bil - lows, roll, I'm on the ev - er - last - ing Rock.

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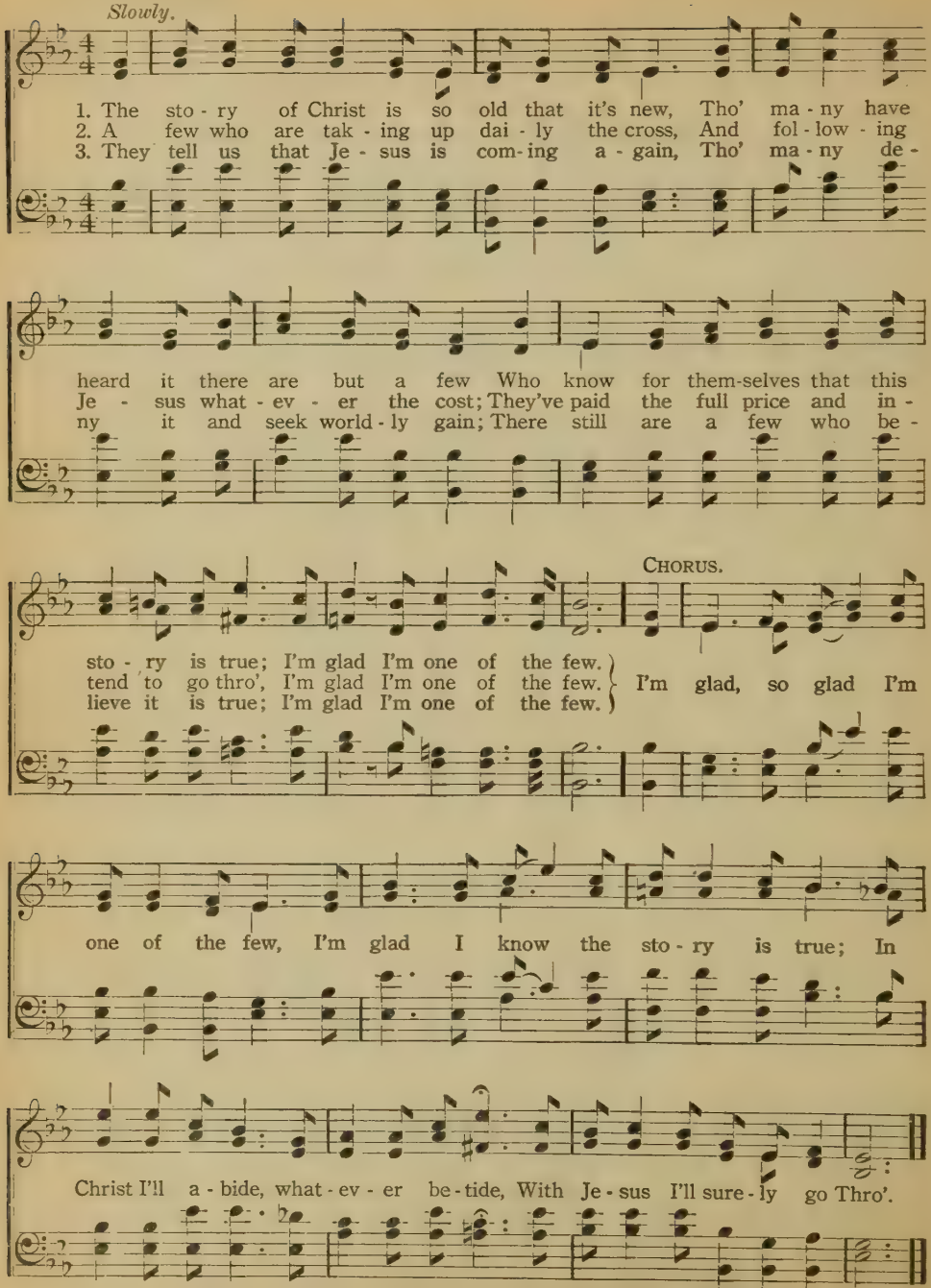
# No. 213. One of the Few.

ETHEL B. DONOVAN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Slowly.*


1. The sto - ry of Christ is so old that it's new, Tho' ma - ny have
2. A few who are tak - ing up dai - ly the cross, And fol - low - ing
3. They tell us that Je - sus is com - ing a - gain, Tho' ma - ny de -
heard it there are but a few Who know for them-selves that this
Je - sus what - ev - er the cost; They've paid the full price and in -
ny it and seek world - ly gain; There still are a few who be -
CHORUS.
sto - ry is true; I'm glad I'm one of the few.
tend to go thro', I'm glad I'm one of the few.
lieve it is true; I'm glad I'm one of the few.
I'm glad, so glad I'm
one of the few, I'm glad I know the sto - ry is true; In
Christ I'll a - bide, what - ev - er be - tide, With Je - sus I'll sure - ly go Thro'.

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# No. 214. Can the World See Jesus in You?

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Do we live so close to the Lord to - day, Pass - ing to and fro on life's
2. Do we love, with love to His own a - kin, All His crea-tures lost in the
3. As an o - pen book they our lives will read, To our words and acts giv - ing
bus - y way, That the world in us can a like - ness see To the
mire of sin? Will we reach a hand, what - so - e'er it cost, To re -
dai - ly heed; Will they be at - tract - ed, or turn a - way From the
Chorus.
Man of Cal - va - ry?.....
claim a sin - ner lost?.....
Christ we love to - day?.....
Can the world see Je - sus in me? Can the
Man of Cal - va - ry?
Can the world see
Je - sus in me?
world see Je - sus in you? Does your love to Him ring true,
Can the world see..... Je - sus in you?
And your life and serv - ice too? Can the world see Je - sus in you?
me—in you?

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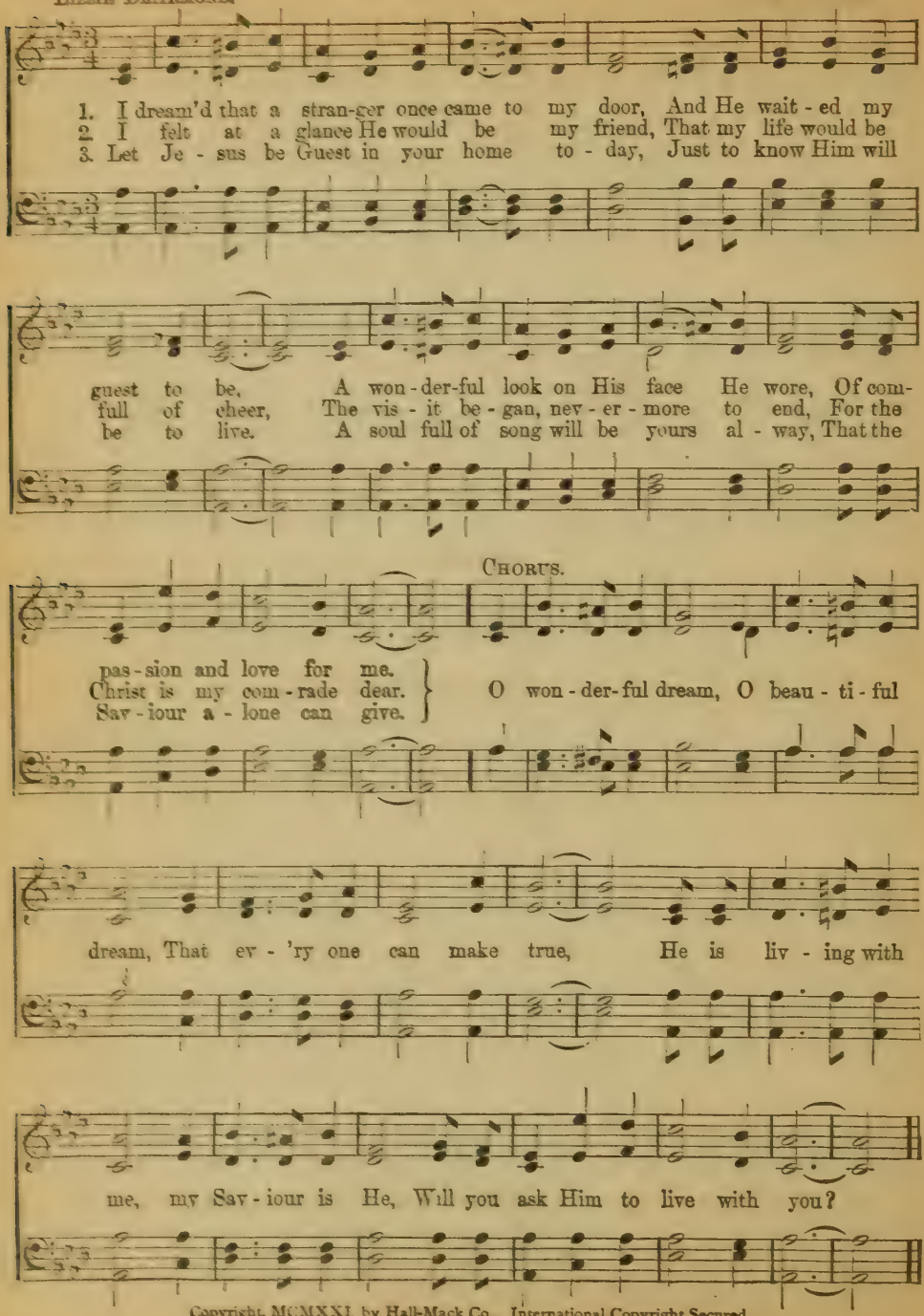
# No. 215. Will You Ask Him to Live With You?

LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. M. SHANKS.


1. I dream'd that a stran-ger once came to my door, And He wait-ed my
2. I felt at a glance He would be my friend, That my life would be
3. Let Je-sus be Guest in your home to-day, Just to know Him will
guest to be, A won-der-ful look on His face He wore, Of com-
full of cheer, The vis-it be-gan, nev-er-more to end, For the
be to live. A soul full of song will be yours al-way, That the
CHORUS.
pas-sion and love for me.
Christ is my com-rade dear.
Sav-iour a-lone can give.
O won-der-ful dream, O beau-ti-ful
dream, That ev-'ry one can make true, He is liv-ing with
me, my Sav-iour is He, Will you ask Him to live with you?

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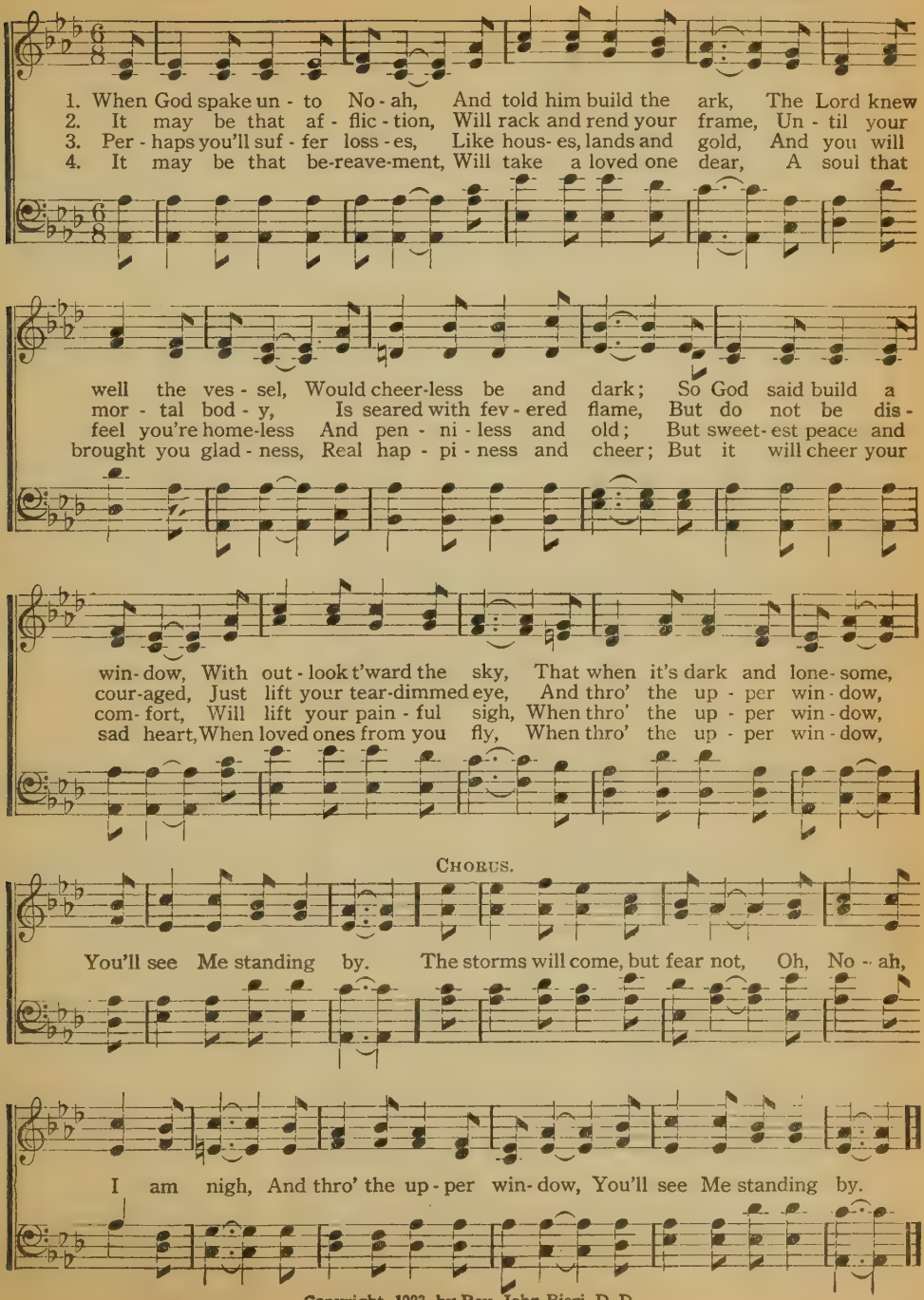
# No. 216. The Upper Window.

J. B. Rev. JOHN BIERI, D.D.


1. When God spake un - to No - ah, And told him build the ark, The Lord knew well the ves - sel, Would cheer-less be and dark; So God said build a win-dow, With out - look t'ward the sky, That when it's dark and lone-some, CHORUS. You'll see Me standing by. The storms will come, but fear not, Oh, No - ah, I am nigh, And thro' the up - per win-dow, You'll see Me standing by.
2. It may be that af - flic - tion, Will rack and rend your frame, Un - til your mor - tal bod - y, Is seared with fev - ered flame, But do not be dis - cour-aged, Just lift your tear-dimmed eye, And thro' the up - per win - dow,
3. Per - haps you'll suf - fer loss - es, Like hous- es, lands and gold, And you will feel you're home-less And pen - ni - less and old; But sweet-est peace and com- fort, Will lift your pain - ful sigh, When thro' the up - per win - dow,
4. It may be that be-reave-ment, Will take a loved one dear, A soul that brought you glad - ness, Real hap - pi - ness and cheer; But it will cheer your sad heart, When loved ones from you fly, When thro' the up - per win - dow,

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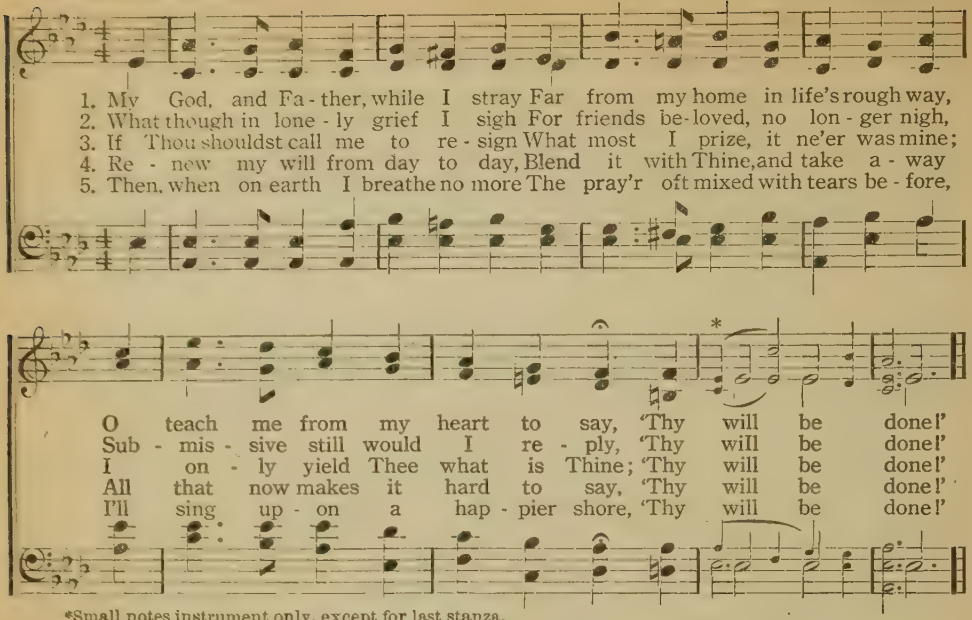
## No. 217. Thy Will Be Done.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. My God, and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,
2. What though in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved, no lon - ger nigh,
3. If Thou shouldst call me to re - sign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
4. Re - new my will from day to day, Blend it with Thine, and take a - way
5. Then, when on earth I breathe no more The pray'r oft mixed with tears be - fore,
O teach me from my heart to say, 'Thy will be done!'
Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, 'Thy will be done!'
I on - ly yield Thee what is Thine; 'Thy will be done!'
All that now makes it hard to say, 'Thy will be done!'
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, 'Thy will be done!'

*Small notes instrument only, except for last stanza.

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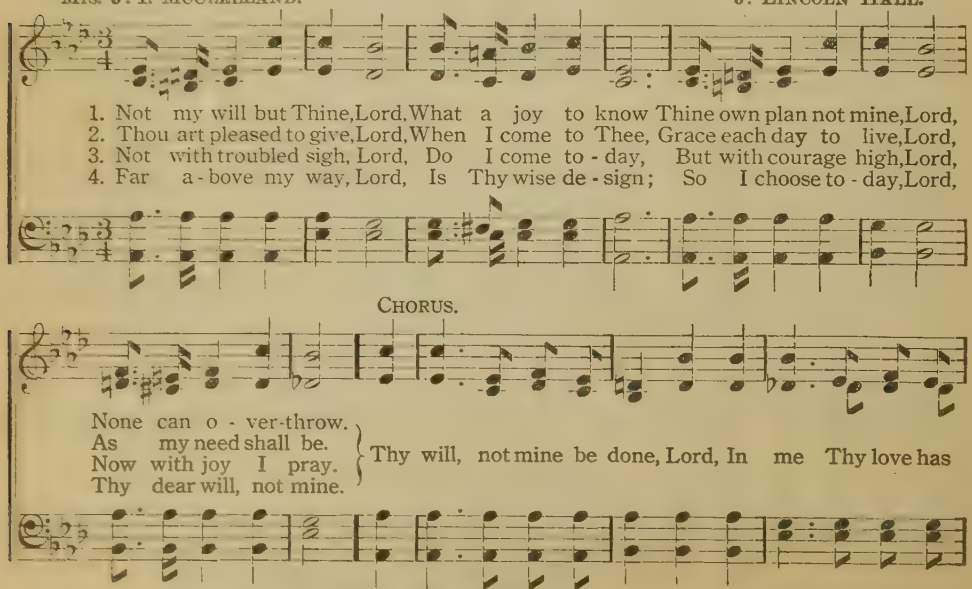
## No. 218. Not My Will.

"I delight to do Thy will, O my God."—Psalms, 40: 8.

MRS. J. I. MCCLELLAND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Not my will but Thine, Lord, What a joy to know Thine own plan not mine, Lord,
2. Thou art pleased to give, Lord, When I come to Thee, Grace each day to live, Lord,
3. Not with troubled sigh, Lord, Do I come to - day, But with courage high, Lord,
4. Far a - bove my way, Lord, Is Thy wise de - sign; So I choose to - day, Lord,
CHORUS.
None can o - ver-throw.
As my need shall be.
Now with joy I pray.
Thy dear will, not mine.
Thy will, not mine be done, Lord, In me Thy love has

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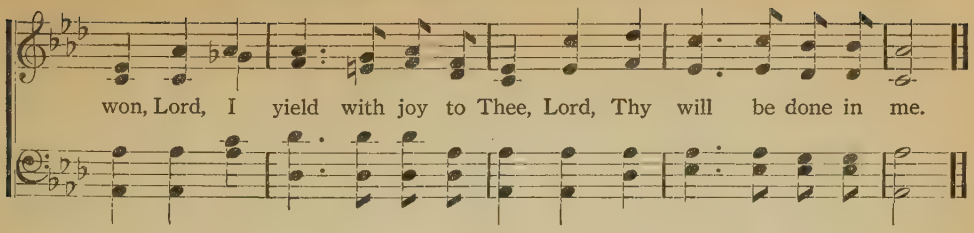
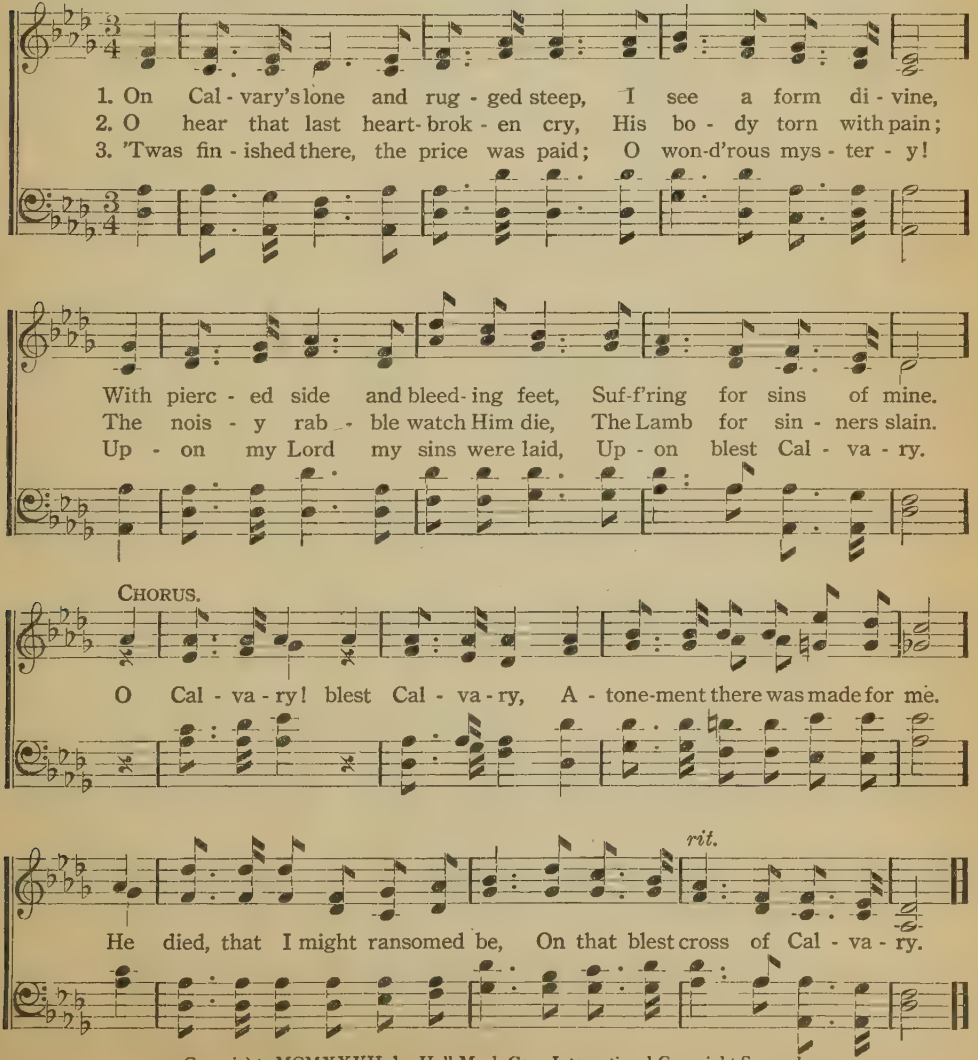
## Not My Will.—Concluded.




## No. 219. Blest Calvary.

GYPSY SIMON SMITH. E. J. BOND.


1. On Cal - vary's lone and rug - ged steep, I see a form di - vine,
2. O hear that last heart-brok - en cry, His bo - dy torn with pain;
3. 'Twas fin - ished there, the price was paid; O won-d'rous mys - ter - y!
With pierc - ed side and bleed - ing feet, Suf-f'ring for sins of mine.
The nois - y rab - ble watch Him die, The Lamb for sin - ners slain.
Up - on my Lord my sins were laid, Up - on blest Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry, A - tone-ment there was made for me.
rit.
He died, that I might ransomed be, On that blest cross of Cal - va - ry.

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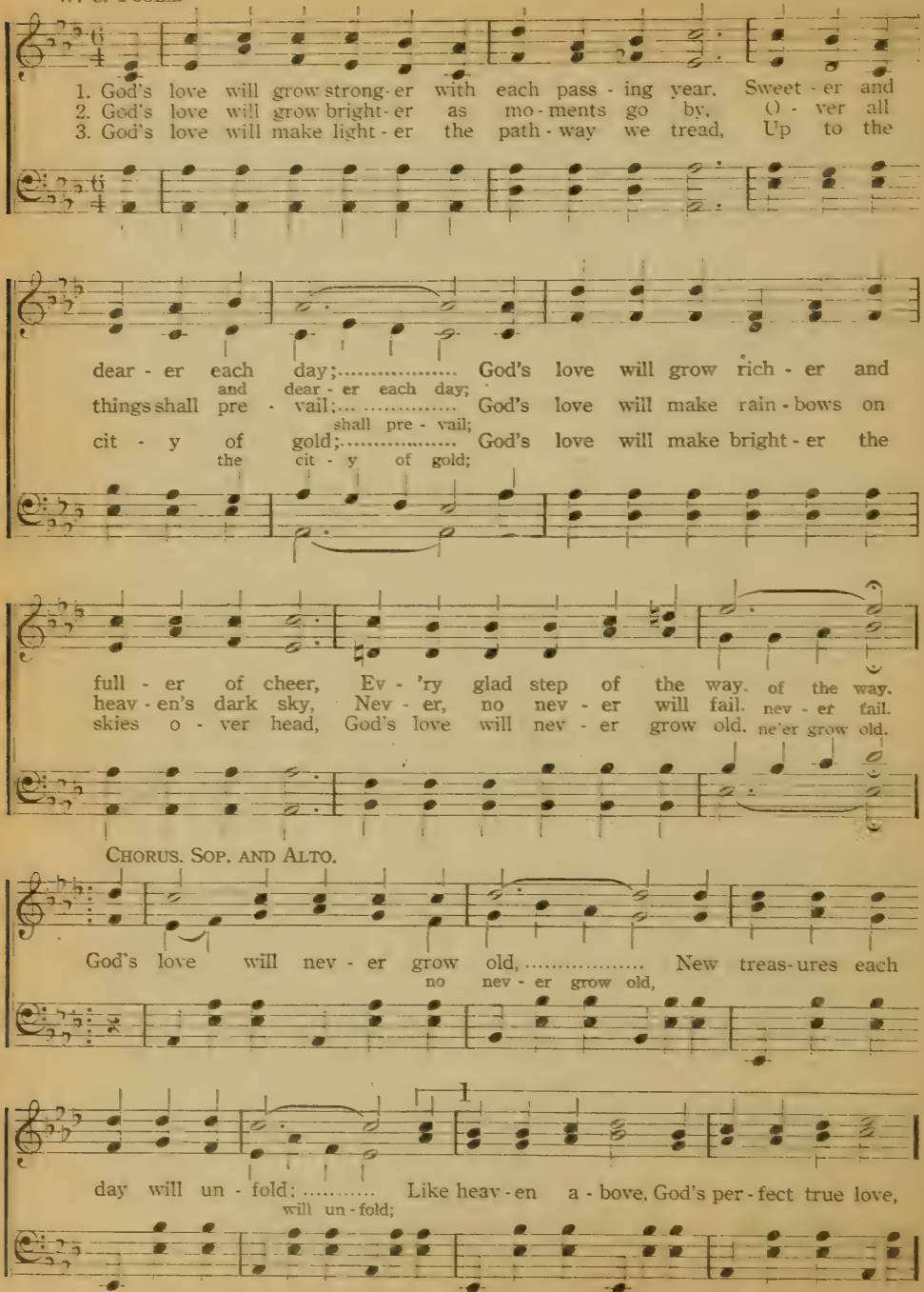
# No. 220. God's Love Will Never Grow Old.

W. C. POOLE. D. M. SHANES.


1. God's love will grow strong-er with each pass-ing year. Sweet-er and
2. God's love will grow bright-er as mo-ments go by, O-ver all
3. God's love will make light-er the path-way we tread, Up to the
dear-er each day; God's love will grow rich-er and
things shall pre-vail; God's love will make rain-bows on
cit-y of gold; God's love will make bright-er the
full-er of cheer, Ev-'ry glad step of the way.
heav-en's dark sky, Nev-er, no nev-er will fail.
skies o-ver head, God's love will nev-er grow old.
CHORUS. SOP. AND ALTO.
God's love will nev-er grow old, New treas-ures each
day will un-fold; Like heav-en a-bove, God's per-fect true love,

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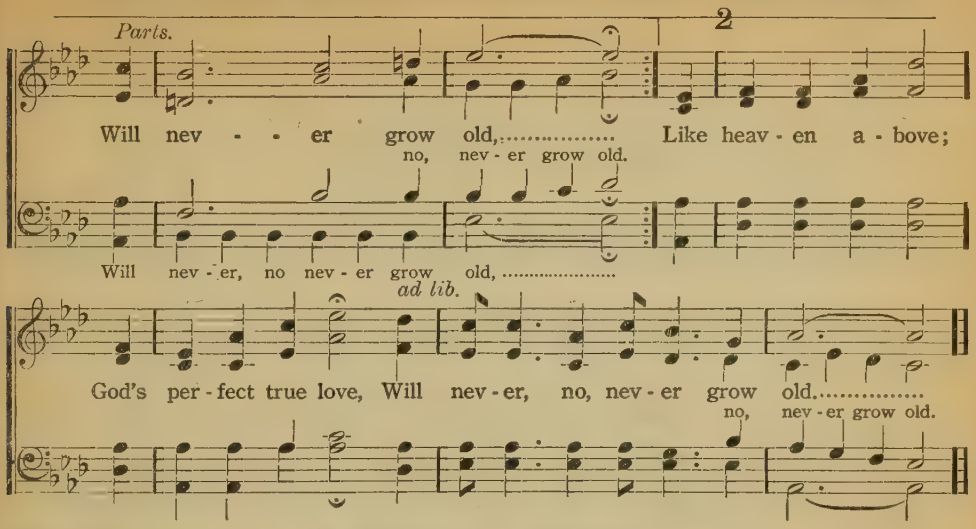
# God's Love Will Never Grow Old.—Concluded.


Parts.
2
Will nev - - er grow old, ..... Like heav - en a - bove;
no, nev - er grow old.
Will nev - er, no nev - er grow old, .....
ad lib.
God's per - fect true love, Will nev - er, no, nev - er grow old.....
no, nev - er grow old.

## No. 221. A Gracious Shower.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34: 26.
"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."—ZECH. 4: 6.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND. CLYDE WILLARD.

1. Our hearts a - gree, in pray'r to Thee, Thy love dis - play, That lives may be from
2. Lord, we im-plore, as oft be - fore, Thy grace dis - play, Thy love out-pour, and
3. 'Tis not by might we win the fight, Thine arm dis - play, Con - vict to-night, lead
4. O Ho - ly Ghost, we need Thee most! Thy pow'r dis - play, Re - buke sin's host, in
CHORUS.
sin set free, Hear us, to - day.
faith re - store, Hear us, to - day.
souls a - right, Hear us, to - day.
Thee we boast, Hear us, to - day.
Send a re - vi - val, be - gin it, Lord, in
me. O God dis - play Thy wondrous pow'r, And send a grac-ious show'r.

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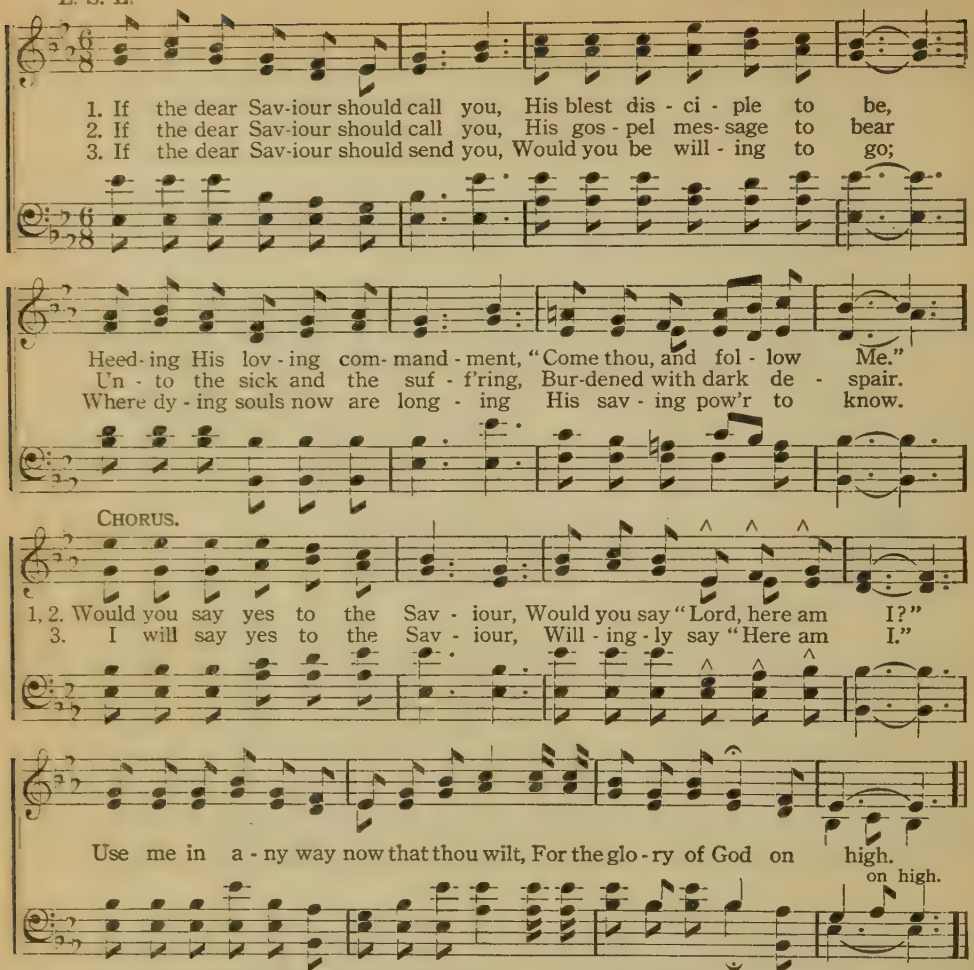
## No. 222. Would You Say "Yes?"

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.


1. If the dear Sav-iour should call you, His blest dis - ci - ple to be,
2. If the dear Sav-iour should call you, His gos - pel mes-sage to bear
3. If the dear Sav-iour should send you, Would you be will - ing to go;
Heed-ing His lov - ing com-mand - ment, "Come thou, and fol - low Me."
Un - to the sick and the suf - f'ring, Bur-dened with dark de - spair.
Where dy - ing souls now are long - ing His sav - ing pow'r to know.
CHORUS.
1, 2. Would you say yes to the Sav - iour, Would you say "Lord, here am I?"
3. I will say yes to the Sav - iour, Will - ing - ly say "Here am I."
Use me in a - ny way now that thou wilt, For the glo - ry of God on high.
on high.

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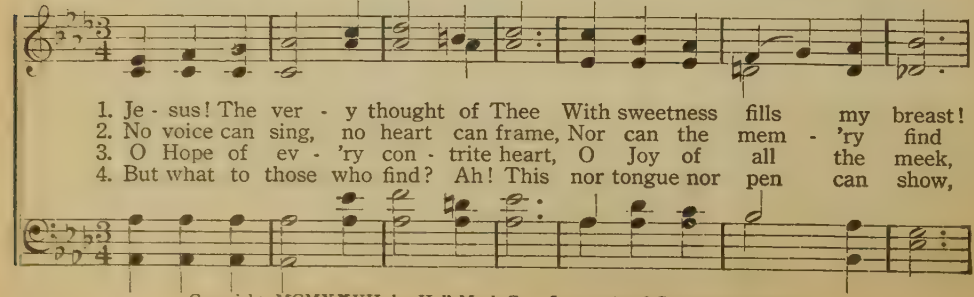
## No. 223. Jesus! The Very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Je - sus! The ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast!
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! This nor tongue nor pen can show,

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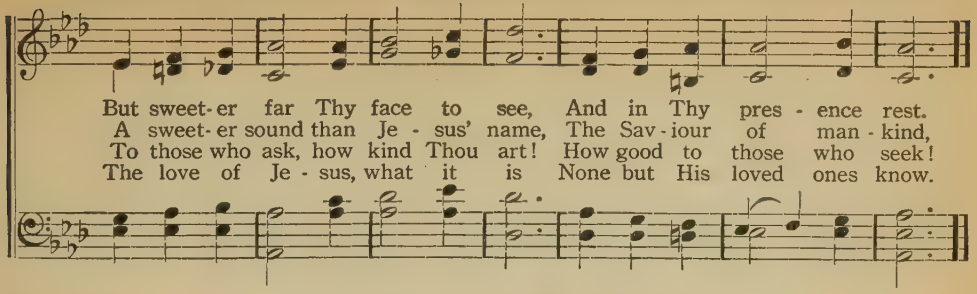
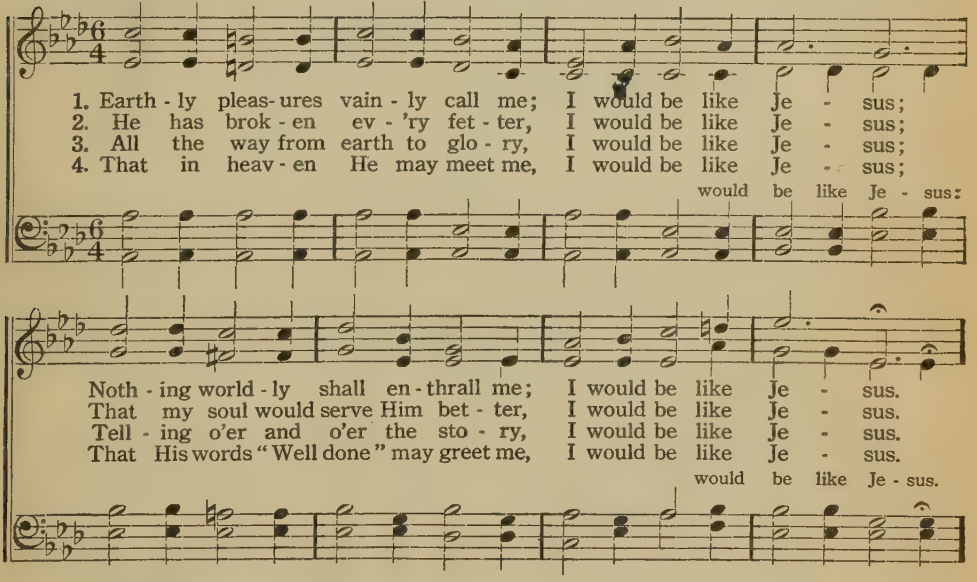
## Jesus! The Very Thought of Thee—Concluded.

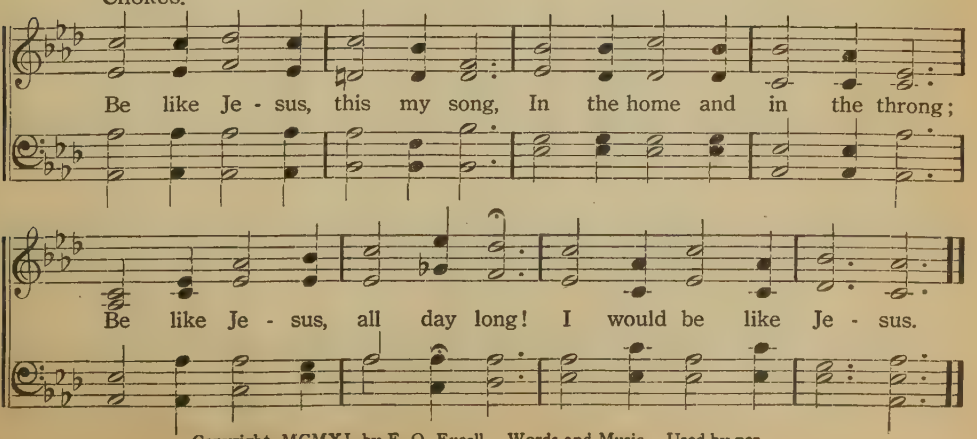

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav-iour of man - kind,
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.

## No. 224. I Would Be Like Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. Earth - ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has brok - en ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je - sus:
Noth - ing world - ly shall en - thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul would serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je - sus.

CHORUS.

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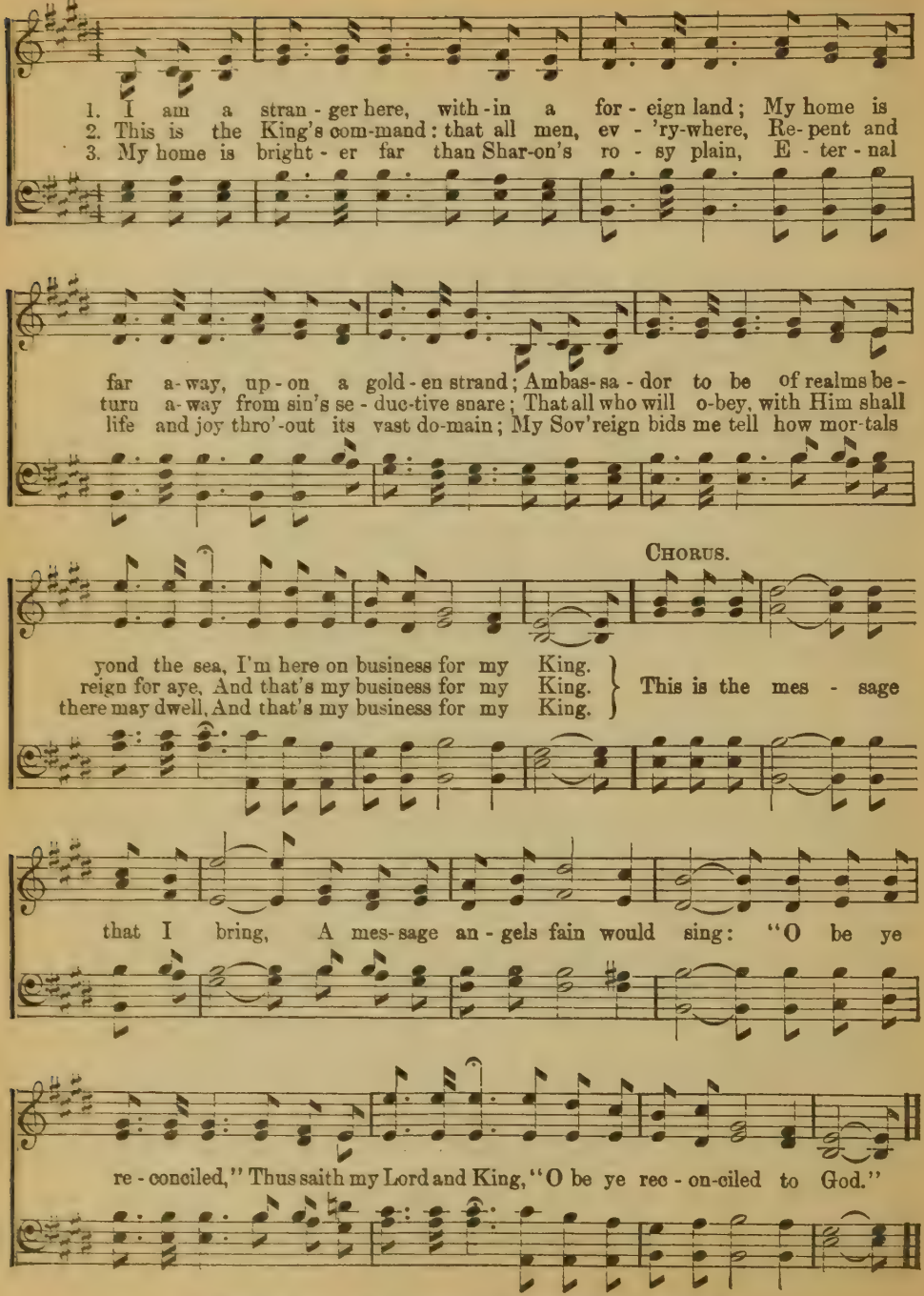
# No. 225. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.


1. I am a stran - ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is
2. This is the King's com-mand: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re- pent and
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal
far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Ambas- sa - dor to be of realms be -
turn a-way from sin's se - duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall
life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals
Chorus.
yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
reign for aye, And that's my business for my King.
there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
This is the mes - sage
that I bring, A mes-sage an - gels fain would sing: "O be ye
re - conciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "O be ye rec - on-ciled to God."

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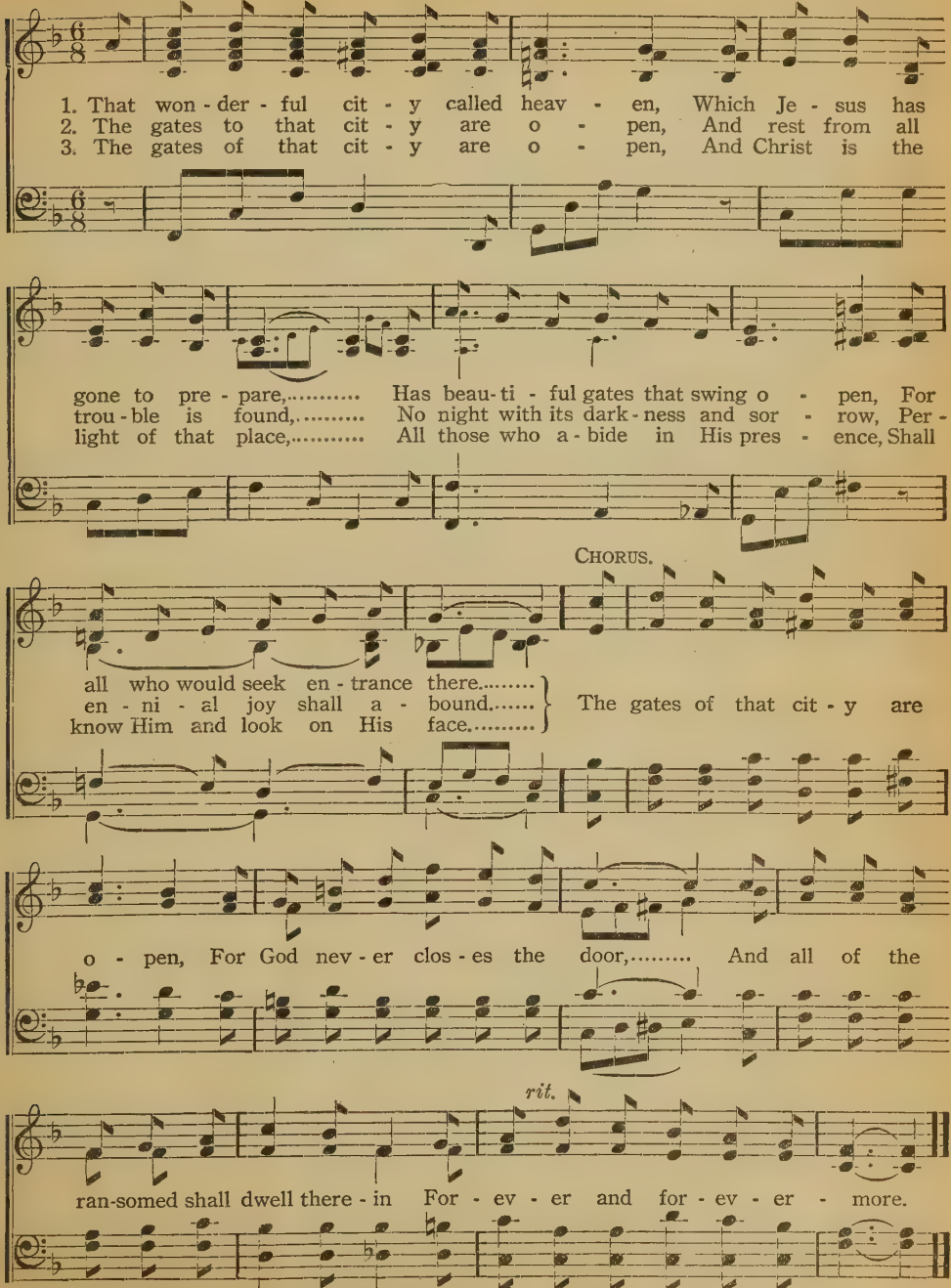
# No. 226. The Gates of That City are Open.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

Solo, *or Unison.*


1. That won - der - ful cit - y called heav - en, Which Je - sus has
2. The gates to that cit - y are o - pen, And rest from all
3. The gates of that cit - y are o - pen, And Christ is the
gone to pre - pare,..... Has beau - ti - ful gates that swing o - pen, For
trou - ble is found,..... No night with its dark - ness and sor - row, Per -
light of that place,..... All those who a - bide in His pres - ence, Shall
Chorus.
all who would seek en - trance there.....
en - ni - al joy shall a - bound.....
know Him and look on His face.....
The gates of that cit - y are
o - pen, For God nev - er clos - es the door,..... And all of the
rit.
ran-somed shall dwell there - in For - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.

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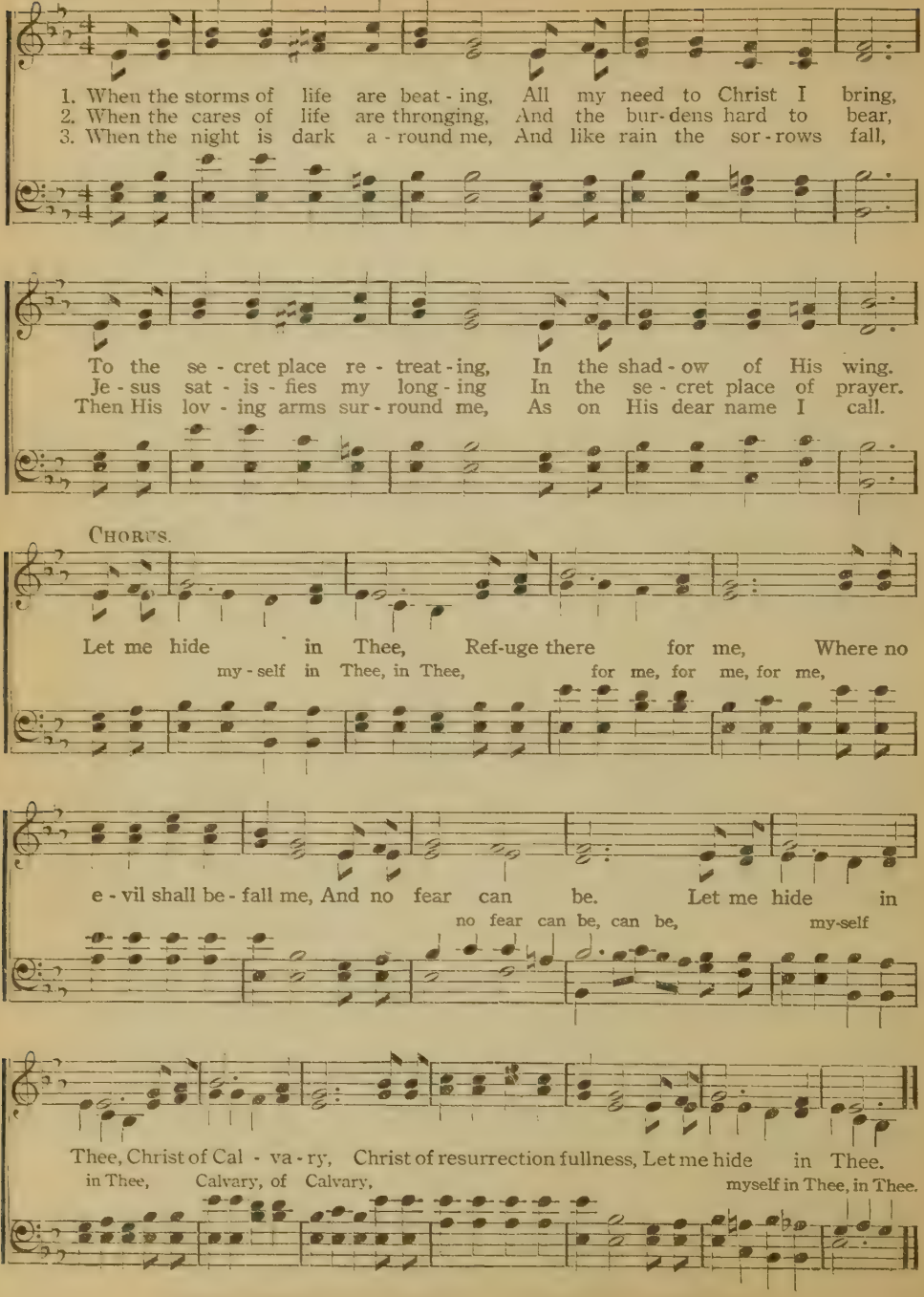
# No. 227. Let Me Hide in Thee.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. When the storms of life are beat - ing, All my need to Christ I bring,
2. When the cares of life are thronging, And the bur - dens hard to bear,
3. When the night is dark a - round me, And like rain the sor - rows fall,
To the se - cret place re - treat - ing, In the shad - ow of His wing.
Je - sus sat - is - fies my long - ing In the se - cret place of prayer.
Then His lov - ing arms sur - round me, As on His dear name I call.
CHORUS.
Let me hide in Thee, Ref-uge there for me, Where no
my - self in Thee, in Thee, for me, for me, for me,
e - vil shall be - fall me, And no fear can be. Let me hide in
no fear can be, can be, my-self
Thee, Christ of Cal - va - ry, Christ of resurrection fullness, Let me hide in Thee.
in Thee, Calvary, of Calvary, myself in Thee, in Thee.

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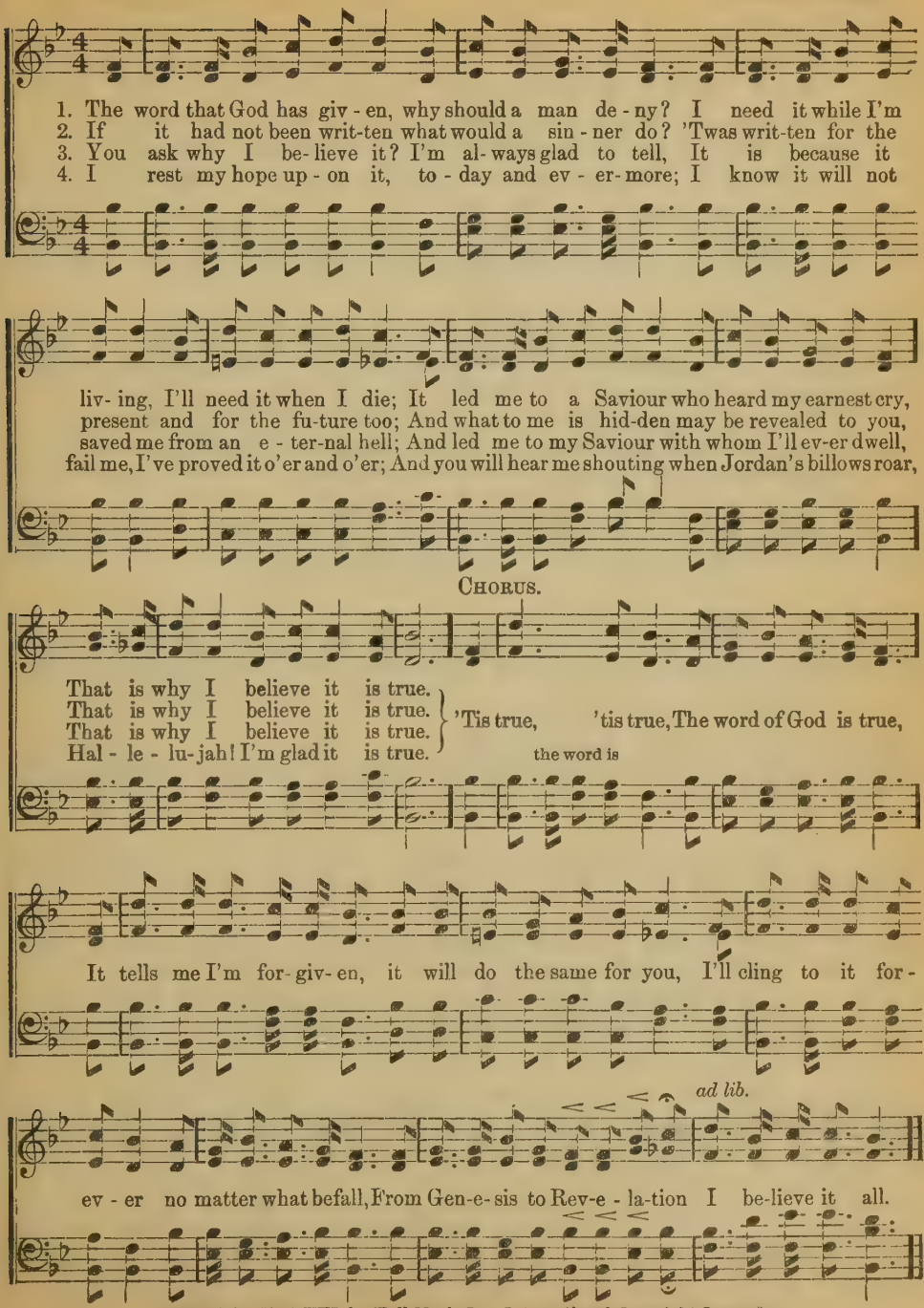
# No. 228. The Word of God is True.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. The word that God has giv - en, why should a man de - ny? I need it while I'm
2. If it had not been writ-ten what would a sin - ner do? 'Twas writ-ten for the
3. You ask why I be-lieve it? I'm al-ways glad to tell, It is because it
4. I rest my hope up - on it, to - day and ev - er-more; I know it will not
liv- ing, I'll need it when I die; It led me to a Saviour who heard my earnest cry,
present and for the fu-ture too; And what to me is hid-den may be revealed to you,
saved me from an e - ter-nal hell; And led me to my Saviour with whom I'll ev-er dwell,
fail me, I've proved it o'er and o'er; And you will hear me shouting when Jordan's billows roar,
Chorus.
That is why I believe it is true.
That is why I believe it is true.
That is why I believe it is true.
Hal - le - lu-jah! I'm glad it is true.
'Tis true, 'tis true, The word of God is true,
the word is
It tells me I'm for-giv-en, it will do the same for you, I'll cling to it for -
ad lib.
ev - er no matter what befall, From Gen-e-sis to Rev-e - la-tion I be-lieve it all.

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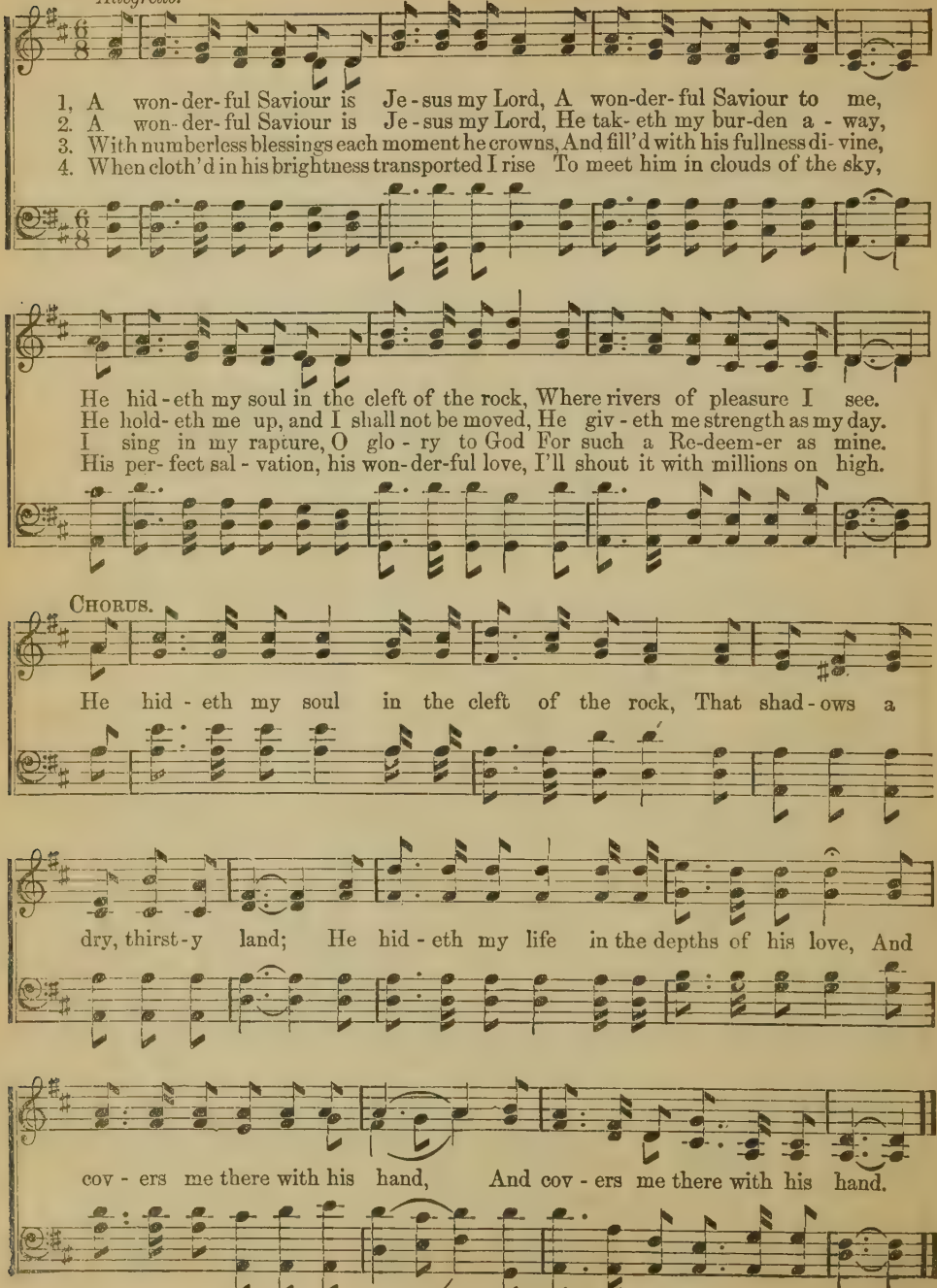
# No. 229. He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Allegretto.*


1, A won-der-ful Saviour is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Saviour to me,
2. A won-der-ful Saviour is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my bur-den a-way,
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his fullness di-vine,
4. When cloth'd in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the sky,
He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of pleasure I see.
He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me strength as my day.
I sing in my rapture, O glo-ry to God For such a Re-deem-er as mine.
His per-fect sal-vation, his won-der-ful love, I'll shout it with millions on high.
CHORUS.
He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shad-ows a
dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love, And
cov-ers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.

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# No. 230. Able to Keep.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."—Job xiii : 15. "For I know whom I have believed."—2 Tim. 1: 12.

S. L. Sonubai Keskar, M. D. Wm. T. Meyer.

1. Je - sus my Lord, my life, my all, In thee I
2. The storms of life are fierce and dark, And hosts of
3. Tho' hard the cross, the bur - den great, And I so
4. The bat - tle, Lord, is thine, and we Tho' foe may
trust, in thee I hide; I know thou wilt not
Sa - tan press me hard; But still thy strength can
weak, so poor, un - done; Yet on thy side I'll
kill us, yet I see Thy blood sets poor dead
let me fall, Nor wan - der from thy side.
keep my bark, Tho' bro - ken and sin - marred.
stand and wait, Till vic - to - ry is won.
cap - tives free, Tho' fierce the war may be.
Chorus.
In thy dear hands of love I lay, Ful - fil thy pur - pos - es in me;
rit.
Teach me to say from day to day, Thy will be done in me.

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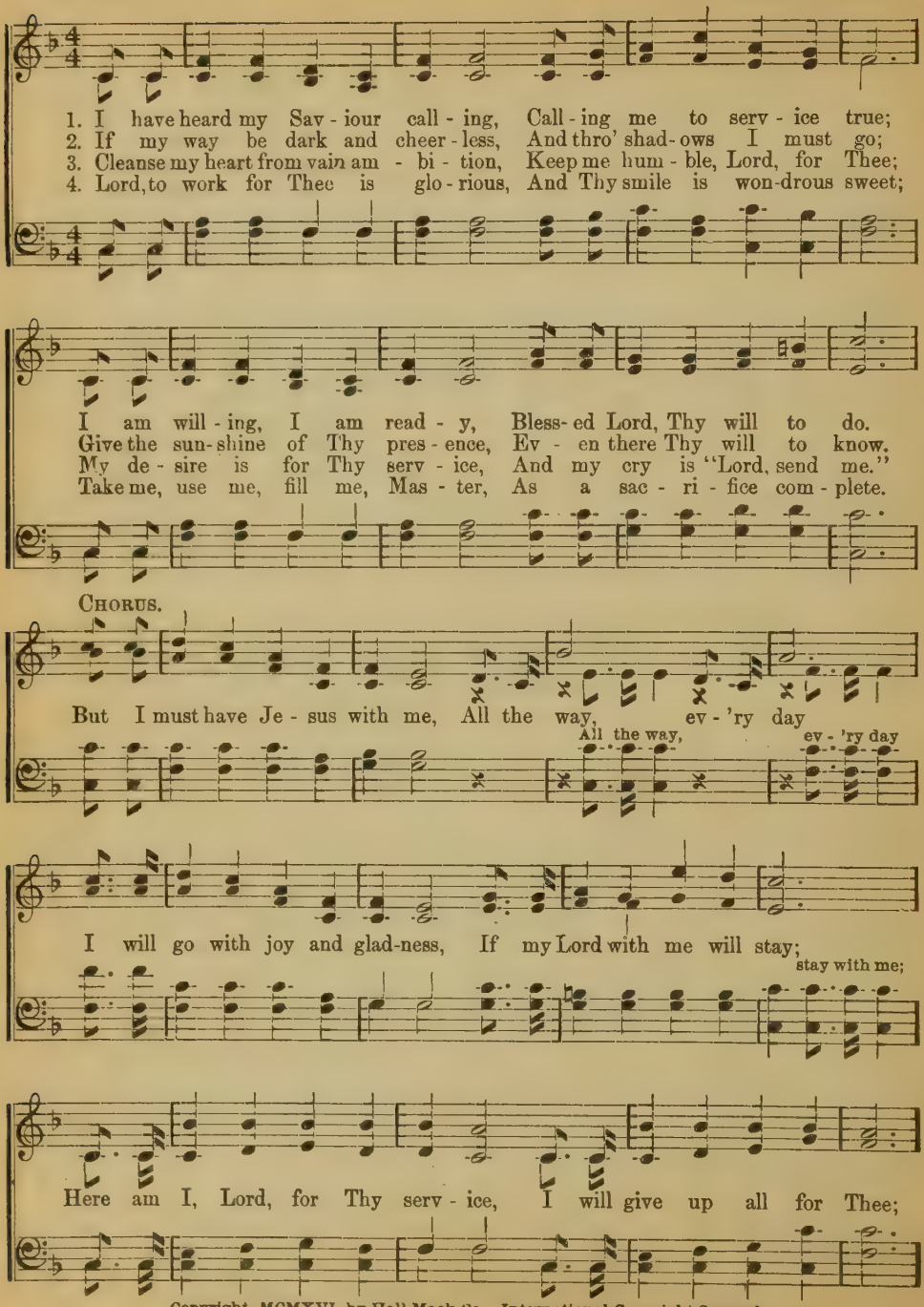
Address, S. L. Sonubai Keskar, M. D., Sholapur, Bombay Presidency, India.

# No. 231. I Must Have Jesus with Me.

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. I have heard my Sav - iour call - ing, Call - ing me to serv - ice true;
2. If my way be dark and cheer - less, And thro' shad - ows I must go;
3. Cleanse my heart from vain am - bi - tion, Keep me hum - ble, Lord, for Thee;
4. Lord, to work for Thee is glo - rious, And Thy smile is won-drous sweet;
I am will - ing, I am read - y, Bless - ed Lord, Thy will to do.
Give the sun - shine of Thy pres - ence, Ev - en there Thy will to know.
My de - sire is for Thy serv - ice, And my cry is "Lord, send me."
Take me, use me, fill me, Mas - ter, As a sac - ri - fice com - plete.
Chorus.
But I must have Je - sus with me, All the way, ev - 'ry day
All the way,
ev - 'ry day
I will go with joy and glad-ness, If my Lord with me will stay;
stay with me;
Here am I, Lord, for Thy serv - ice, I will give up all for Thee;

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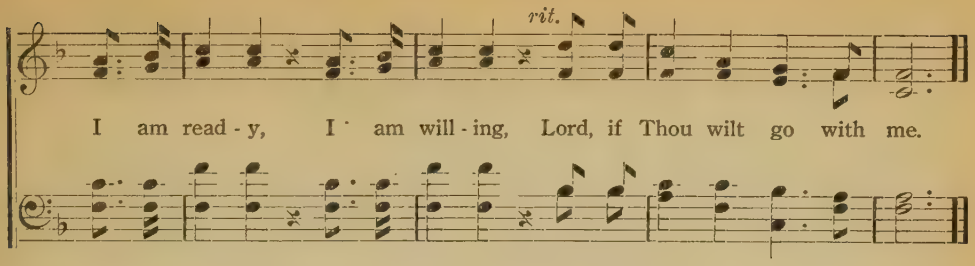



## No. 232. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

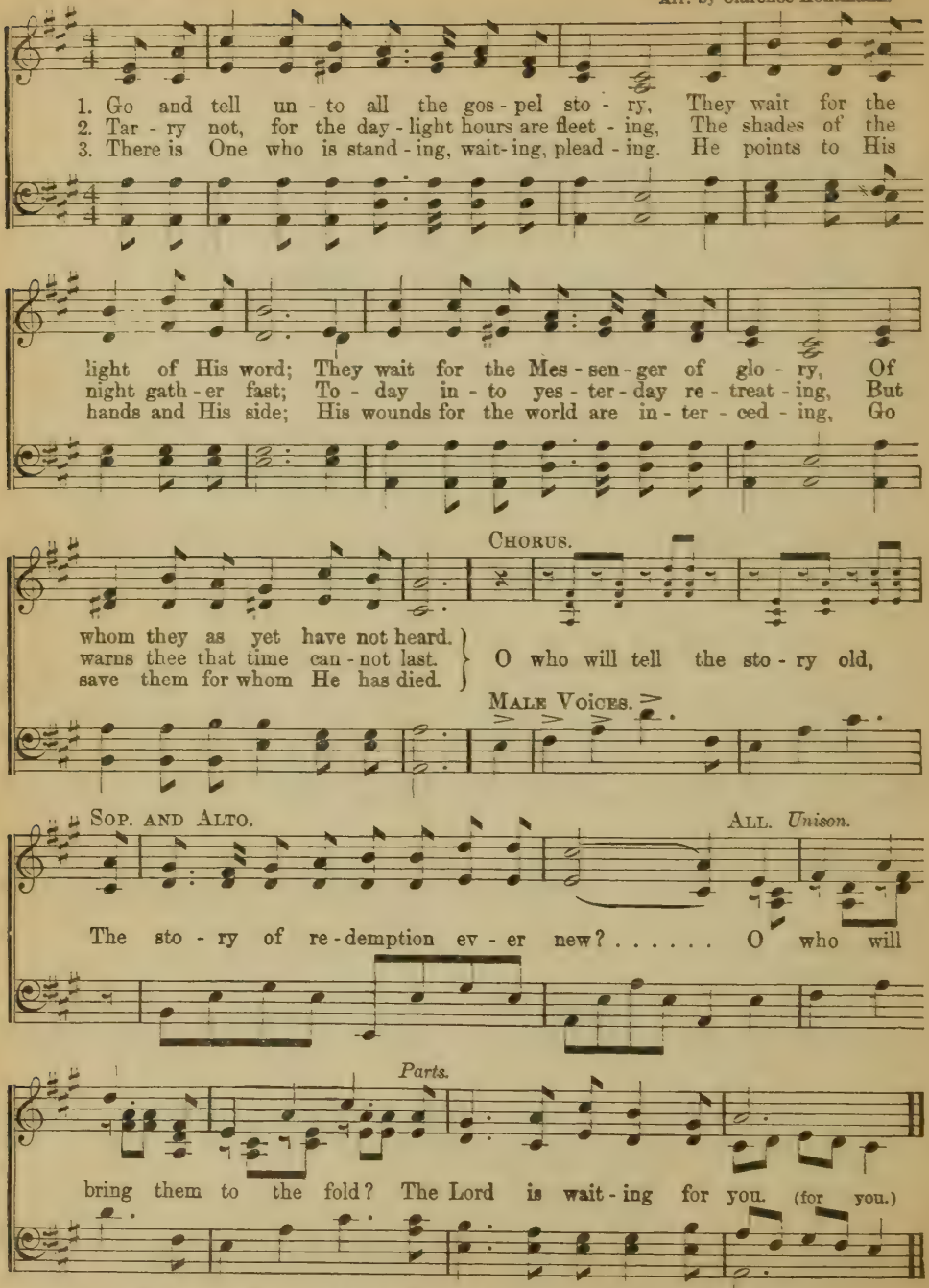
S. Baring Gould. (GERTRUDE. 6s. 5s. D.) A. S. Sullivan.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;
In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;
REFRAIN.
For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.
Onward, Christian sol - diers,
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

# No. 233. Go and Tell.

C. Austin Miles.

Hawaiian Melody.
Arr. by Clarence Kohlmann.


1. Go and tell un - to all the gos - pel sto - ry, They wait for the
2. Tar - ry not, for the day - light hours are fleet - ing, The shades of the
3. There is One who is stand - ing, wait - ing, plead - ing. He points to His
light of His word; They wait for the Mes - sen - ger of glo - ry, Of
night gath - er fast; To - day in - to yes - ter - day re - treat - ing, But
hands and His side; His wounds for the world are in - ter - ced - ing, Go
Chorus.
whom they as yet have not heard.
warns thee that time can - not last.
save them for whom He has died.
O who will tell the sto - ry old,
Male Voices.
Sop. and Alto.
All. Unison.
The sto - ry of re - demption ev - er new? . . . . . O who will
Parts.
bring them to the fold? The Lord is wait - ing for you. (for you.)

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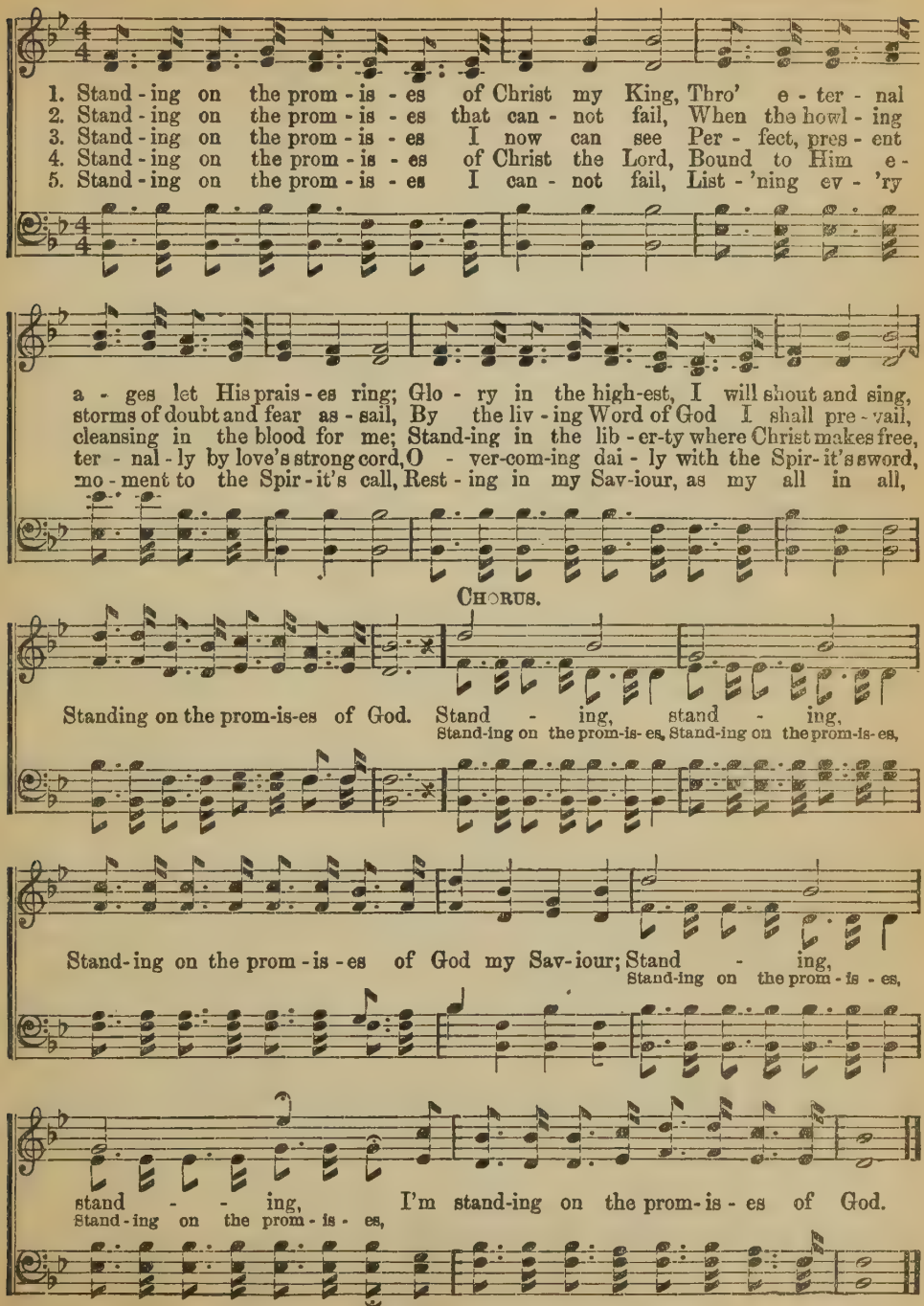
# No. 234. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing
3. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
4. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
5. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I can - not fail, List - 'ning ev - 'ry
a - ges let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er-ty where Christ makes free,
ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
mo - ment to the Spir - it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav-iour, as my all in all,
Chorus.
Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,
Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav-iour; Stand - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom - is - es,
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
Stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

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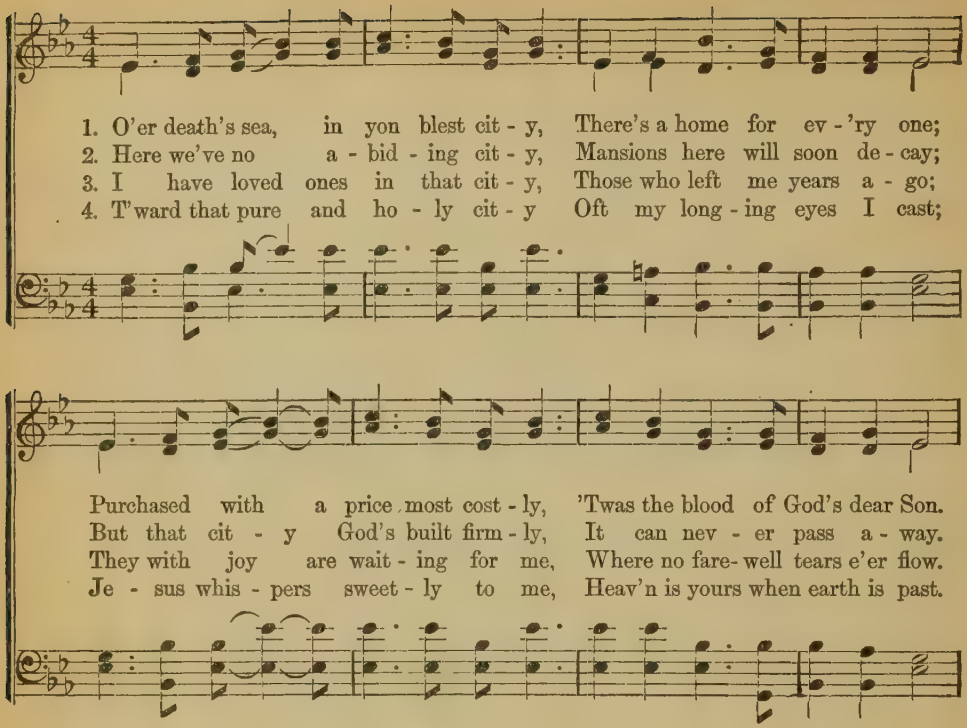
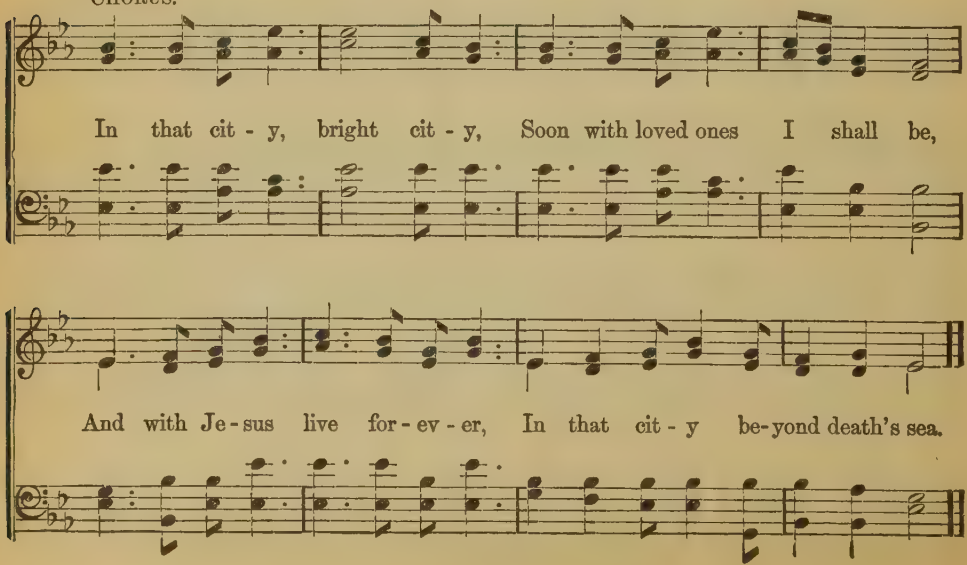
## No. 235. In that City.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

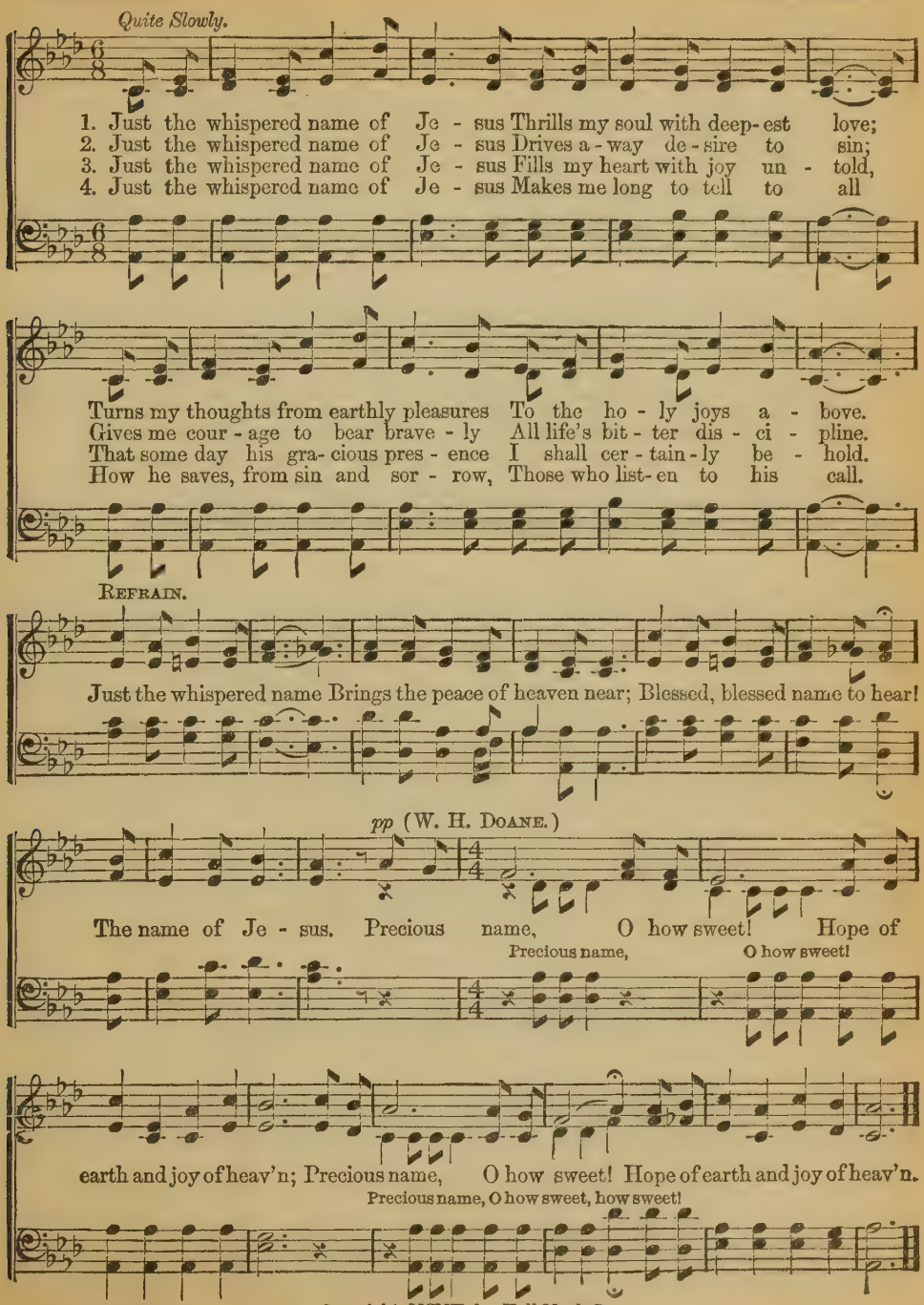

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit - y, There's a home for ev - 'ry one;
2. Here we've no a - bid - ing cit - y, Mansions here will soon de - cay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit - y, Those who left me years a - go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho - ly cit - y Oft my long - ing eyes I cast;
Purchased with a price most cost - ly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit - y God's built firm - ly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no fare - well tears e'er flow.
Je - sus whis - pers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.



# No. 236. Just the Whispered Name of Jesus.

EFFIE STEVENS. C. AUSTIN MILES.


Quite Slowly.
1. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Thrills my soul with deep- est love;
2. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Drives a - way de - sire to sin;
3. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Fills my heart with joy un - told,
4. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Makes me long to tell to all
Turns my thoughts from earthly pleasures To the ho - ly joys a - bove.
Gives me cour - age to bear brave - ly All life's bit - ter dis - ci - pline.
That some day his gra- cious pres - ence I shall cer - tain - ly be - hold.
How he saves, from sin and sor - row, Those who list- en to his call.
REFRAIN.
Just the whispered name Brings the peace of heaven near; Blessed, blessed name to hear!
pp (W. H. DOANE.)
The name of Je - sus. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Precious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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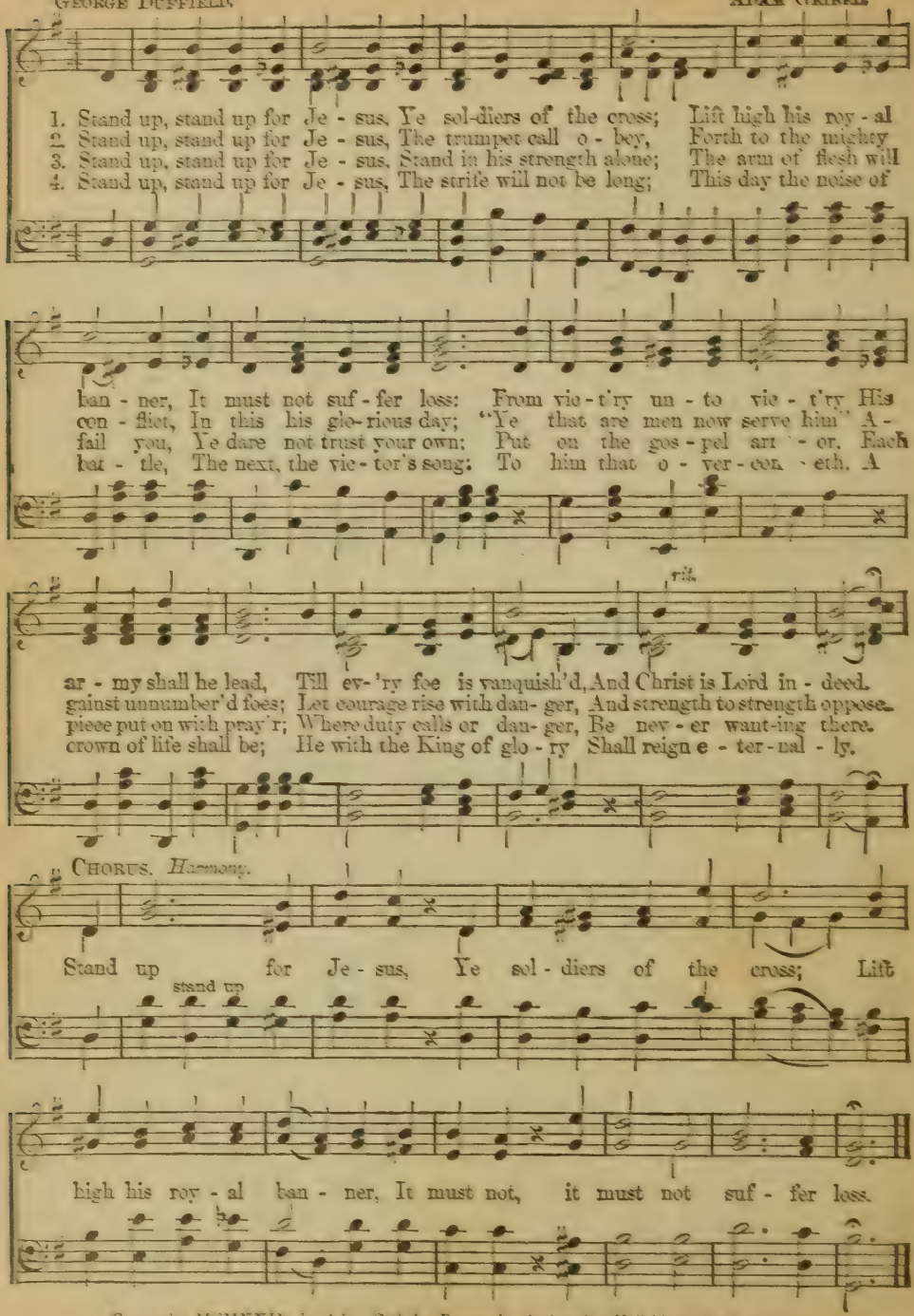
# No. 237. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty con - flict, In this his glo-rious day;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
"Ye that are men now serve him" A - gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
rit.
CHORUS. Harmony.
Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
stand up
high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

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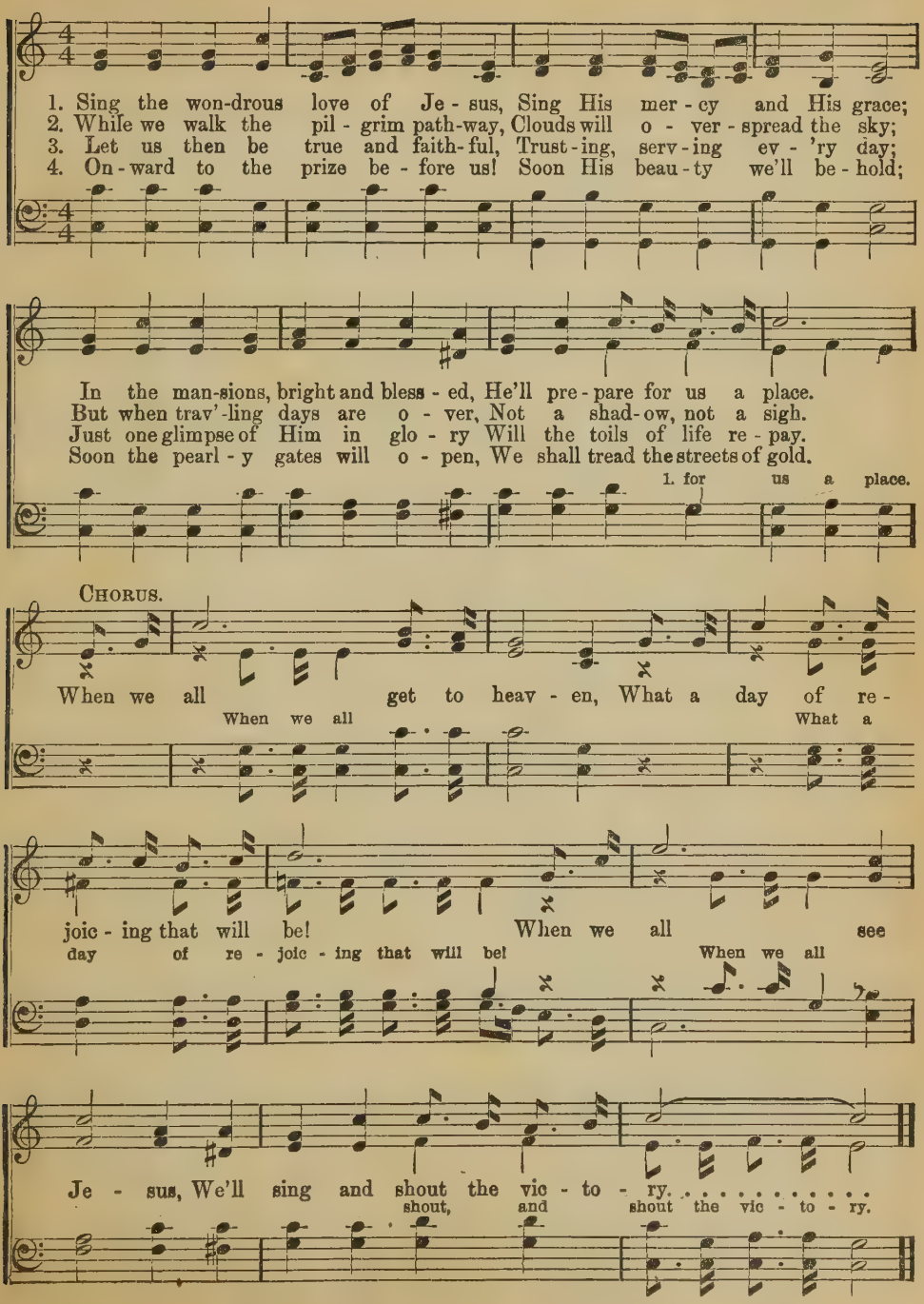
# No. 238. When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;
In the man-sions, bright and bless - ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when trav'-ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
1. for us a place.
Chorus.
When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re -
When we all
What a
joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be!
When we all
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.
shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.

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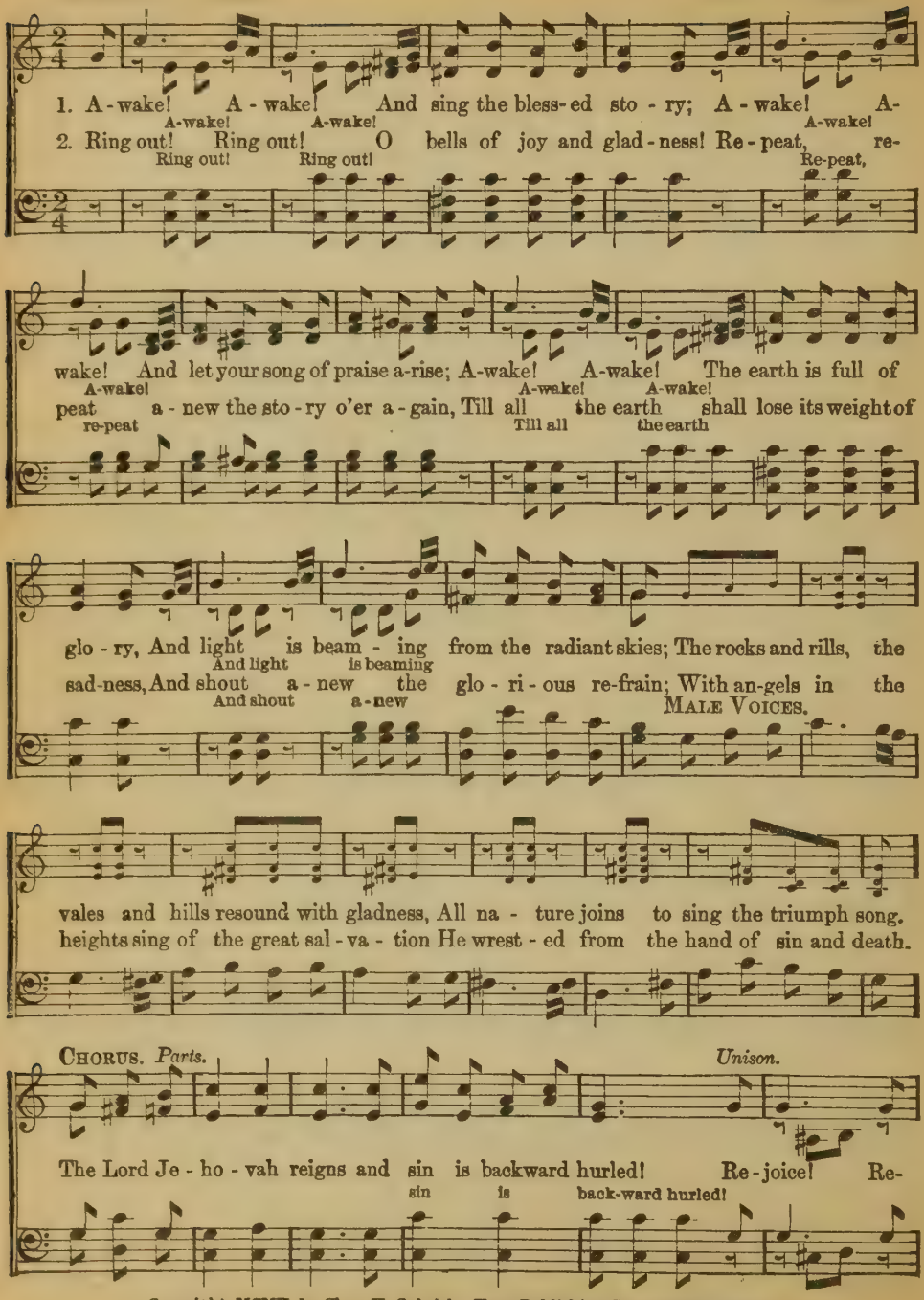
# No. 239. Awakening Chorus.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. A-wake! A-wake! And sing the bless-ed sto-ry; A-wake! A-
2. Ring out! Ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-peat, re-
A-wake! A-wake! A-wake!
Ring out! Ring out! Re-peat,
wake! And let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! A-wake! The earth is full of
peat a-new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the earth shall lose its weight of
A-wake! A-wake! A-wake!
re-peat Till all the earth
glo-ry, And light is beam-ing from the radiant skies; The rocks and rills, the
sad-ness, And shout a-new the glo-ri-ous re-frain; With an-gels in the
And light is beaming
And shout a-new
MALE VOICES.
vales and hills resound with gladness, All na-ture joins to sing the triumph song.
heights sing of the great sal-va-tion He wrest-ed from the hand of sin and death.
CHORUS. Parts. Unison.
The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns and sin is backward hurled! Re-joice! Re-
sin is back-ward hurled!

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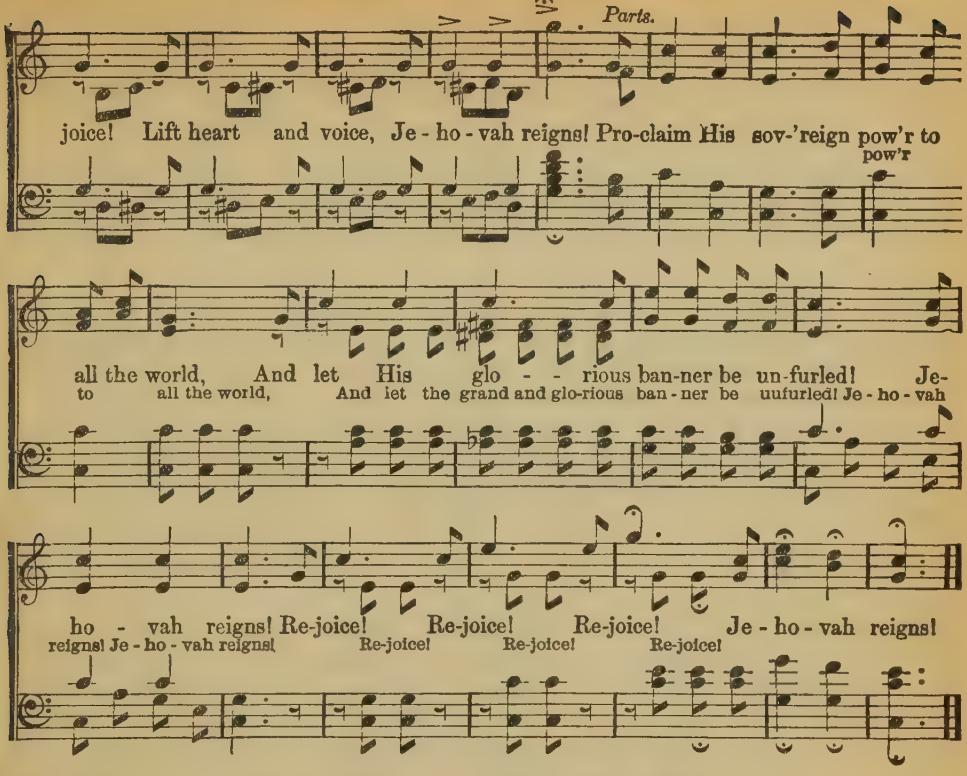
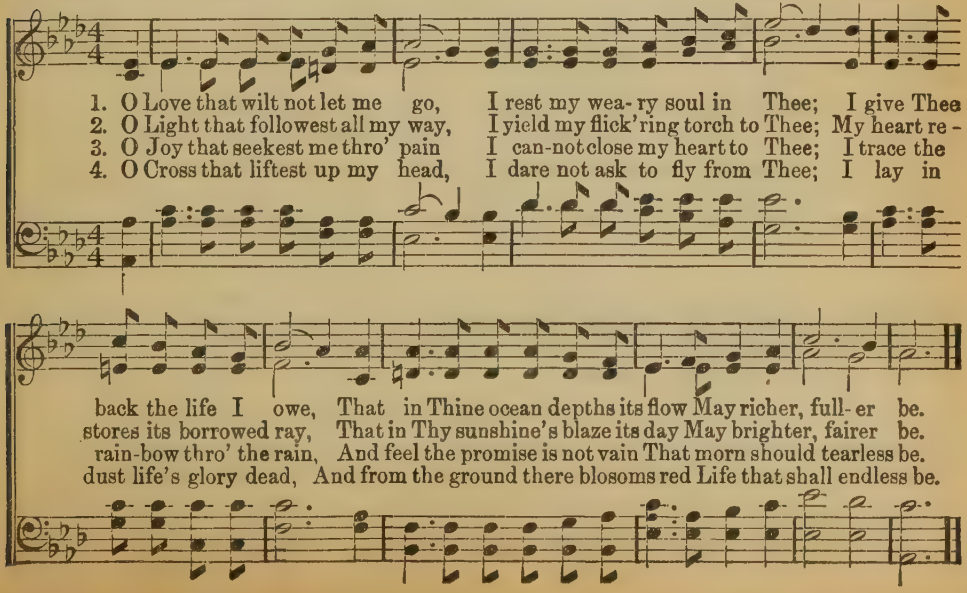
## Awakening Chorus.—Concluded.


Parts.
joice! Lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns! Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to
pow'r
all the world, And let His glo - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je-
to all the world, And let the grand and glo-rious ban-ner be uufurled! Je - ho - vah
ho - vah reigns! Re-joice! Re-joice! Re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns! Re-joice! Re-joice! Re-joice!

## No. 240. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

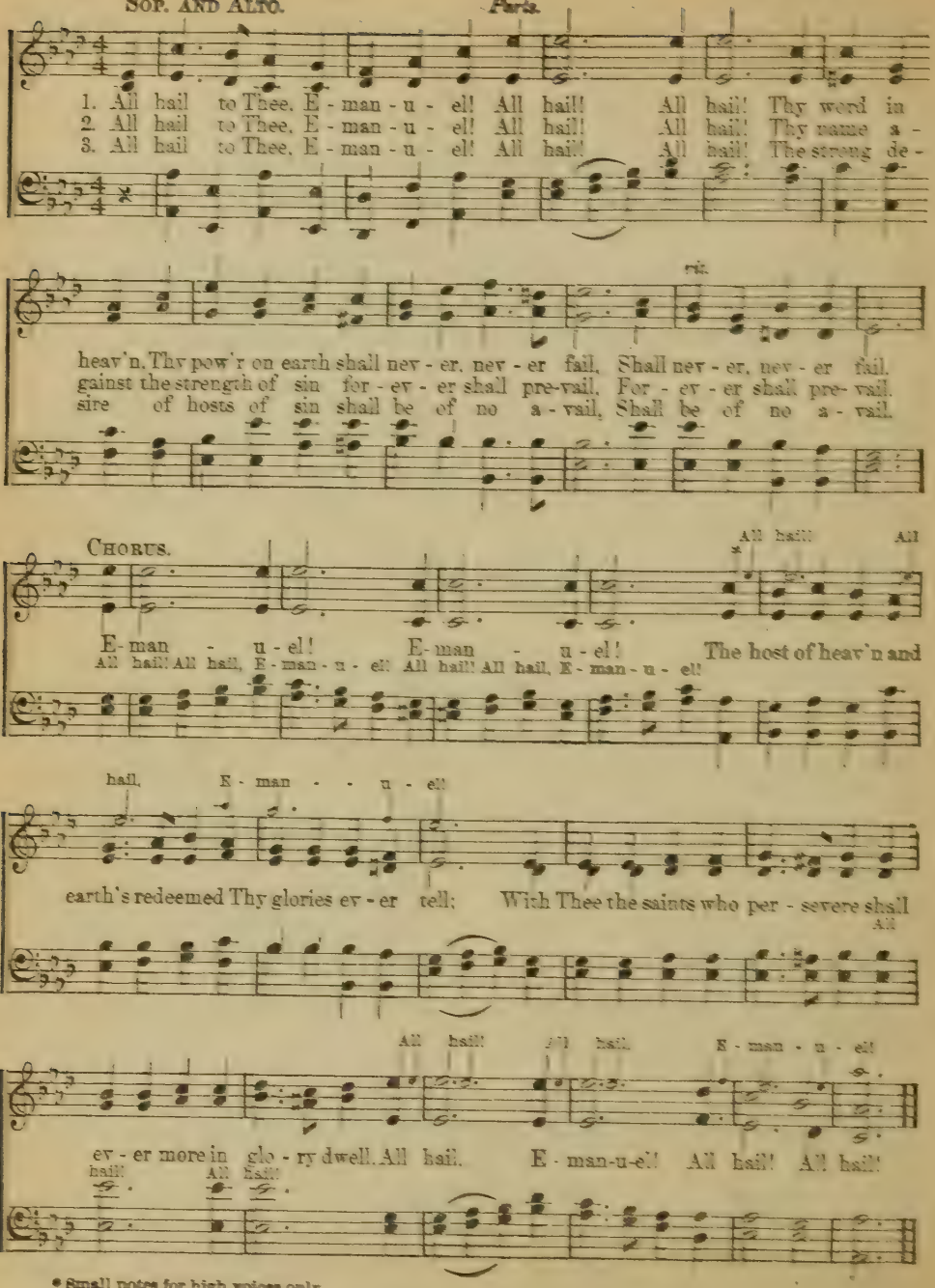
Rev. George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea- ry soul in Thee; I give Thee
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re -
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain I can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in
back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full- er be.
stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May brighter, fairer be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn should tearless be.
dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blosoms red Life that shall endless be.

# No. 241. Emanuel.

C. M. — C. Austin Miles

Sop. and Alto. — Parts.


1. All hail to Thee, E - man - u - el! All hail! All hail! Thy word in
2. All hail to Thee, E - man - u - el! All hail! All hail! Thy name a -
3. All hail to Thee, E - man - u - el! All hail! All hail! The strong de -
heav'n, Thy pow'r on earth shall nev - er, nev - er fail, Shall nev - er, nev - er fail.
gainst the strength of sin for - ev - er shall pre-vail, For - ev - er shall pre- vail.
sire of hosts of sin shall be of no a - vail, Shall be of no a - vail.
rit.
Chorus.
All hail! All
E-man - u - el! E-man - u - el! The host of heav'n and
All hail! All hail, E - man - u - el! All hail! All hail, E - man - u - el!
hail, E - man - - u - el!
earth's redeemed Thy glories ev - er tell; With Thee the saints who per - severe shall
All
All hail! All hail. E - man - u - el!
ev - er more in glo - ry dwell. All hail. E - man-u-el! All hail! All hail!
hail! All hail!

* Small notes for high voices only.

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# No. 242. Trusting in the Saviour.

LIDA S. LEECH. C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Soprano & Alto.*

1. Trusting in the Sav-iour, O 'tis wondrous sweet; Just to feel his presence,
2. Trusting in the Sav-iour, we can nev-er fail; 'Gainst the pow'rs of darkness,
3. O - ver hill and val-ley, swells the glad re - frain. Of his love and mer-cy,

worship at his feet. Thro' the passing moments, singing joyful praise, Un-to him who
we will e'er prevail. For his mighty pow-er, ev - er is the same, And he'll ne'er for-
ev - er more the same. Precious friend, and Saviour, with our hand in thine, We can never

CHORUS. *Two parts.* (*Molloy.*)

ev-er, crowns with love our days.
sake us, praise O praise his name.
fal-ter, held by love Di-vine.
} Trusting in the Saviour, O 'tis wondrous sweet,

Just to have him with us, wor-ship at his feet, Trusting in the Saviour, thro' each passing

*Parts.* *rit.*

day, Just to feel his presence, with us al - way, Yes with us al - way.

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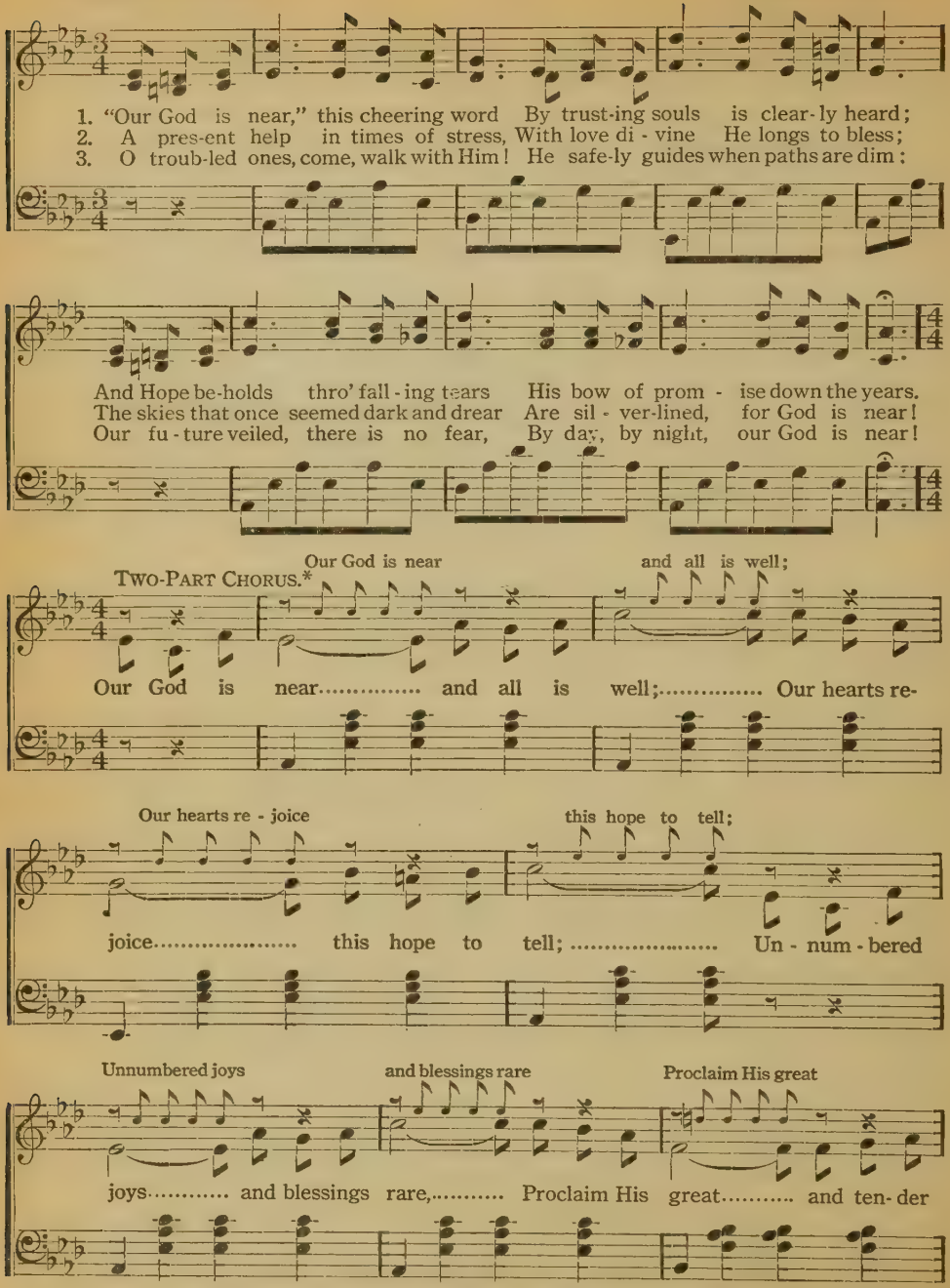
# No. 243. Our God is Near.

MATTIE B. SHANNON. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. "Our God is near," this cheering word By trust-ing souls is clear-ly heard;
2. A pres-ent help in times of stress, With love di-vine He longs to bless;
3. O troub-led ones, come, walk with Him! He safe-ly guides when paths are dim:
And Hope be-holds thro' fall-ing tears His bow of prom-ise down the years.
The skies that once seemed dark and drear Are sil-ver-lined, for God is near!
Our fu-ture veiled, there is no fear, By day, by night, our God is near!
TWO-PART CHORUS.*
Our God is near and all is well;
Our God is near..... and all is well;..... Our hearts re-
Our hearts re-joice this hope to tell;
joice..... this hope to tell; ..... Un-num-bered
Unnumbered joys and blessings rare Proclaim His great
joys..... and blessings rare,..... Proclaim His great..... and ten-der

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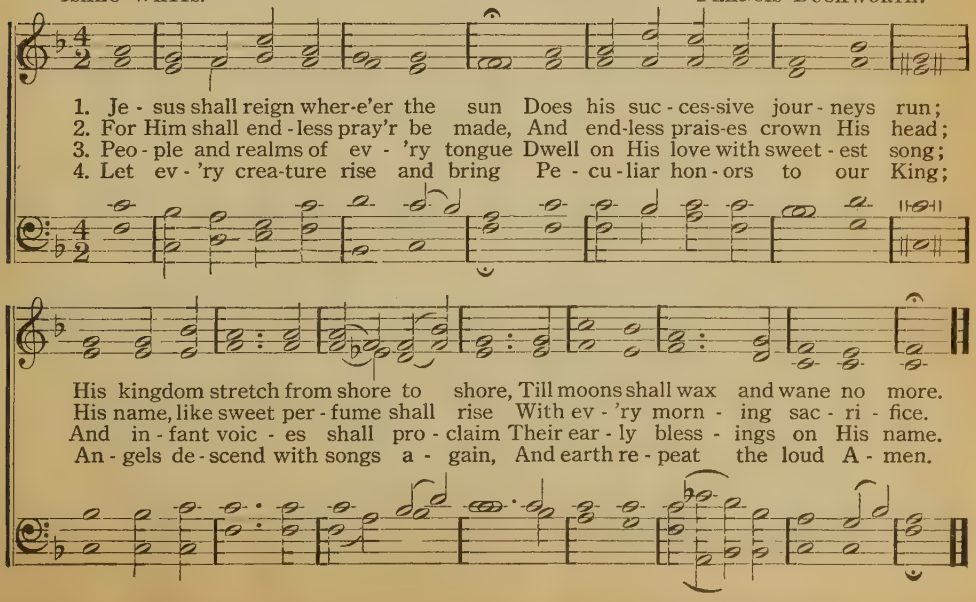
* The lower notes are the melody The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.

# Our God is Near.—Concluded.

and ten-der care:
care:..... Our God is near;..... He speaks His will,..... The tempests
MALE VOICES.
Two Parts.
O may it be
cease,..... the winds are still;..... O may it be..... our con-stant
our constant aim,
to praise His name!
rit.
aim,..... To trust His love,..... to praise His name!.....

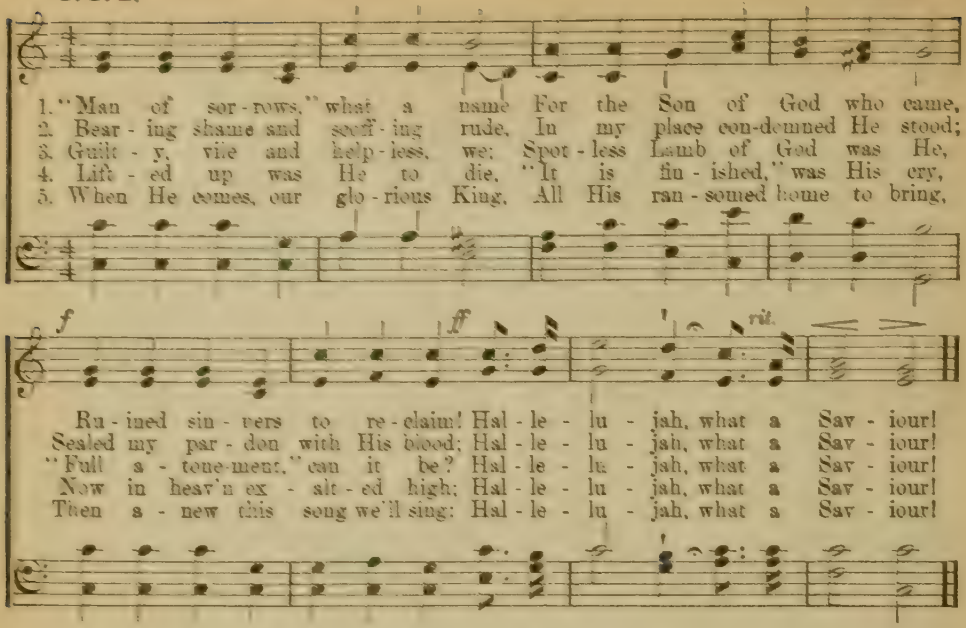
## No. 244. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

ISAAC WATTS. FRANCIS DUCKWORTH.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces-sive jour - neys run;
2. For Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song;
4. Let ev - 'ry crea-ture rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in - fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

## No. 245. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

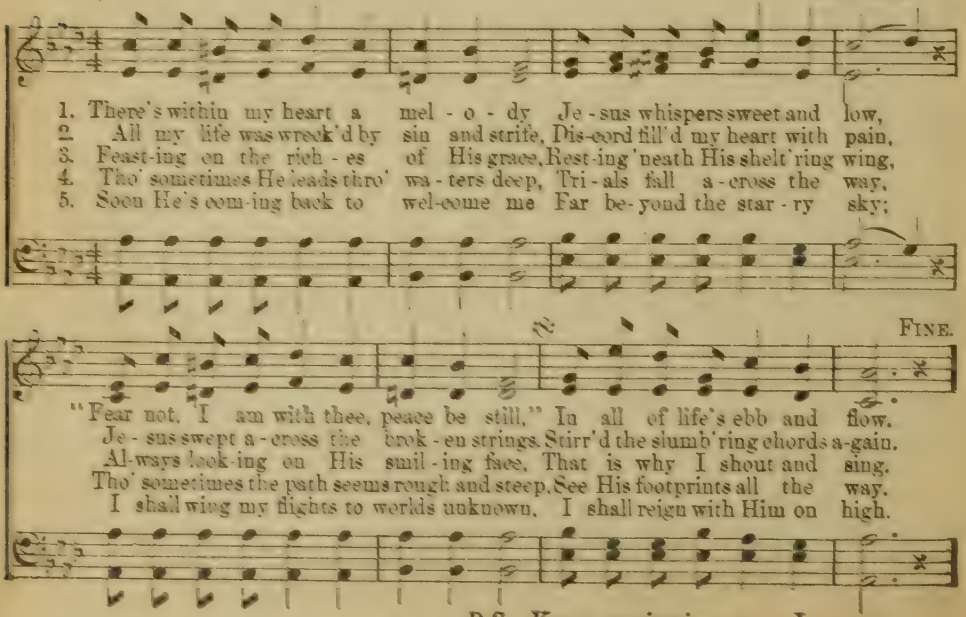
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Man of sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came,
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood;
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He,
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,
f
ff
rit.
Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
"Full a-tone-ment," can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!

## No. 246. He Keeps Me Singing.

(With credit to "Melody of Love." Theo. Presser Co., Phila.)

L. B. B. L. B. Bridgers.


1. There's within my heart a mel-o-dy Je-sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wreck'd by sin and strife, Dis-cord fill'd my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Rest-ing 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' wa-ters deep, Tri-als fall a-cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;
Fine.
"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je-sus swept a-cross the brok-en strings, Stirr'd the slumb'ring chords a-gain.
Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flights to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.
D.S.—Keeps me sing-ing as I go.

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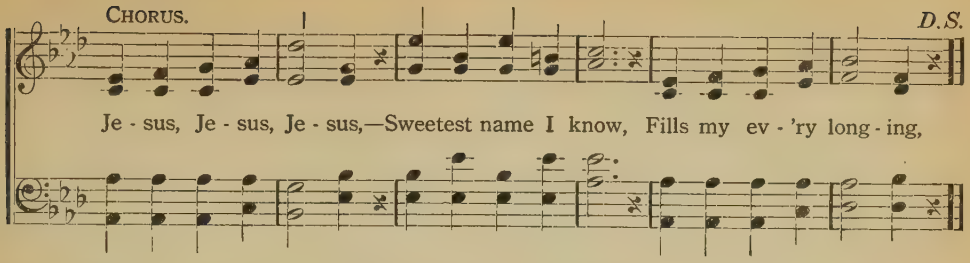
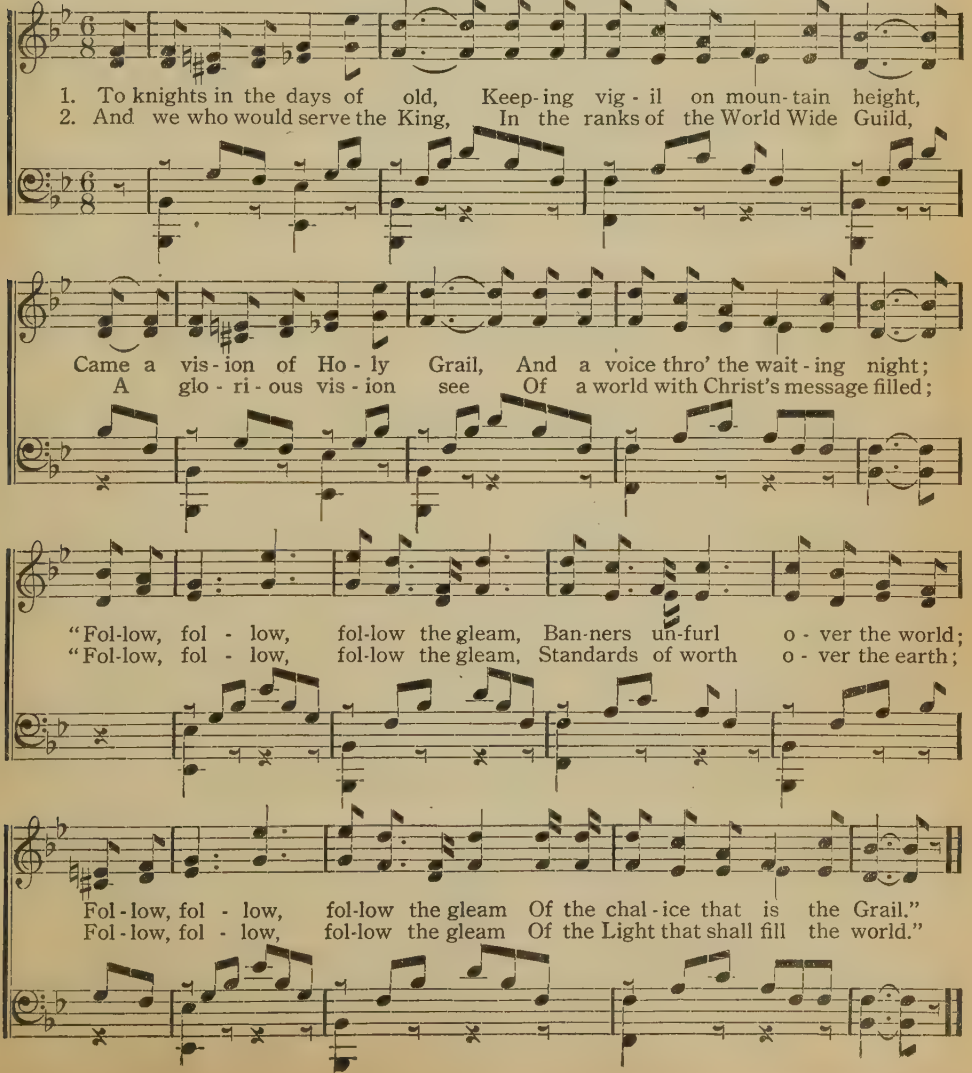



## No. 247. Follow the Gleam.

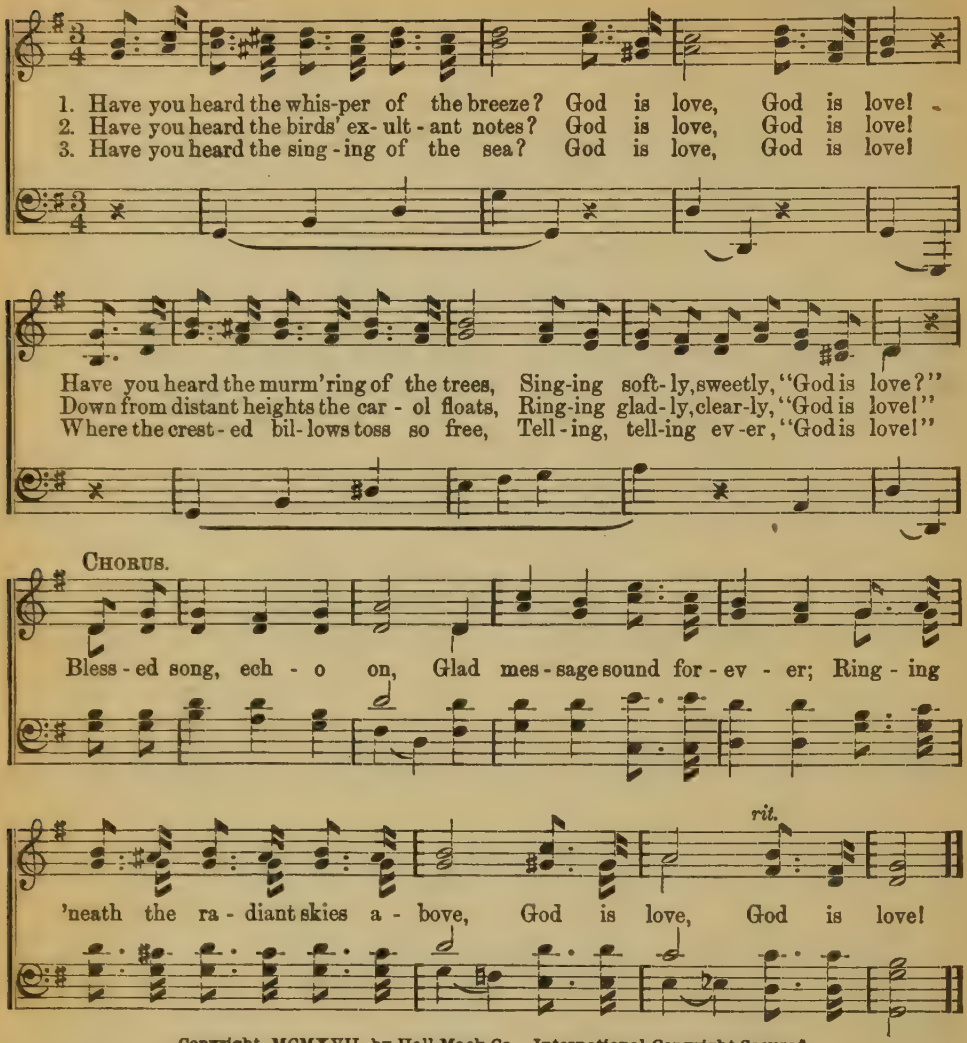
(A WORLD WIDE GUILD SONG.)


1. To knights in the days of old, Keep-ing vig - il on moun-tain height,
2. And we who would serve the King, In the ranks of the World Wide Guild,
Came a vis - ion of Ho - ly Grail, And a voice thro' the wait - ing night;
A glo - ri - ous vis - ion see Of a world with Christ's message filled;
"Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam, Ban-ners un-furl o - ver the world;
"Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam, Standards of worth o - ver the earth;
Fol - low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam Of the chal - ice that is the Grail."
Fol - low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam Of the Light that shall fill the world."

## No. 248. God is Love.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.
SOP. AND ALTO.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)


1. Have you heard the whis-per of the breeze? God is love, God is love!
2. Have you heard the birds' ex-ult-ant notes? God is love, God is love!
3. Have you heard the sing-ing of the sea? God is love, God is love!
Have you heard the murm'ring of the trees, Sing-ing soft-ly, sweetly, "God is love?"
Down from distant heights the car-ol floats, Ring-ing glad-ly, clear-ly, "God is love!"
Where the crest-ed bil-lows toss so free, Tell-ing, tell-ing ev-er, "God is love!"
CHORUS.
Bless-ed song, ech-o on, Glad mes-sage sound for-ev-er; Ring-ing
rit.
'neath the ra-diant skies a-bove, God is love, God is love!

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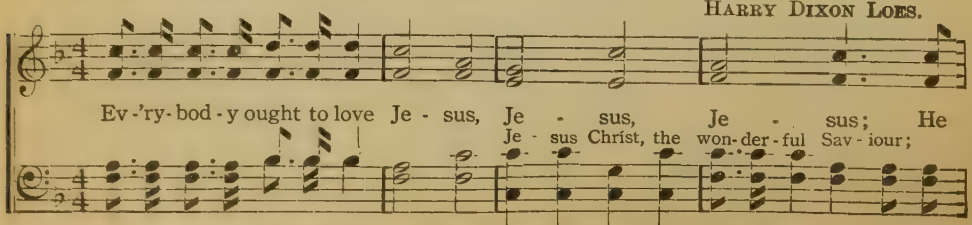
## No. 249. Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

HARRY DIXON LOES.

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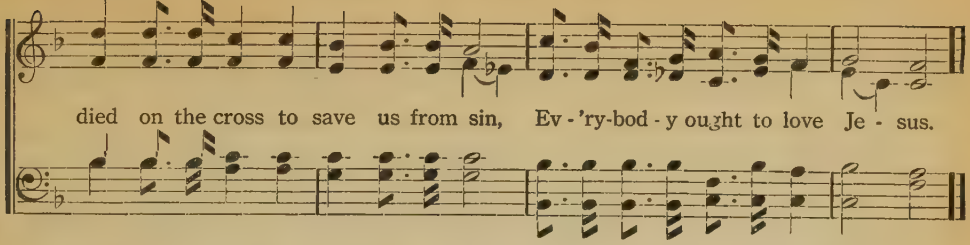
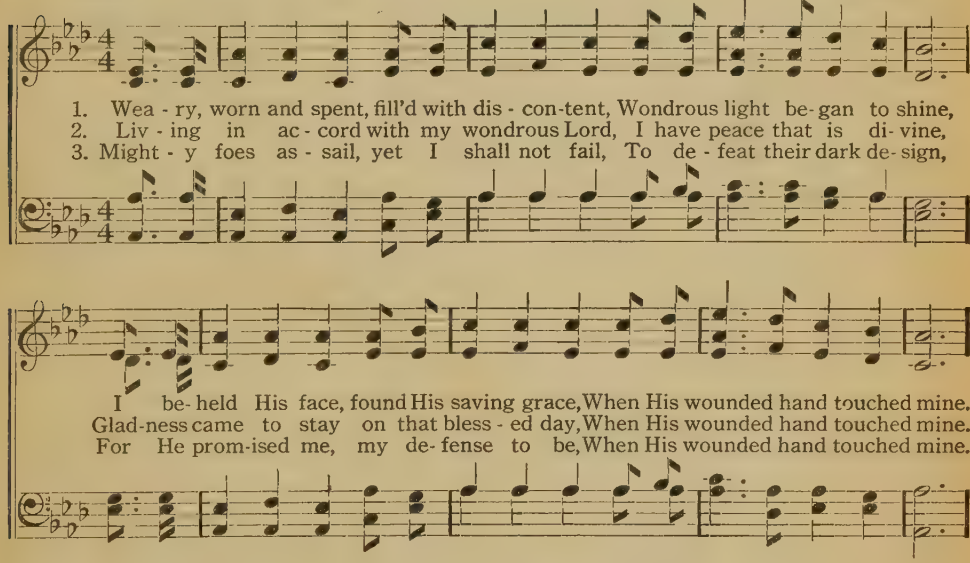
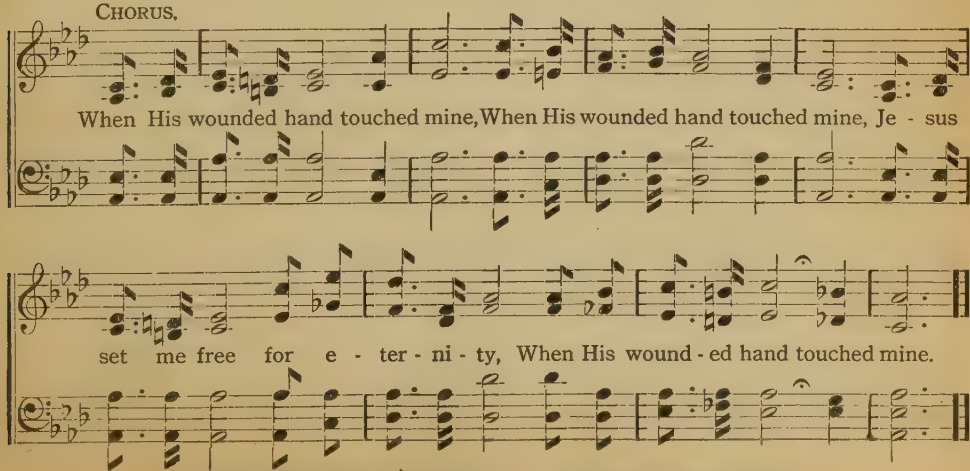
## Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.—Concluded.




## No. 250. When His Wounded Hand Touched Mine.

JAMES ROWE. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. Wea-ry, worn and spent, fill'd with dis-con-tent, Wondrous light be-gan to shine,
2. Liv-ing in ac-cord with my wondrous Lord, I have peace that is di-vine,
3. Might-y foes as-sail, yet I shall not fail, To de-feat their dark de-sign,
I be-held His face, found His saving grace, When His wounded hand touched mine.
Glad-ness came to stay on that bless-ed day, When His wounded hand touched mine.
For He prom-ised me, my de-fense to be, When His wounded hand touched mine.


CHORUS.
When His wounded hand touched mine, When His wounded hand touched mine, Je-sus
set me free for e-ter-ni-ty, When His wound-ed hand touched mine.

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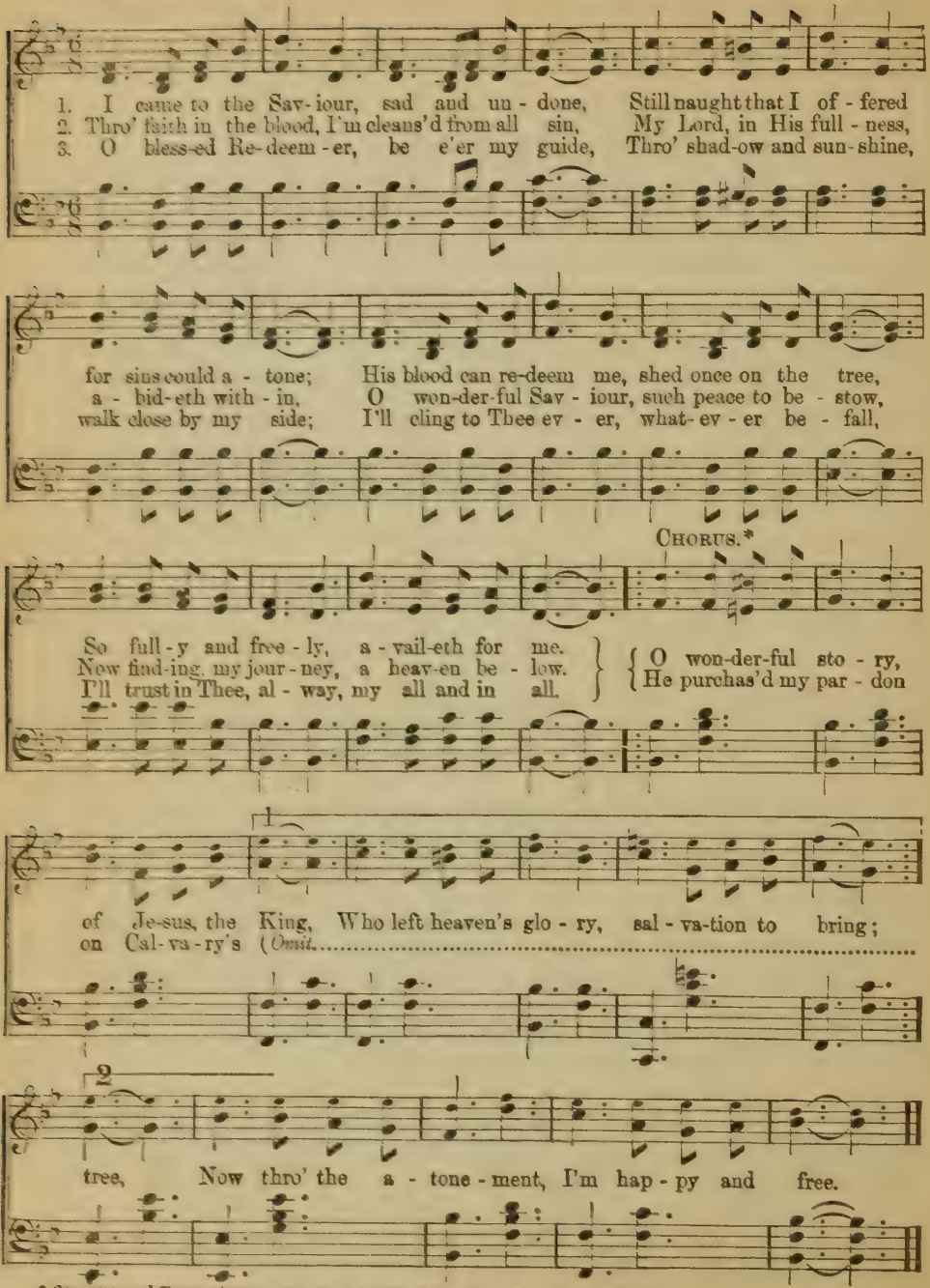
# No. 251. Wonderful Story.

Lida Shivers Leech — John Arnett. Arr. by L. S. H.


1. I came to the Sav-iour, sad and un-done, Still naught that I of-fered
2. Thro' faith in the blood, I'm cleans'd from all sin, My Lord, in His full-ness,
3. O bless-ed Re-deem-er, be e'er my guide, Thro' shad-ow and sun-shine,
for sins could a-tone; His blood can re-deem me, shed once on the tree,
a-bid-eth with-in, O won-der-ful Sav-iour, such peace to be-stow,
walk close by my side; I'll cling to Thee ev-er, what-ev-er be-fall,
Chorus.*
So full-y and free-ly, a-vail-eth for me.
Now find-ing my jour-ney, a heav-en be-low.
I'll trust in Thee, al-way, my all and in all.
O won-der-ful sto-ry,
He purchas'd my par-don
of Je-sus, the King, Who left heaven's glo-ry, sal-va-tion to bring;
on Cal-va-ry's (Omit.....
2
tree, Now thro' the a-tone-ment, I'm hap-py and free.

* Soprano and Tenor sing grace notes; Alto and Bass large notes of top staff.

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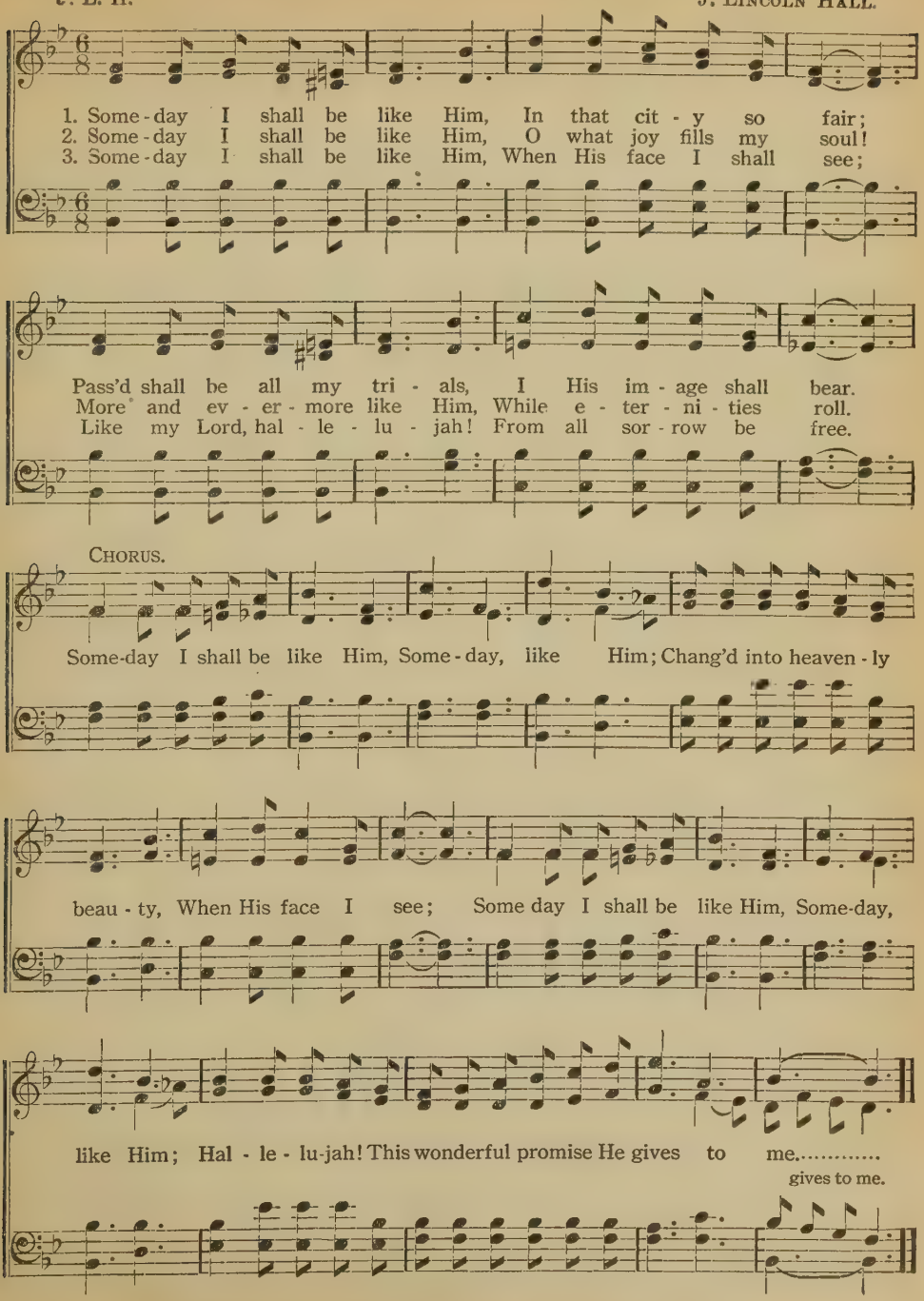
# No. 252. Someday I Shall Be Like Him.

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Some-day I shall be like Him, In that cit-y so fair;
2. Some-day I shall be like Him, O what joy fills my soul!
3. Some-day I shall be like Him, When His face I shall see;
Pass'd shall be all my tri-als, I His im-age shall bear.
More and ev-er-more like Him, While e-ter-ni-ties roll.
Like my Lord, hal-le-lu-jah! From all sor-row be free.
Chorus.
Some-day I shall be like Him, Some-day, like Him; Chang'd into heaven-ly
beau-ty, When His face I see; Some day I shall be like Him, Some-day,
like Him; Hal-le-lu-jah! This wonderful promise He gives to me.....
gives to me.

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## No. 253. I Would Be True.

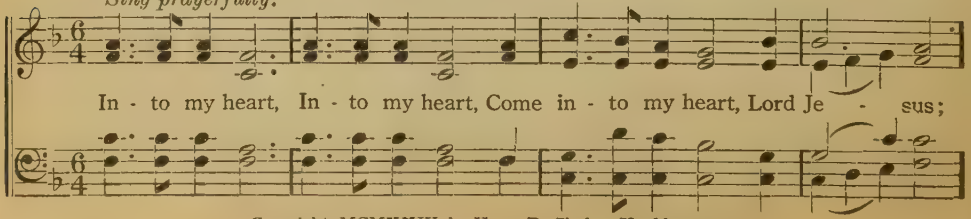
HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER. (PEEK.) JOSEPH YATES PEEK.

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
2. I would be friend of all— the foe, the friend - less; I would be
pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
giv - ing, and for - get the gift, I would be hum - ble,
there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is
for I know my weak - ness; I would look up, and laugh, and
much to dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
love, and lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

## No. 254. Into My Heart.

H. D. C. (MY PRAYER.) HARRY D. CLARKE.

*Sing prayerfully.*

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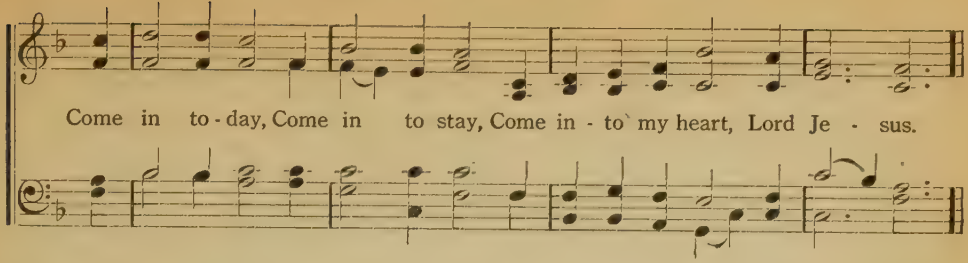
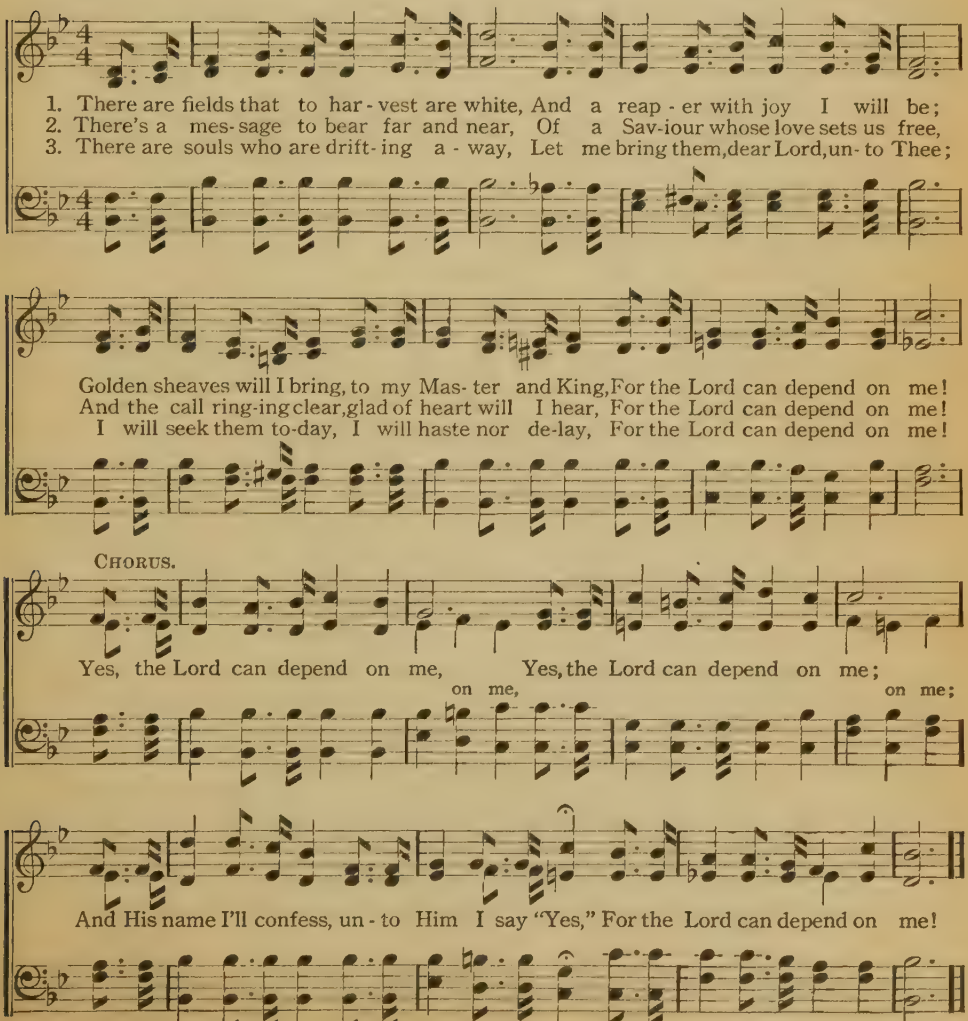
## Into My Heart.—Concluded.




## No. 255. Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. There are fields that to har - vest are white, And a reap - er with joy I will be;
2. There's a mes-sage to bear far and near, Of a Sav-iour whose love sets us free,
3. There are souls who are drift - ing a - way, Let me bring them, dear Lord, un - to Thee;
Golden sheaves will I bring, to my Mas - ter and King, For the Lord can depend on me!
And the call ring-ing clear, glad of heart will I hear, For the Lord can depend on me!
I will seek them to-day, I will haste nor de-lay, For the Lord can depend on me!
CHORUS.
Yes, the Lord can depend on me, Yes, the Lord can depend on me;
on me, on me;
And His name I'll confess, un - to Him I say "Yes," For the Lord can depend on me!

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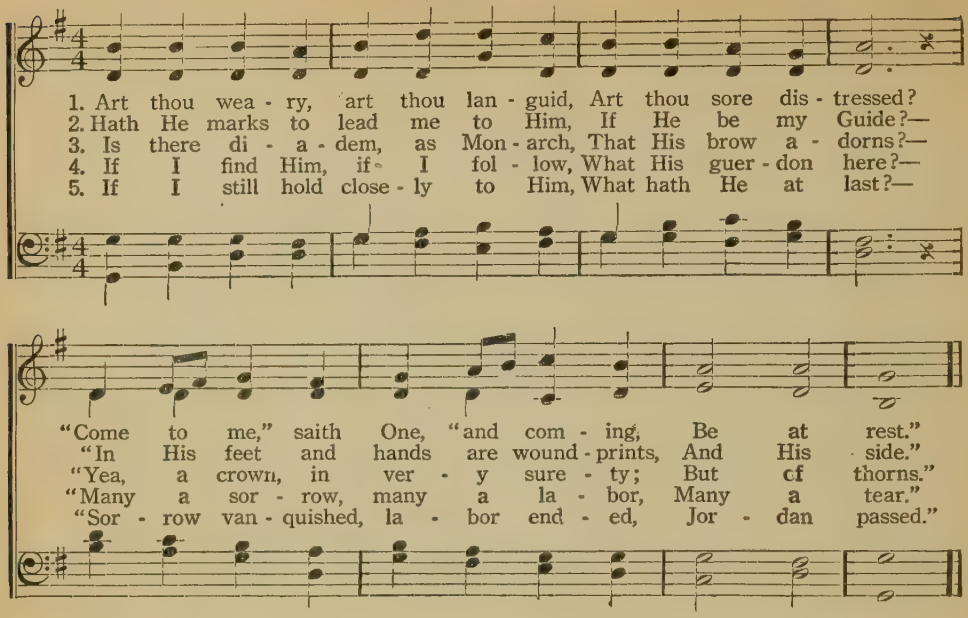
## No. 256. Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid.

JOHN MASON NEALE. (STEPHANOS.) HENRY W. BAKER.

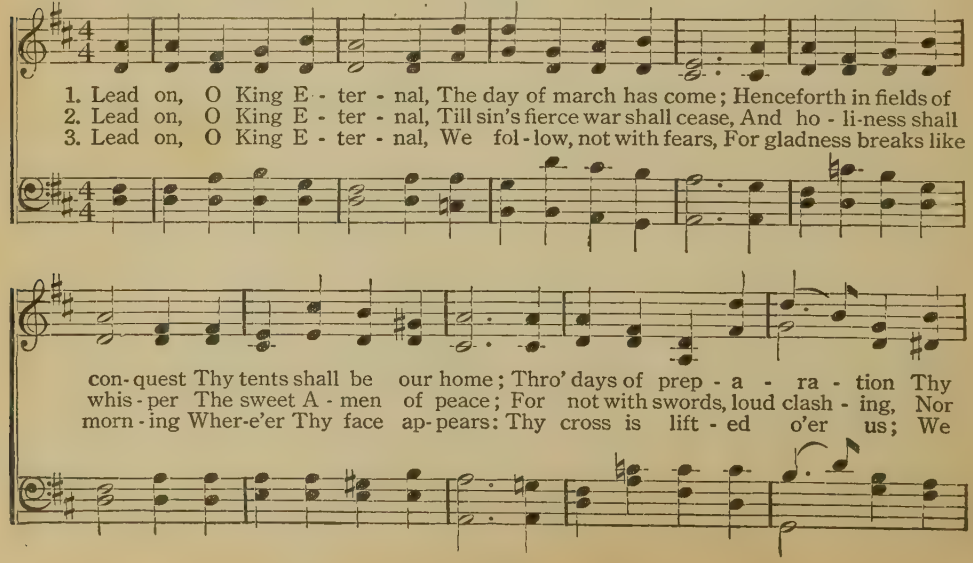

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?—
3. Is there di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?—
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?—
5. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?—
"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty; But of thorns."
"Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear."
"Sor - row van - quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

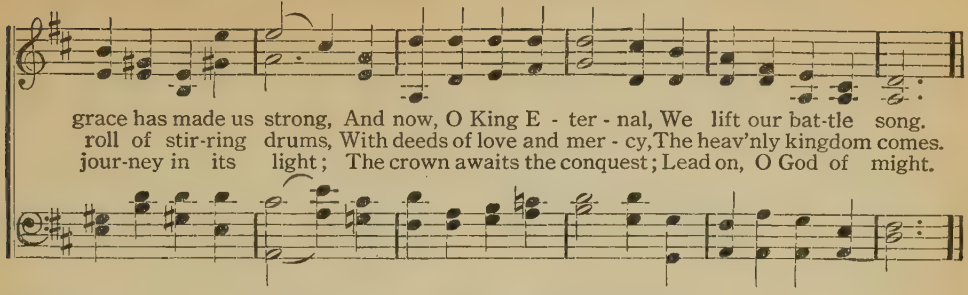
7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?—
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"

## No. 257. Lead On, O King Eternal.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF. (LANCASHIRE.) HENRY SMART.


1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And ho - li-ness shall
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears, For gladness breaks like
con - quest Thy tents shall be our home; Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy
whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For not with swords, loud clash - ing, Nor
morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears: Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We

## Lead On, O King Eternal.—Concluded.


grace has made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat-tle song.
roll of stir-ring drums, With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'nly kingdom comes.
jour-ney in its light; The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might.

## No. 258. The Day of Resurrection.

(TUNE ABOVE.)

1 The day of resurrection,—
Earth, tell it out abroad,—
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

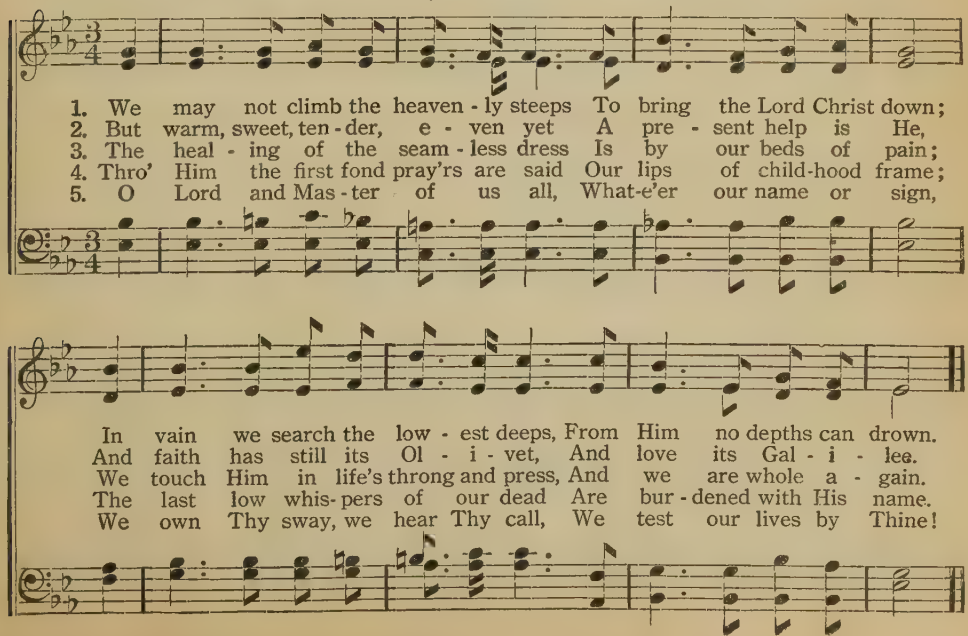
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light,
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph
And all there is within,
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

—John of Damascus. Translated by JOHN M. NEALE.

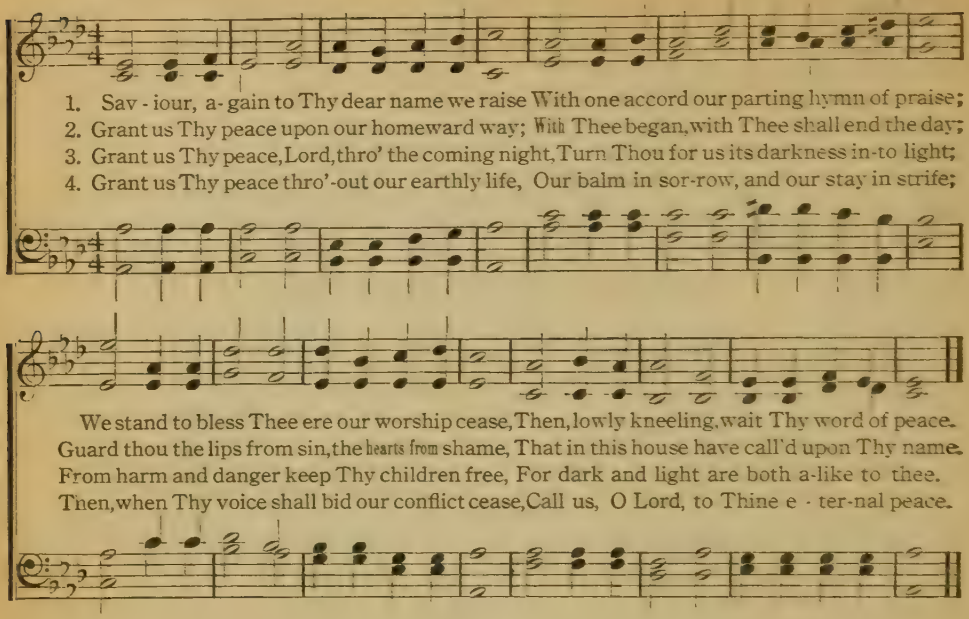
## No. 259. We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. (SERENITY.) WILLIAM V. WALLACE.


1. We may not climb the heaven - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pre - sent help is He,
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,
In vain we search the low - est deeps, From Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whis - pers of our dead Are bur - dened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

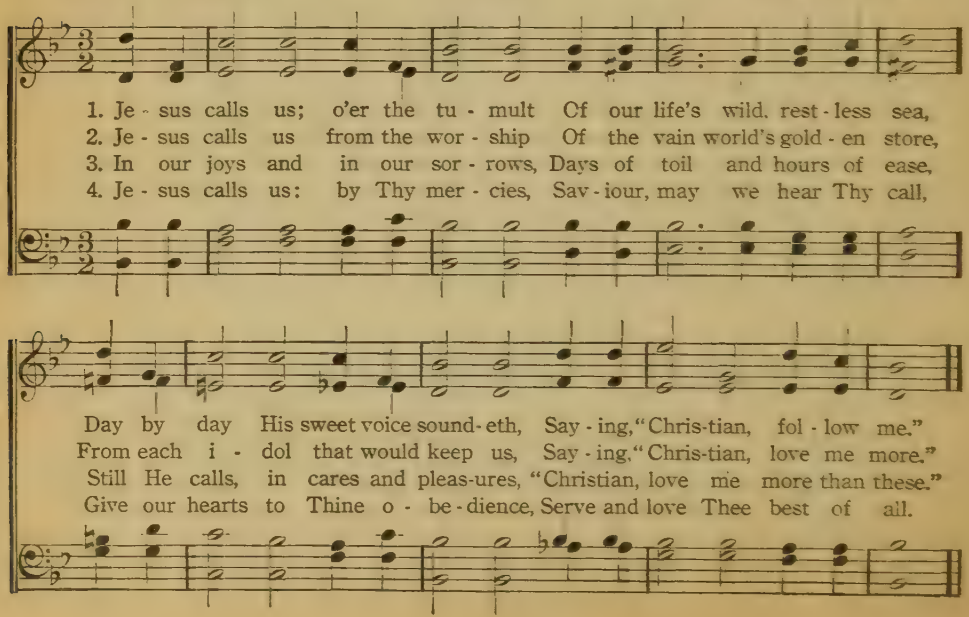
## No. 260. Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

JOHN ELLERTON. (ELLERS.) EDWARD J. HOPKINS.


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness in-to light;
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earthly life, Our balm in sor-row, and our stay in strife;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd upon Thy name.
From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a-like to thee.
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter-nal peace.

## No. 261. Jesus Calls; O'er the Tumult.

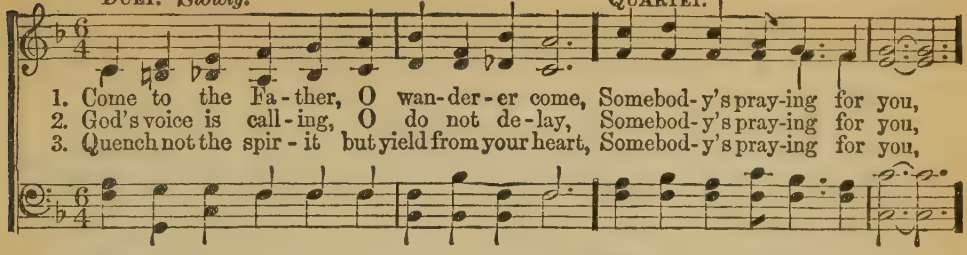
CECIL F. ALEXANDER. (GALILEE.) WILLIAM H. JUDE.


1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call,
Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris-tian, love me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures, "Christian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

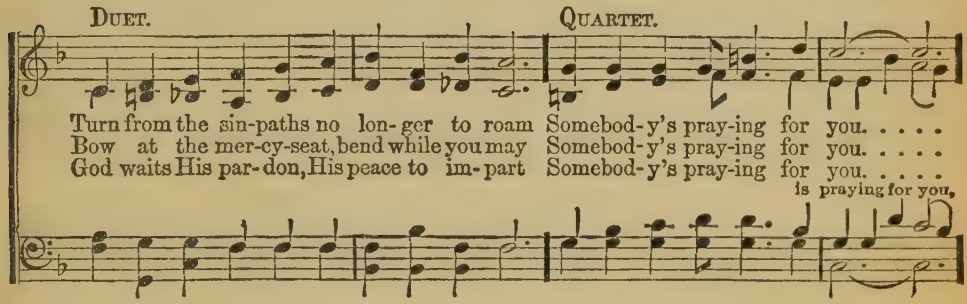
# No. 262. Somebody's Praying for You.

IDA L. REED. C. AUSTIN MILES.

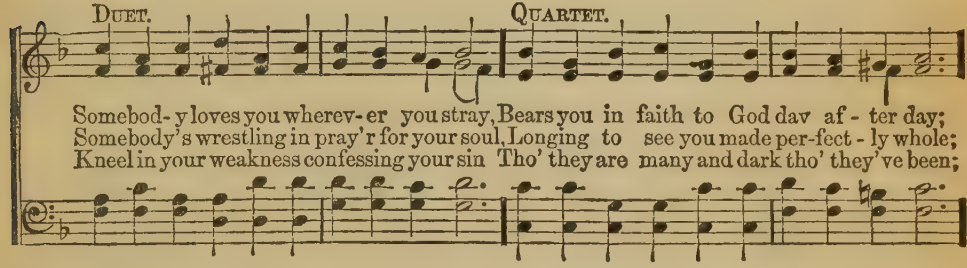
DUET. *Slowly.* QUARTET.


1. Come to the Fa-ther, O wan-der-er come, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you,
2. God's voice is call-ing, O do not de-lay, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you,
3. Quench not the spir-it but yield from your heart, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you,

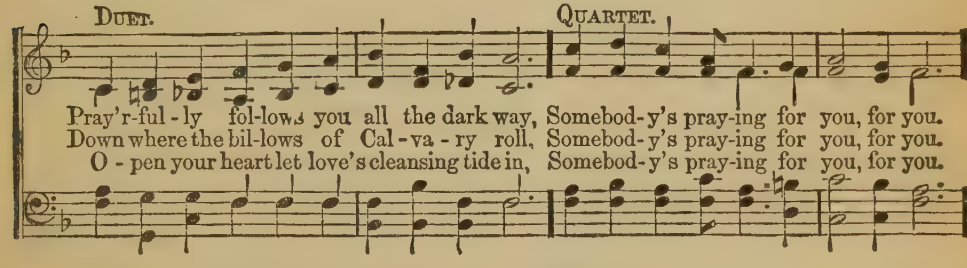
DUET. QUARTET.


Turn from the sin-paths no lon-ger to roam Somebod-y's pray-ing for you. . . . .
Bow at the mer-cy-seat, bend while you may Somebod-y's pray-ing for you. . . . .
God waits His par-don, His peace to im-part Somebod-y's pray-ing for you. . . . .
is praying for you,

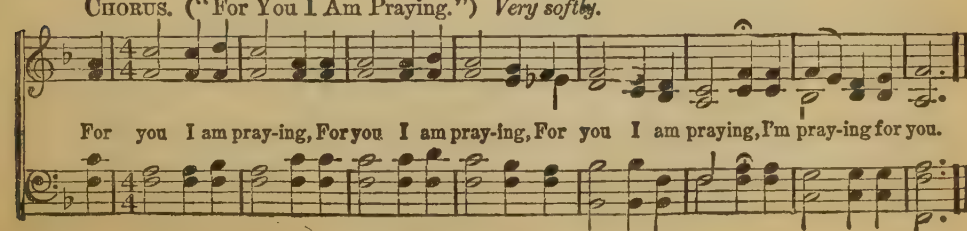
DUET. QUARTET.


Somebod-y loves you wherev-er you stray, Bears you in faith to God dav af-ter day;
Somebody's wrestling in pray'r for your soul, Longing to see you made per-fect-ly whole;
Kneel in your weakness confessing your sin Tho' they are many and dark tho' they've been;

DUET. QUARTET.


Pray'r-ful-ly fol-lows you all the dark way, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.
Down where the bil-lows of Cal-va-ry roll, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.
O-pen your heart let love's cleansing tide in, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.

CHORUS. ("For You I Am Praying.") *Very softly.*

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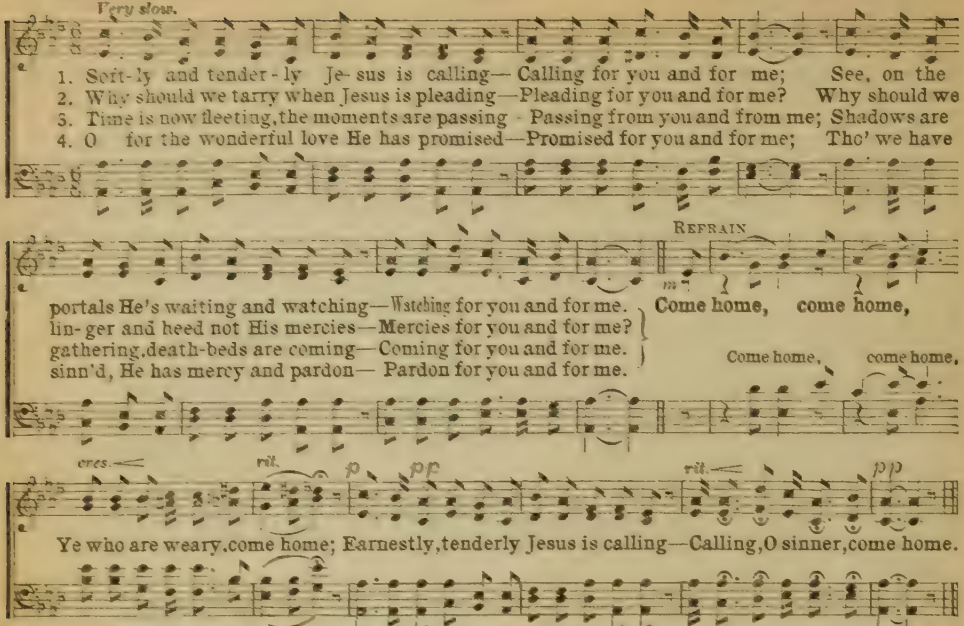
## No. 263. For You and for Me.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.


Very slow.
1. Soft-ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling— Calling for you and for me; See, on the
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading—Pleading for you and for me? Why should we
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing - Passing from you and from me; Shadows are
4. O for the wonderful love He has promised—Promised for you and for me; Tho' we have
REFRAIN
portals He's waiting and watching—Watching for you and for me.
lin-ger and heed not His mercies—Mercies for you and for me?
gathering, death-beds are coming—Coming for you and for me.
sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon— Pardon for you and for me.
Come home, come home,
Come home, come home,
cres.
rit.
p
pp
rit.
pp
Ye who are weary, come home; Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling—Calling, O sinner, come home.

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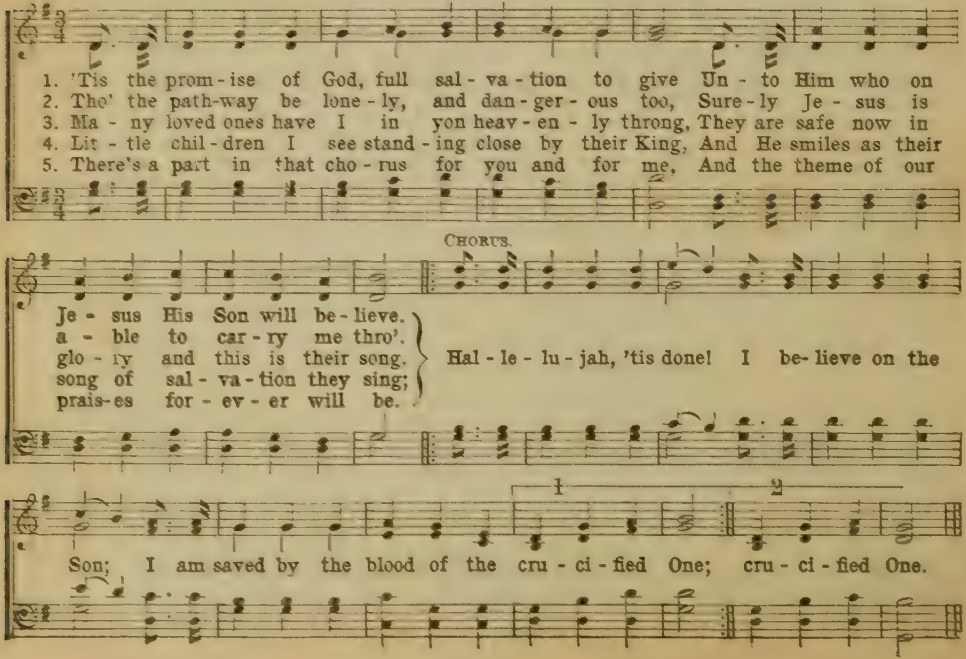
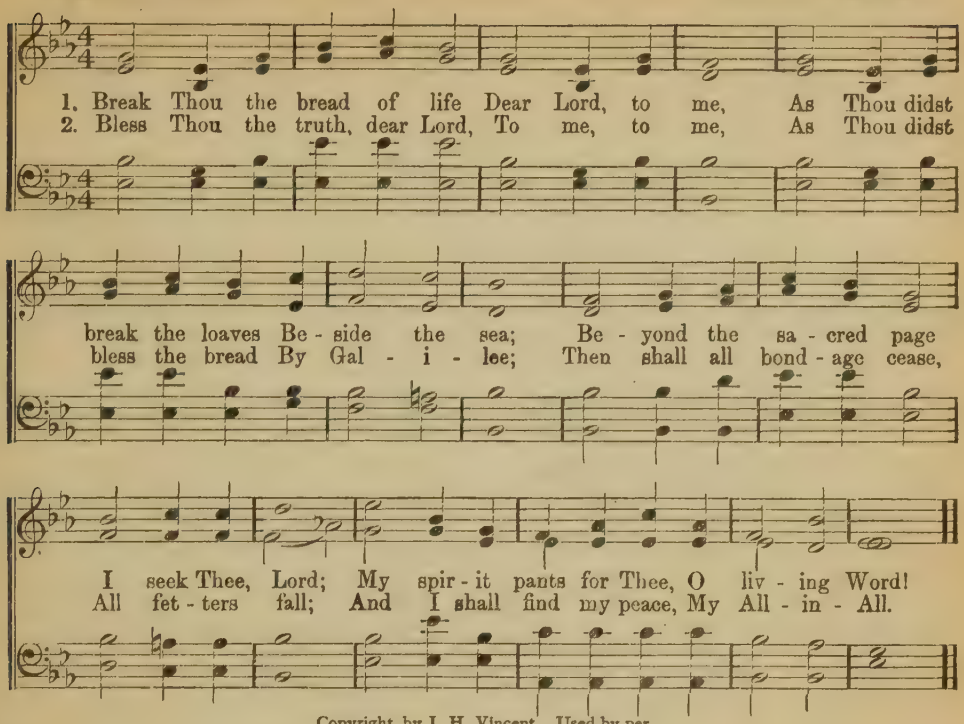
## No. 264. Hallelujah, 'Tis Done.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal-va-tion to give Un-to Him who on
2. Tho' the path-way be lone-ly, and dan-ger-ous too, Sure-ly Je-sus is
3. Ma-ny loved ones have I in yon heav-en-ly throng, They are safe now in
4. Lit-tle chil-dren I see stand-ing close by their King, And He smiles as their
5. There's a part in that cho-rus for you and for me, And the theme of our
CHORUS.
Je-sus His Son will be-lieve.
a-ble to car-ry me thro'.
glo-ry and this is their song.
song of sal-va-tion they sing;
prais-es for-ev-er will be.
Hal-le-lu-jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the
1
2
Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru-ci-fied One; cru-ci-fied One.

## No. 265. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.


1. Break Thou the bread of life Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All.

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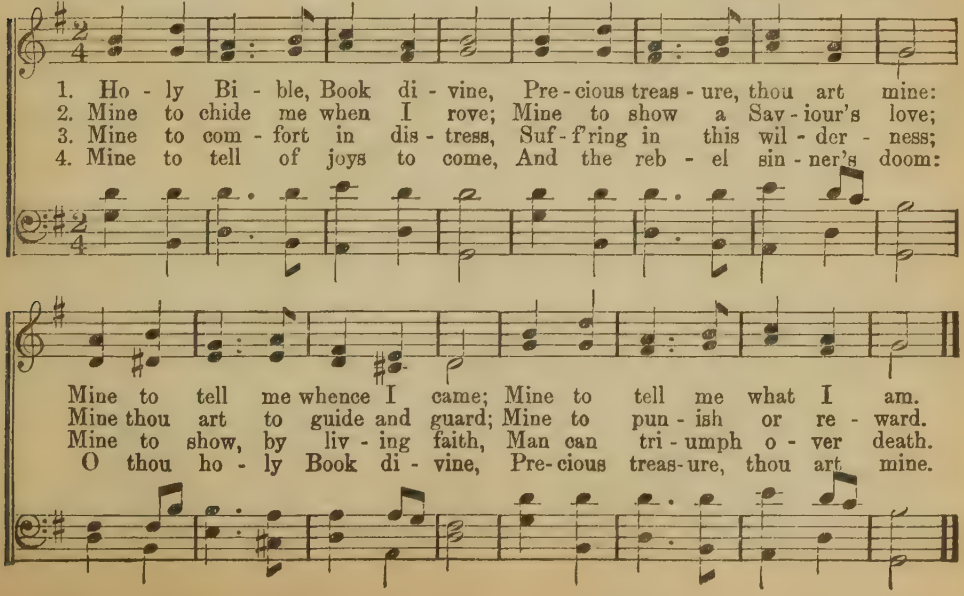
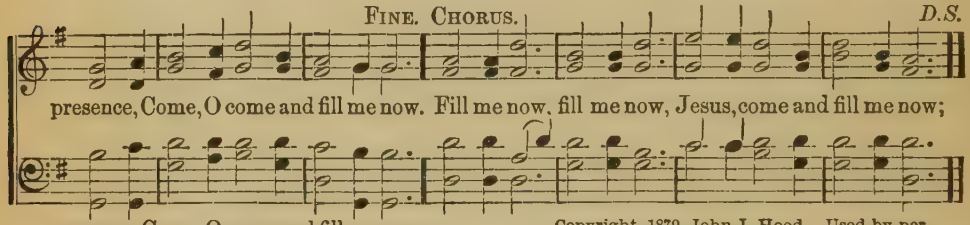
## No. 266. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

JOHN BURTON. IGNACE J. PLEYEL.


1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - iour's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:
Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am.
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

## No. 267. Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. John R. Sweney.


Fine. Chorus.
D.S.
presence, Come, O come and fill me now. Fill me now, fill me now, Jesus, come and fill me now;
presence, Come, O come and fill me now.

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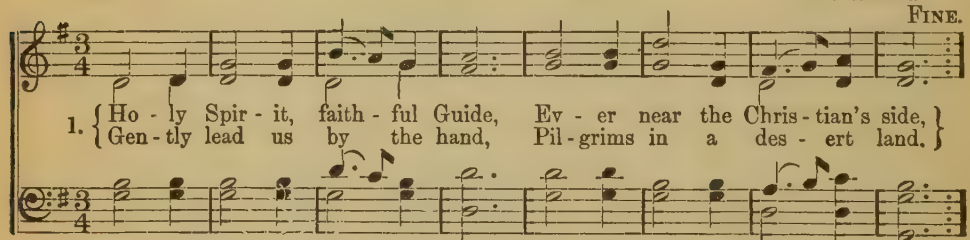
2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;
Come, O come and fill me now.

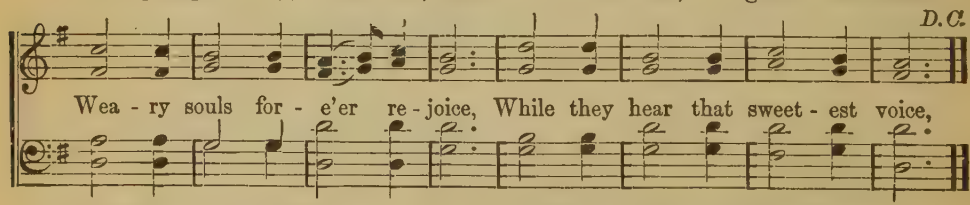
3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

## No. 268. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.


Fine.
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.
D.C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."




2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep in dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

# Songs of Faith and Triumph, No. 3.

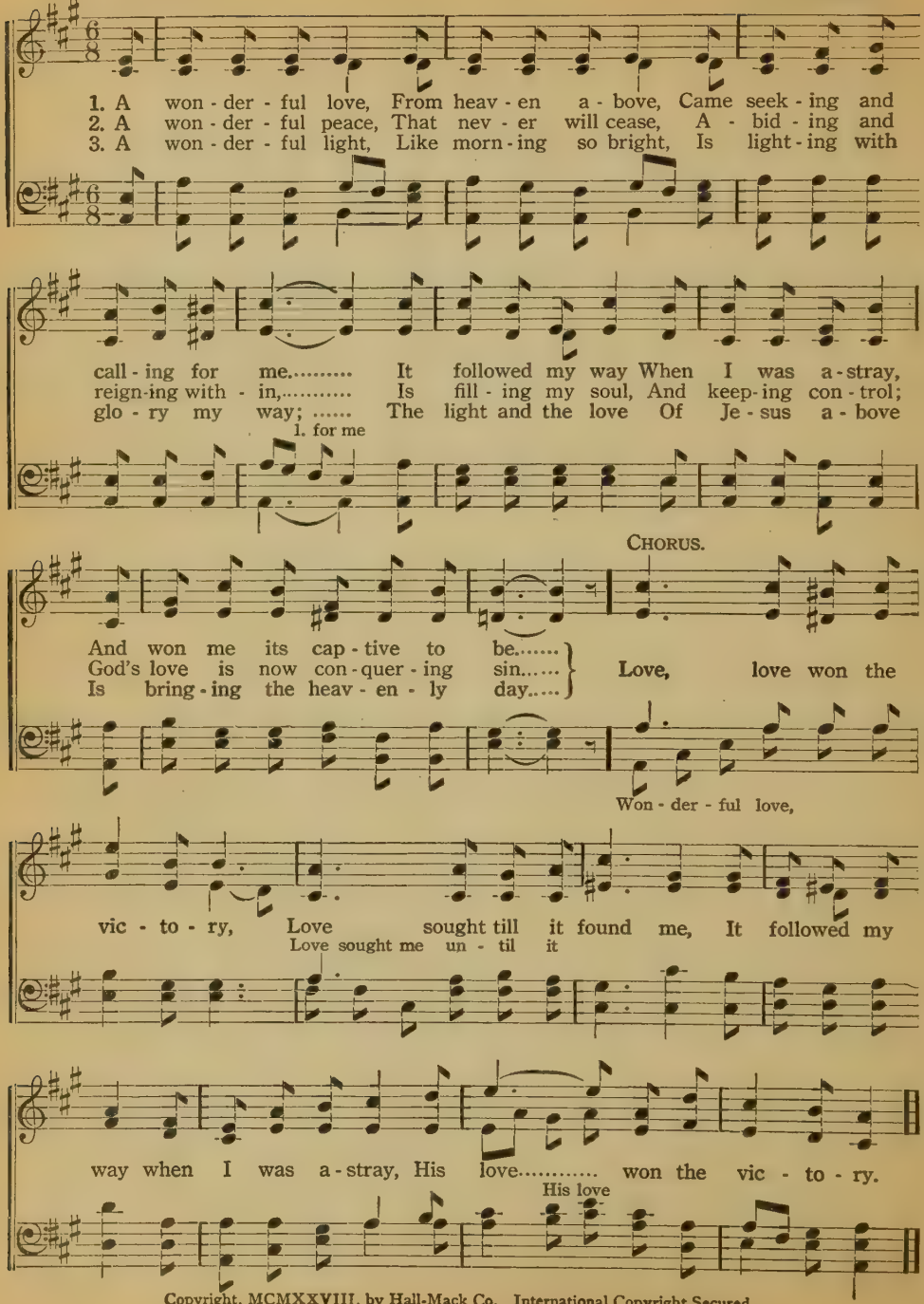
## No. 269. Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. (Barnard.) Mrs. Charles Barnard.

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor - thy His love;
Ref.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
Fine.
Throw your soul's fresh, glow-ing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;
Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.
Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Daunt-less was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life with-out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;
rall.
D.C.
Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have. . . . .
Grateful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have. . . . .
Give Him your heart's ad-o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. . . . .

# No. 270. Love Won the Victory.

W. C. POOLE. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. A won - der - ful love, From heav - en a - bove, Came seek - ing and
2. A won - der - ful peace, That nev - er will cease, A - bid - ing and
3. A won - der - ful light, Like morn - ing so bright, Is light - ing with
call - ing for me..... It followed my way When I was a - stray,
reign - ing with - in,..... Is fill - ing my soul, And keep - ing con - trol;
glo - ry my way; ..... The light and the love Of Je - sus a - bove
1. for me
CHORUS.
And won me its cap - tive to be.....
God's love is now con - quer - ing sin.....
Is bring - ing the heav - en - ly day.....
Love, love won the
Won - der - ful love,
vic - to - ry, Love sought till it found me, It followed my
Love sought me un - til it
way when I was a - stray, His love..... won the vic - to - ry.
His love

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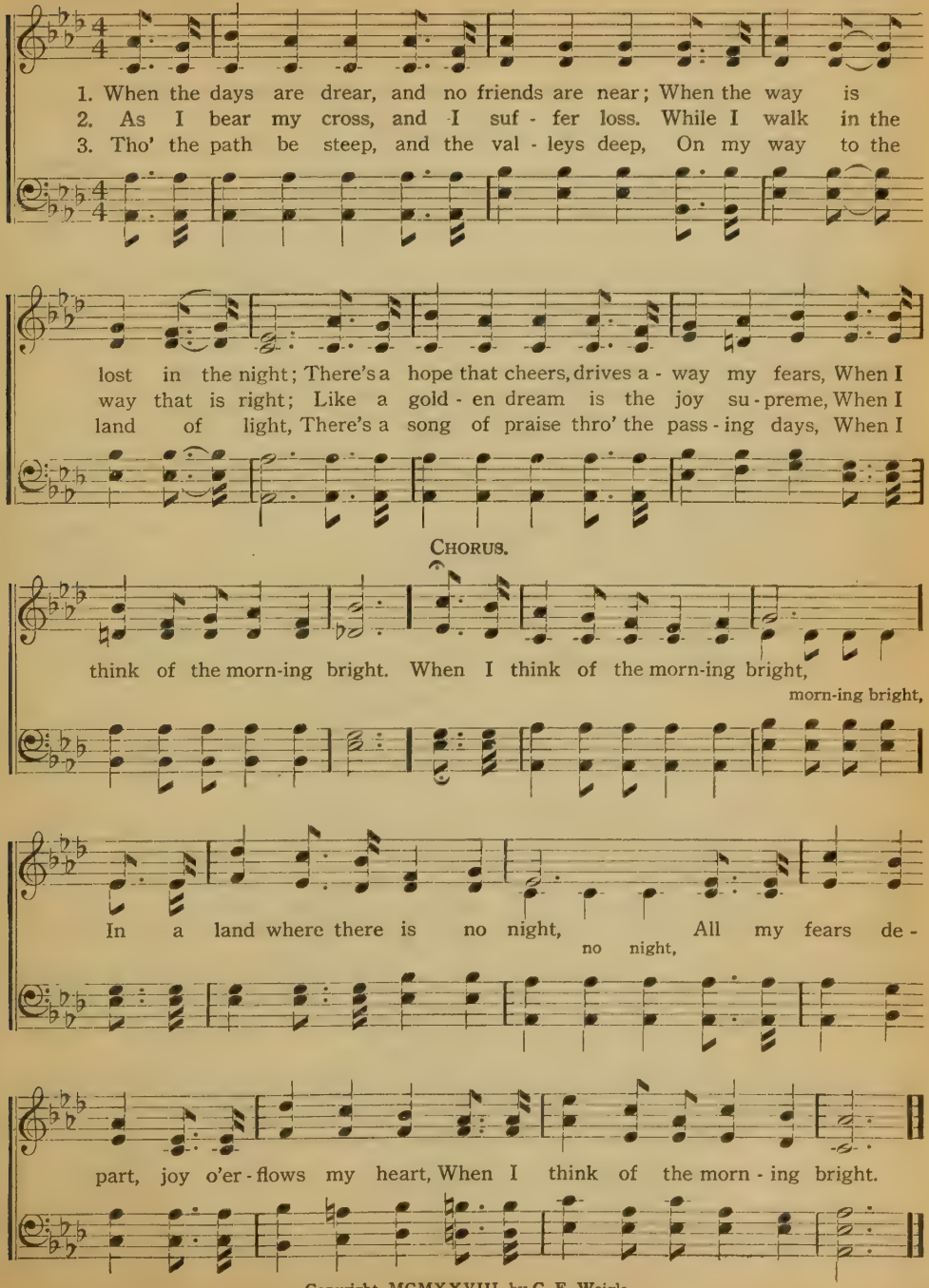
# No. 271. When I Think of the Morning Bright.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGLE.


1. When the days are drear, and no friends are near; When the way is
2. As I bear my cross, and I suf - fer loss. While I walk in the
3. Tho' the path be steep, and the val - leys deep, On my way to the
lost in the night; There's a hope that cheers, drives a - way my fears, When I
way that is right; Like a gold - en dream is the joy su - preme, When I
land of light, There's a song of praise thro' the pass - ing days, When I
CHORUS.
think of the morn-ing bright. When I think of the morn-ing bright,
morn-ing bright,
In a land where there is no night, All my fears de -
no night,
part, joy o'er - flows my heart, When I think of the morn - ing bright.

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# No. 272. Shadows.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

SOLO.

1. When we cross the val - ley there need be no shad - ows, When life's
2. When our loved ones leave us there need be no shad - ows, If their
3. When He comes to meet us there need be no shad - ows, When He
day is end - ed and its sor - rows o'er; When the summons comes to
faith is fixed in Je - sus as their Lord; For they go to be with
comes in all His glo - ri - ous ar - ray; When the trump of God shall
meet the bless - ed Sav - iour, When we rise to dwell with Him for - ev - er - more.
Him who died to save them, To be with the One whom they have long a - dored.
sound and loved ones wak - en, When He leads us on-ward with triumph-ant sway.
CHORUS.
Shad-ows! No need of shad-ows When at last we lay life's bur-den down;

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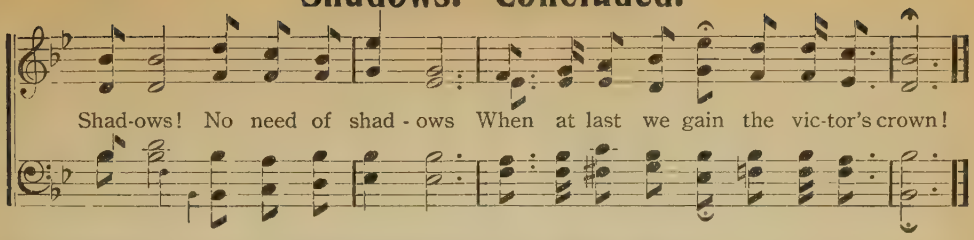
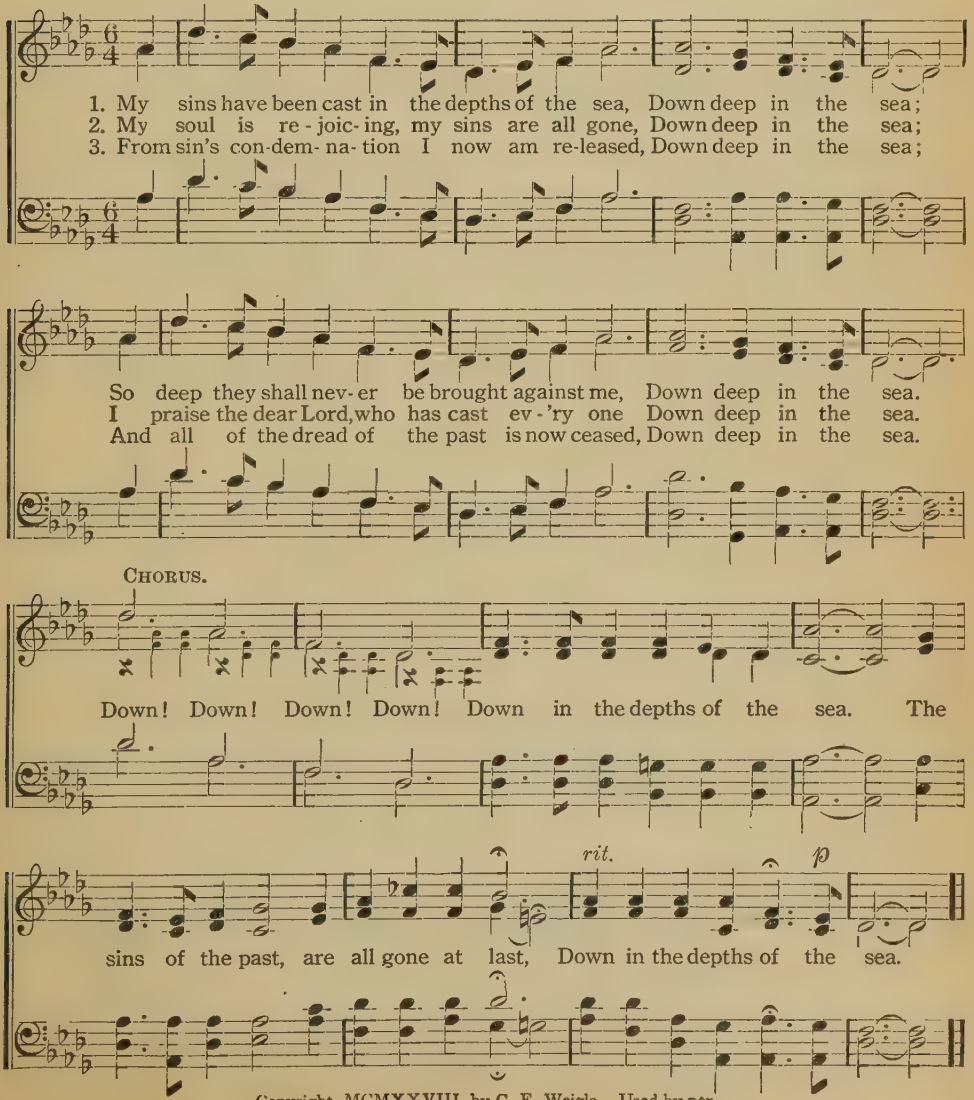
## Shadows.—Concluded.




## No. 273. Down Deep In the Sea.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGLE.


1. My sins have been cast in the depths of the sea, Down deep in the sea;
2. My soul is re - joic- ing, my sins are all gone, Down deep in the sea;
3. From sin's con-dem- na- tion I now am re-leased, Down deep in the sea;
So deep they shall nev- er be brought against me, Down deep in the sea.
I praise the dear Lord, who has cast ev - 'ry one Down deep in the sea.
And all of the dread of the past is now ceased, Down deep in the sea.
CHORUS.
Down! Down! Down! Down! Down in the depths of the sea. The
rit.
p
sins of the past, are all gone at last, Down in the depths of the sea.

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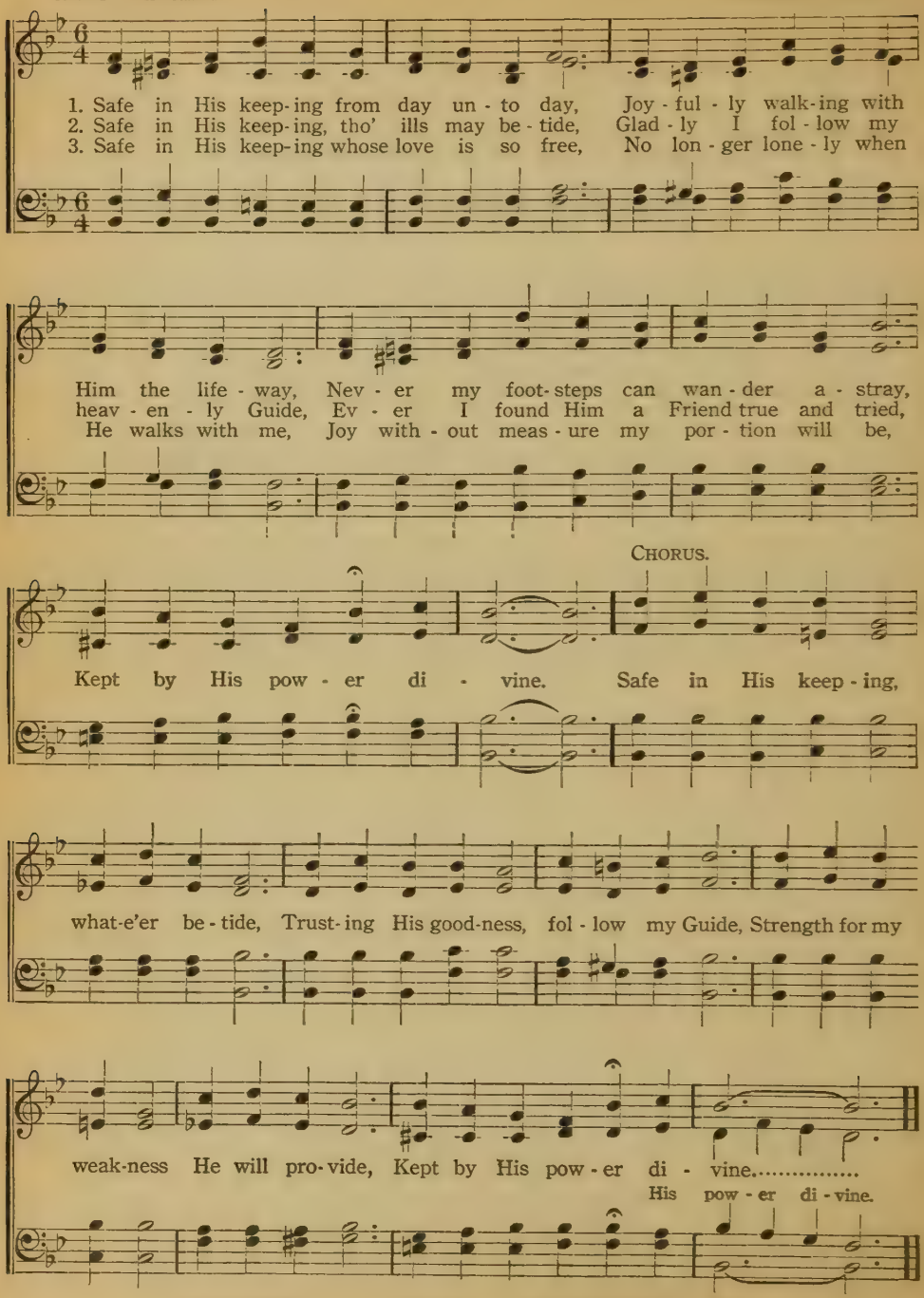
# No. 274. Safe In His Keeping.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Safe in His keep-ing from day un-to day, Joy-ful-ly walk-ing with
2. Safe in His keep-ing, tho' ills may be-tide, Glad-ly I fol-low my
3. Safe in His keep-ing whose love is so free, No lon-ger lone-ly when
Him the life-way, Nev-er my foot-steps can wan-der a-stray,
heav-en-ly Guide, Ev-er I found Him a Friend true and tried,
He walks with me, Joy with-out meas-ure my por-tion will be,
CHORUS.
Kept by His pow-er di-vine. Safe in His keep-ing,
what-e'er be-tide, Trust-ing His good-ness, fol-low my Guide, Strength for my
weak-ness He will pro-vide, Kept by His pow-er di-vine.....
His pow-er di-vine.

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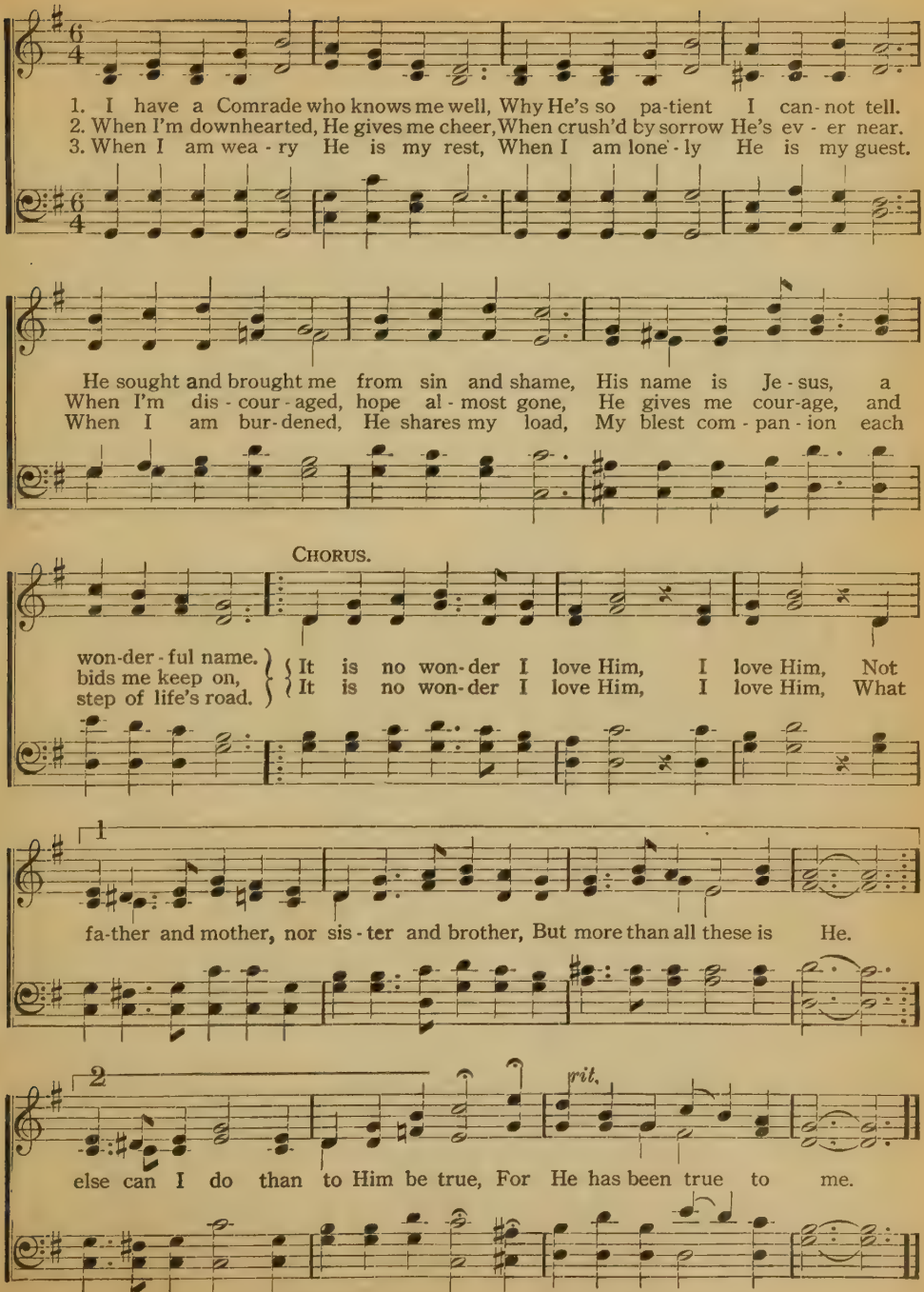
# No. 275. I Have a Comrade.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. I have a Comrade who knows me well, Why He's so pa-tient I can-not tell.
2. When I'm downhearted, He gives me cheer, When crush'd by sorrow He's ev - er near.
3. When I am wea - ry He is my rest, When I am lone - ly He is my guest.
He sought and brought me from sin and shame, His name is Je - sus, a
When I'm dis - cour - aged, hope al - most gone, He gives me cour-age, and
When I am bur-dened, He shares my load, My blest com - pan - ion each
Chorus.
won-der - ful name.
bids me keep on,
step of life's road.
It is no won-der I love Him, I love Him, Not
It is no won-der I love Him, I love Him, What
1
fa-ther and mother, nor sis - ter and brother, But more than all these is He.
2
rit.
else can I do than to Him be true, For He has been true to me.

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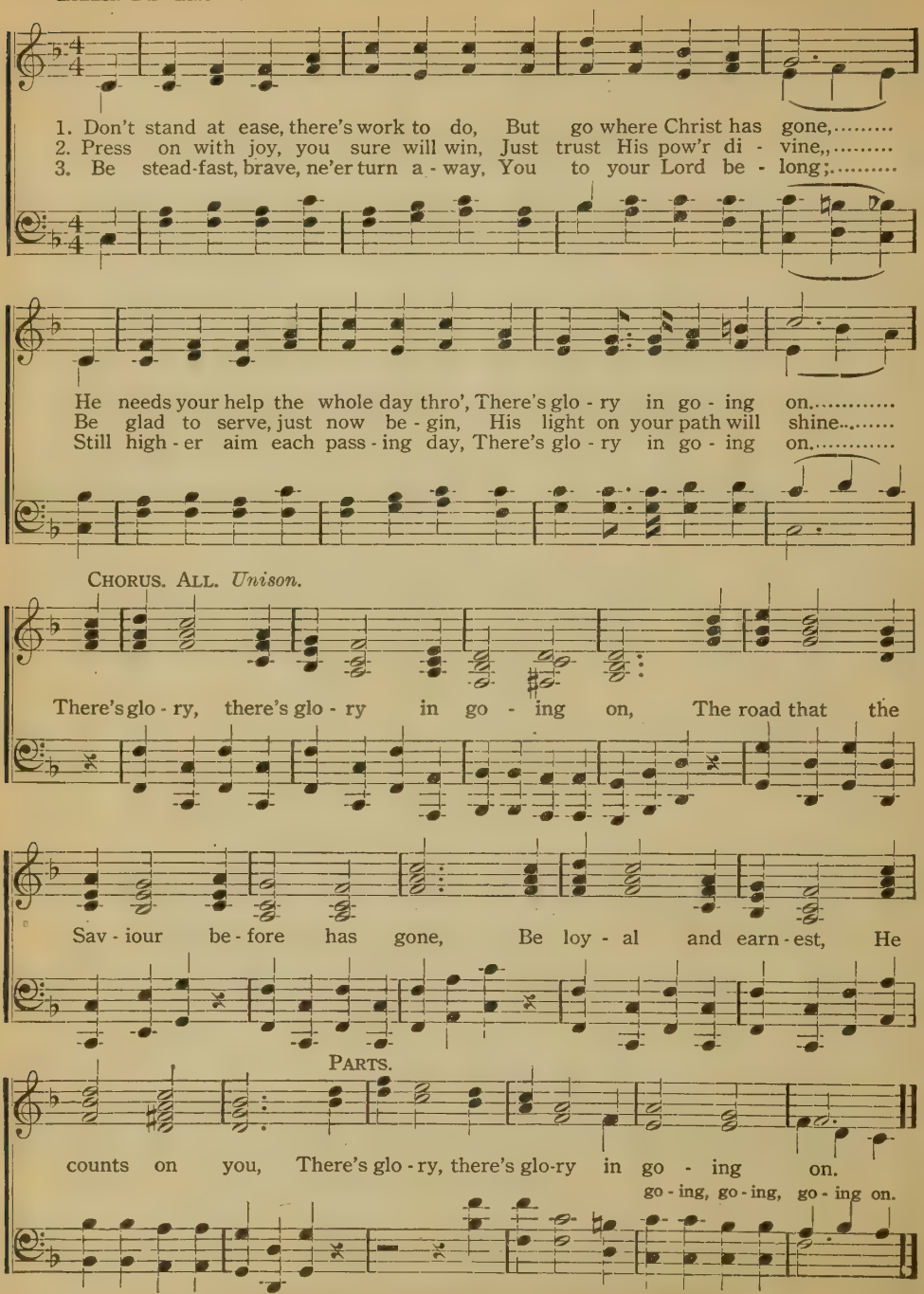
# No. 276. Glory In Going On.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Don't stand at ease, there's work to do, But go where Christ has gone,.....
2. Press on with joy, you sure will win, Just trust His pow'r di - vine,,.....
3. Be stead-fast, brave, ne'er turn a - way, You to your Lord be - long;.....
He needs your help the whole day thro', There's glo - ry in go - ing on.....
Be glad to serve, just now be - gin, His light on your path will shine.....
Still high - er aim each pass - ing day, There's glo - ry in go - ing on.....
CHORUS. ALL. *Unison.*
There's glo - ry, there's glo - ry in go - ing on, The road that the
Sav - iour be - fore has gone, Be loy - al and earn - est, He
PARTS.
counts on you, There's glo - ry, there's glo-ry in go - ing on.
go - ing, go - ing, go - ing on.

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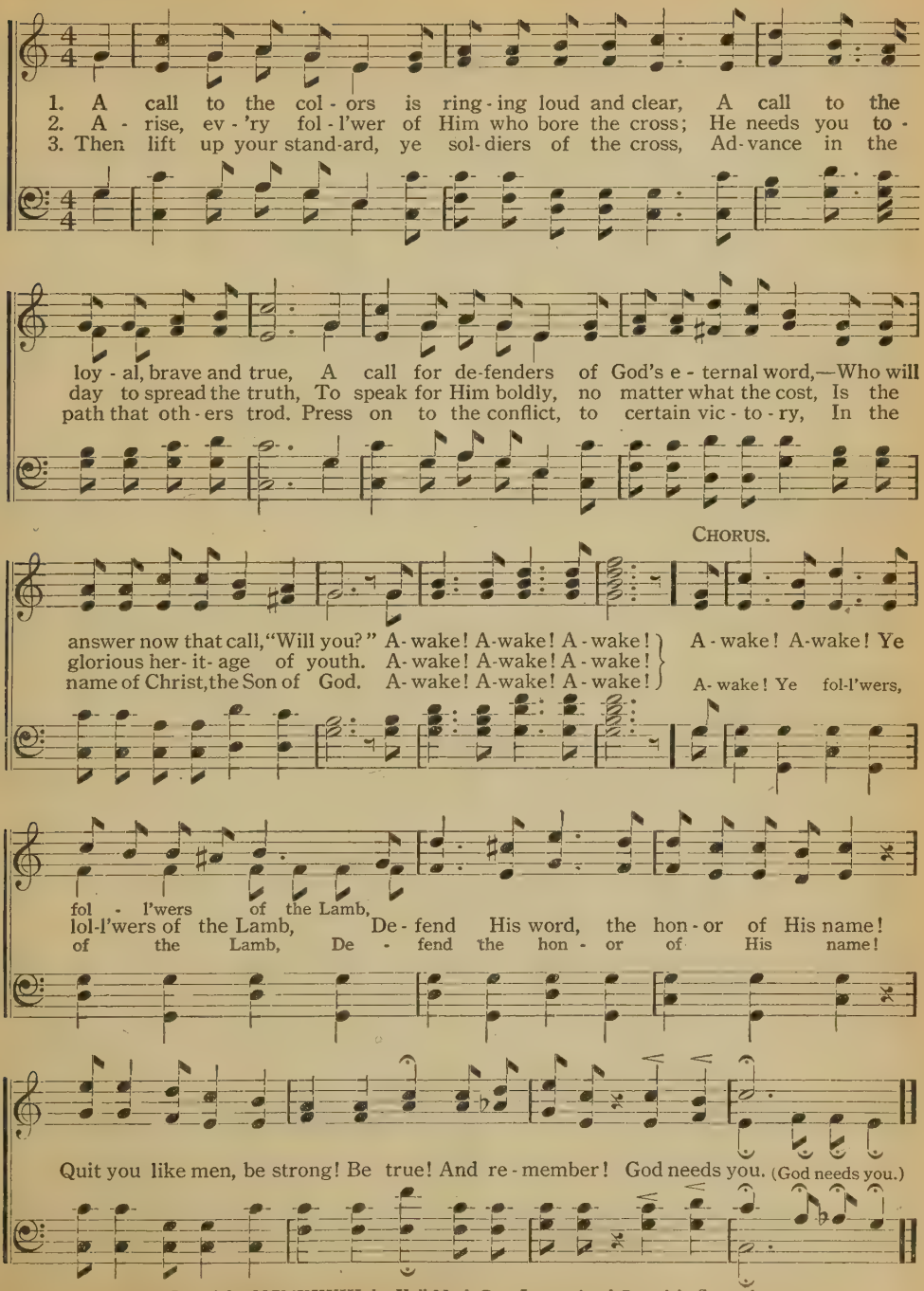
# No. 277. A Call to the Colors.

T. O. Chisholm, alt. C. Austin Miles.


1. A call to the col - ors is ring - ing loud and clear, A call to the
2. A - rise, ev - 'ry fol - l'wer of Him who bore the cross; He needs you to -
3. Then lift up your stand-ard, ye sol-diers of the cross, Ad-vance in the
loy - al, brave and true, A call for de-fenders of God's e - ternal word,—Who will
day to spread the truth, To speak for Him boldly, no matter what the cost, Is the
path that oth - ers trod. Press on to the conflict, to certain vic - to - ry, In the
Chorus.
answer now that call, "Will you?" A-wake! A-wake! A-wake!
glorious her-it-age of youth. A-wake! A-wake! A-wake!
name of Christ, the Son of God. A-wake! A-wake! A-wake!
A - wake! A-wake! Ye
A-wake! Ye fol-l'wers,
fol - l'wers of the Lamb,
lol-l'wers of the Lamb, De - fend His word, the hon - or of His name!
of the Lamb, De - fend the hon - or of His name!
Quit you like men, be strong! Be true! And re - member! God needs you. (God needs you.)

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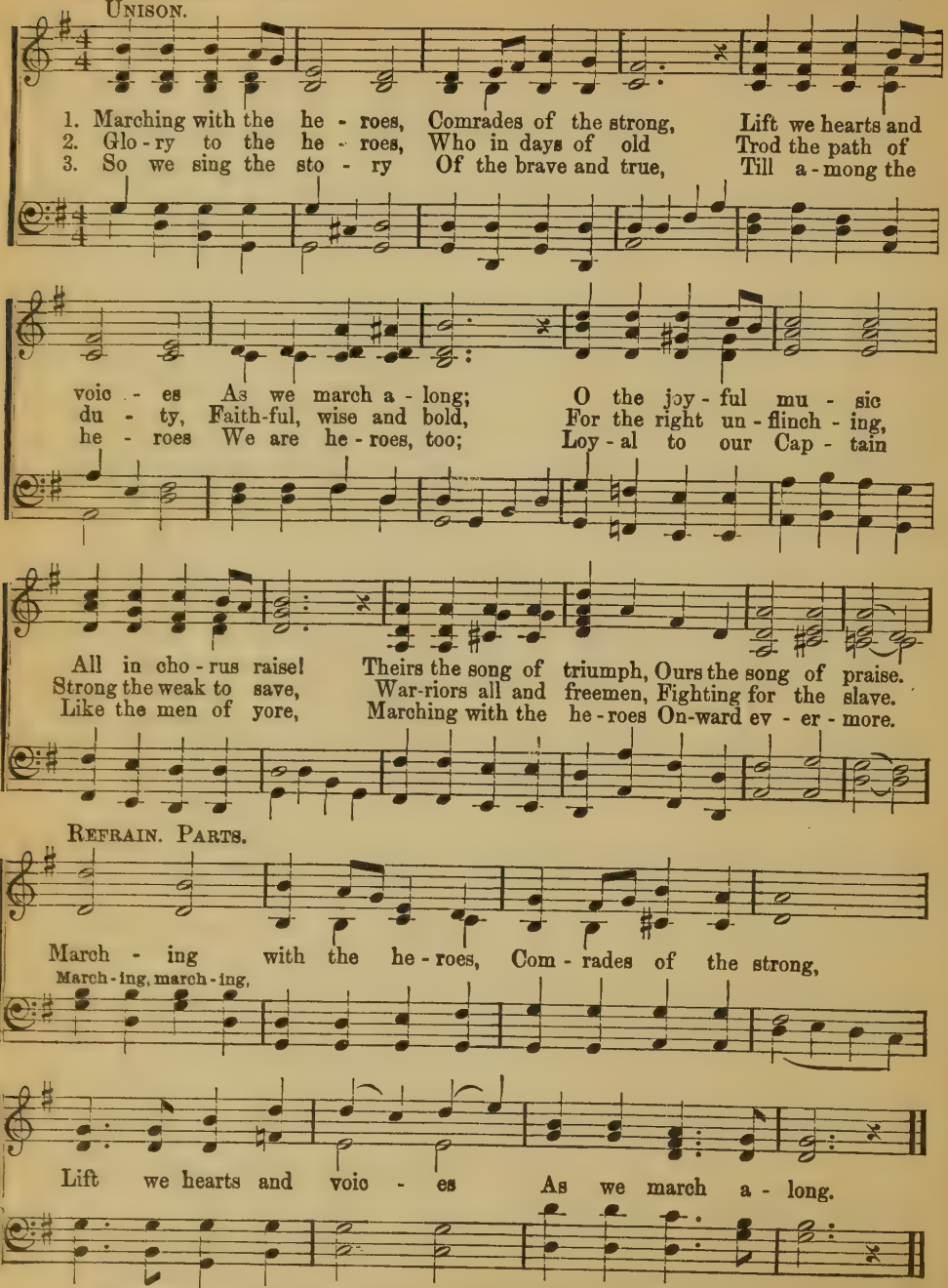
# No. 278. Marching with the Heroes.

(Via Militaris. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.)

William George Tarrant. Adam Geibel.

Unison.


1. Marching with the he - roes, Comrades of the strong, Lift we hearts and
2. Glo - ry to the he - roes, Who in days of old Trod the path of
3. So we sing the sto - ry Of the brave and true, Till a - mong the
voic - es As we march a - long; O the joy - ful mu - sic
du - ty, Faith-ful, wise and bold, For the right un - flinch - ing,
he - roes We are he - roes, too; Loy - al to our Cap - tain
All in cho - rus raise! Theirs the song of triumph, Ours the song of praise.
Strong the weak to save, War-riors all and freemen, Fighting for the slave.
Like the men of yore, Marching with the he - roes On-ward ev - er - more.
Refrain. Parts.
March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong,
March - ing, march - ing,
Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long.

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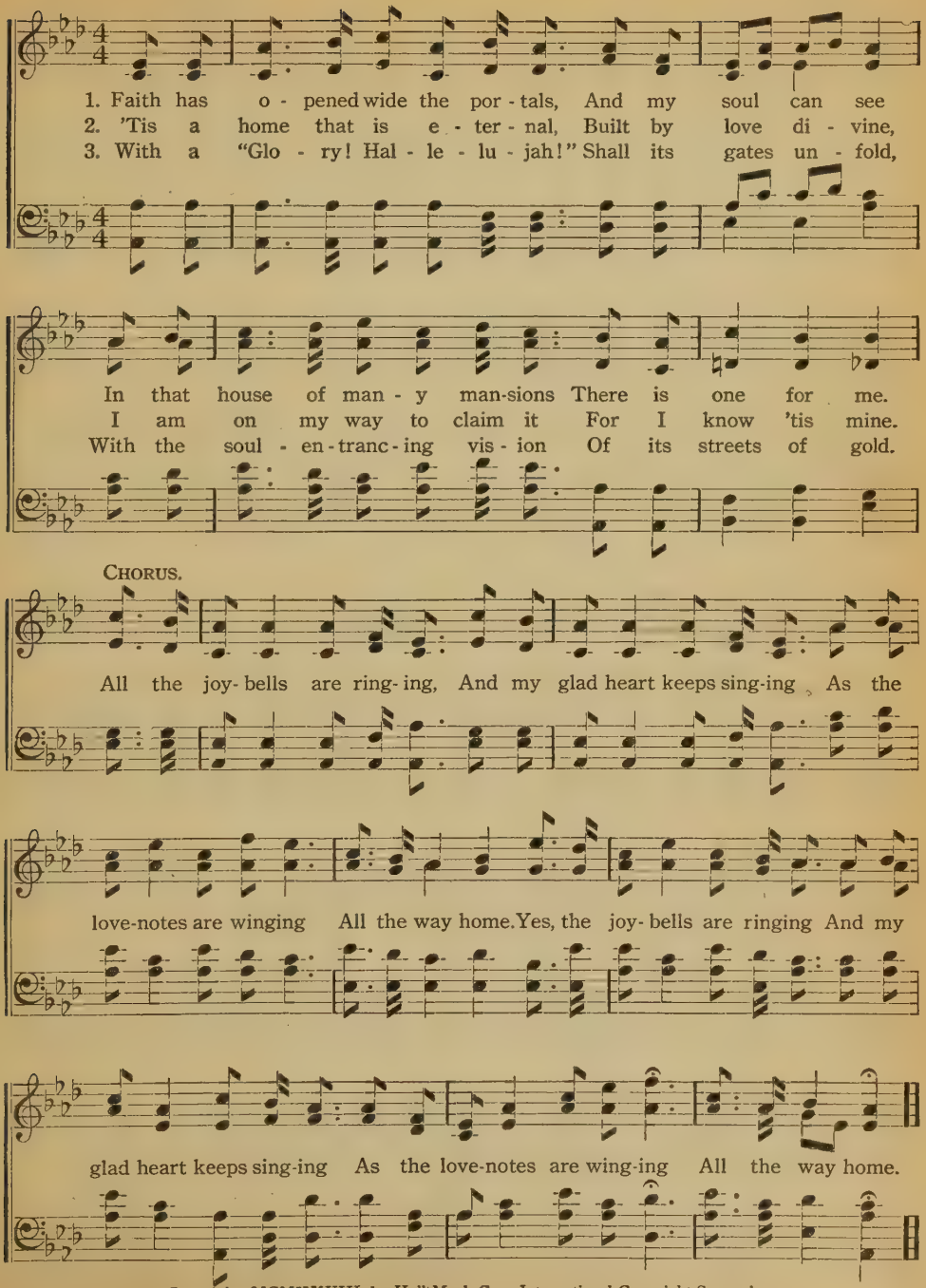
# No. 279. All the Way Home.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Faith has o - pened wide the por - tals, And my soul can see
2. 'Tis a home that is e - ter - nal, Built by love di - vine,
3. With a "Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!" Shall its gates un - fold,
In that house of man - y man-sions There is one for me.
I am on my way to claim it For I know 'tis mine.
With the soul - en - tranc - ing vis - ion Of its streets of gold.
CHORUS.
All the joy- bells are ring- ing, And my glad heart keeps sing-ing As the
love-notes are winging All the way home. Yes, the joy- bells are ringing And my
glad heart keeps sing-ing As the love-notes are wing-ing All the way home.

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# No. 280. Is the World a Better Place?

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles

1. Have you done your ver - y best, Has your life met ev - 'ry test? Does di -
2. Of your sil - ver and your gold, Did you from the Lord with-hold? You must
3. When you reach the pearl - y gate, Will some an - gel for you wait? Take you
vine ap-prov - al rest on what you do? Did you lend a help - ing hand? Help a
leave it all on earth when you are thro'; To the Word of God give heed, Give to
by the hand and lead you safe - ly thro'? In that land of per - fect day, Will there
fall - en broth - er stand? Is the world a bet - ter place be - cause of you.
those who are in need, Make the world a bet - ter place be - cause of you.
be some one to say: "Heav'n will be a bet - ter place be - cause of you."
Chorus.
Is the world a bet - ter place be-cause of you? To the
be - cause of you?
prom - ise that you made have you been true? Did you ev - er help an - oth - er whose

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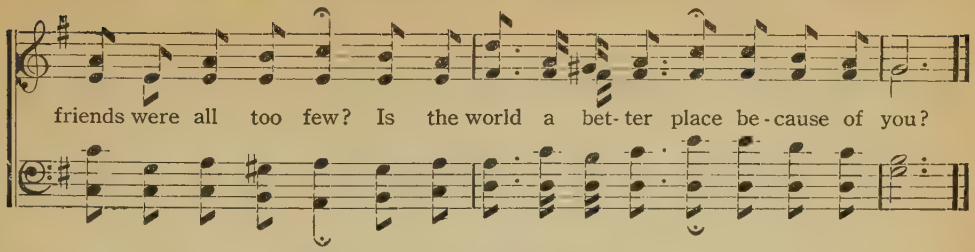
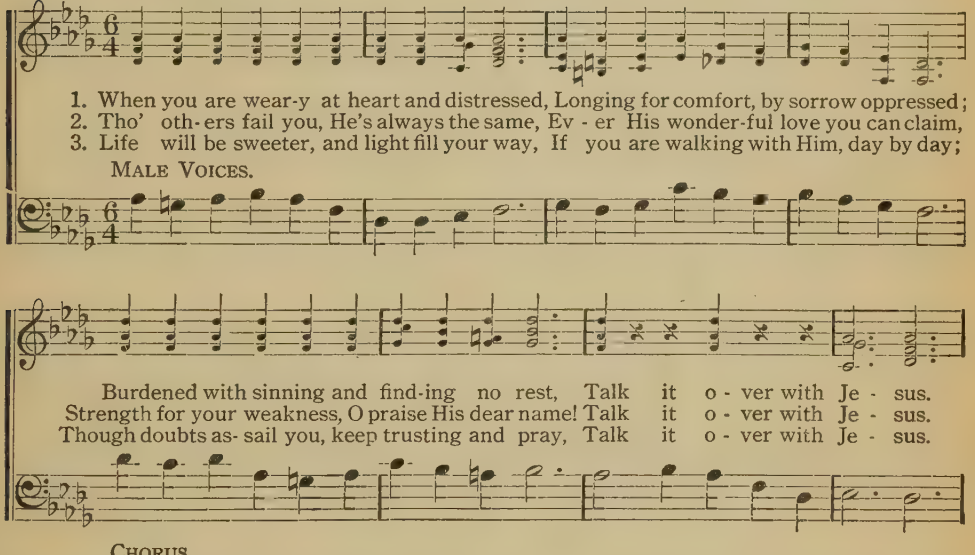
# Is the World a Better Place?—Concluded.




## No. 281. Talk it Over with Jesus.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. When you are wear-y at heart and distressed, Longing for comfort, by sorrow oppressed;
2. Tho' oth-ers fail you, He's always the same, Ev - er His wonder-ful love you can claim,
3. Life will be sweeter, and light fill your way, If you are walking with Him, day by day;
MALE VOICES.
Burdened with sinning and find-ing no rest, Talk it o - ver with Je - sus.
Strength for your weakness, O praise His dear name! Talk it o - ver with Je - sus.
Though doubts as- sail you, keep trusting and pray, Talk it o - ver with Je - sus.

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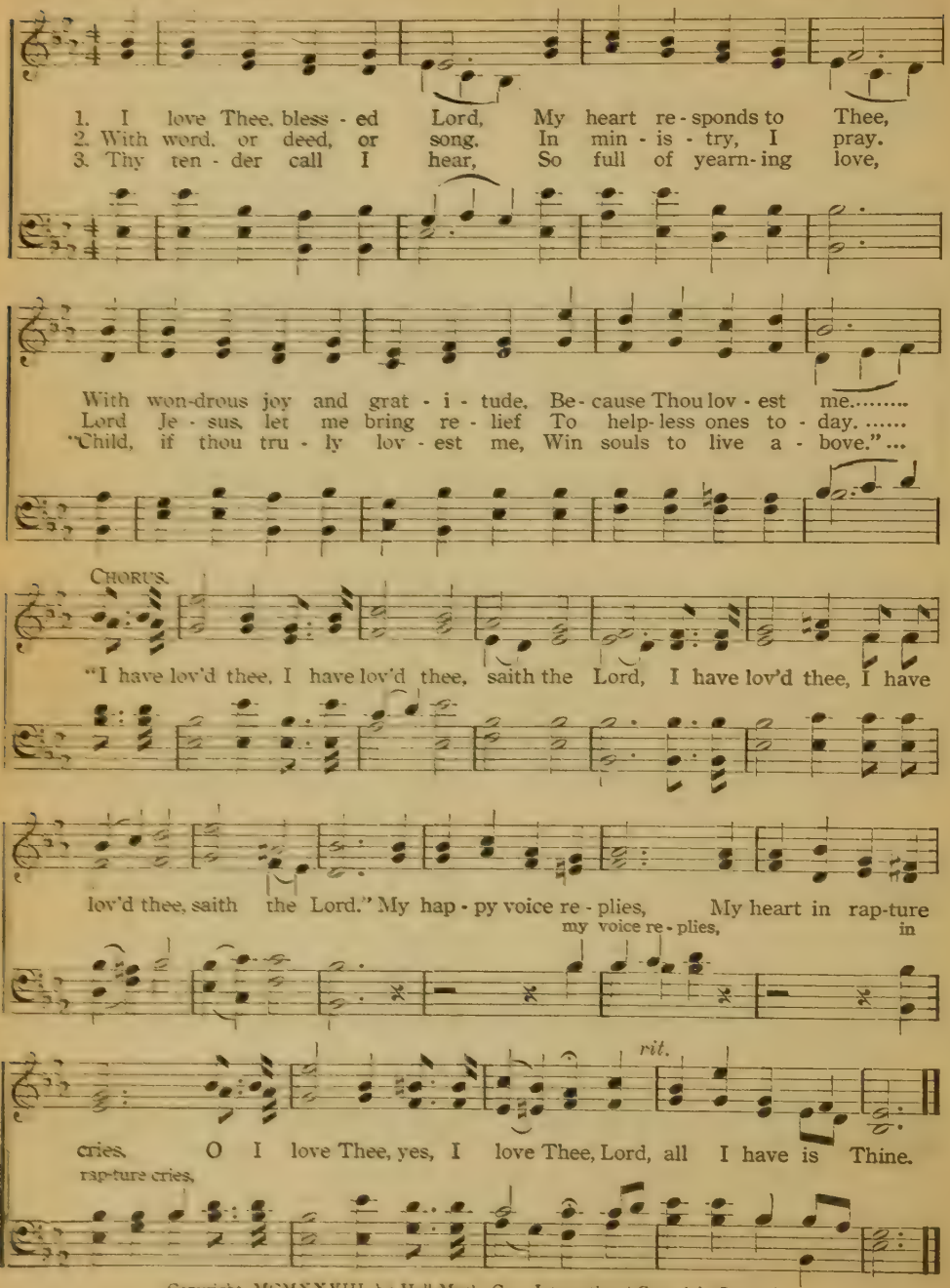
# No. 282. I Have Loved Thee, Saith the Lord.

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—JER. 31: 3.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. I love Thee, bless - ed Lord, My heart re - sponds to Thee,
2. With word, or deed, or song. In min - is - try, I pray.
3. Thy ten - der call I hear, So full of yearn - ing love,
With won-drous joy and grat - i - tude, Be - cause Thou lov - est me.....
Lord Je - sus, let me bring re - lief To help - less ones to - day. .....
"Child, if thou tru - ly lov - est me, Win souls to live a - bove." ...
CHORUS.
"I have lov'd thee, I have lov'd thee, saith the Lord, I have lov'd thee, I have
lov'd thee, saith the Lord." My hap - py voice re - plies, My heart in rap-ture
my voice re - plies, in
rit.
cries, O I love Thee, yes, I love Thee, Lord, all I have is Thine.
rap-ture cries,

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# No. 283. He Whispers His Love to Me.

V. McC. VIVIAN McCOWN.

1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a - long the way Je - sus walks by my side all the live - long day, And He knows when the shad - ows be - gin to low'r, And He whis - pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
2. When He scat - ters the gifts from His bound-less store, And His show- ers of bless - ing a - round me pour, Lest I hum - ble and grate - ful for - get to be, Je - sus whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me.
3. When my heart is so tempt-ed and sore - ly tried, It is then that I know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the vic - to - ry As He whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me.
4. O His voice is so won-drous - ly sweet to me! There's no mu - sic on earth has such mel - o - dy; There's no joy that can come to the hu - man heart Like the joy that His love ev - er doth im - part.
CHORUS.
He whis-pers His love to me, He whis-pers His love to me;
His love to me, His love to me;
Lest I should stray from Him a - way, He whis-pers His love to me.

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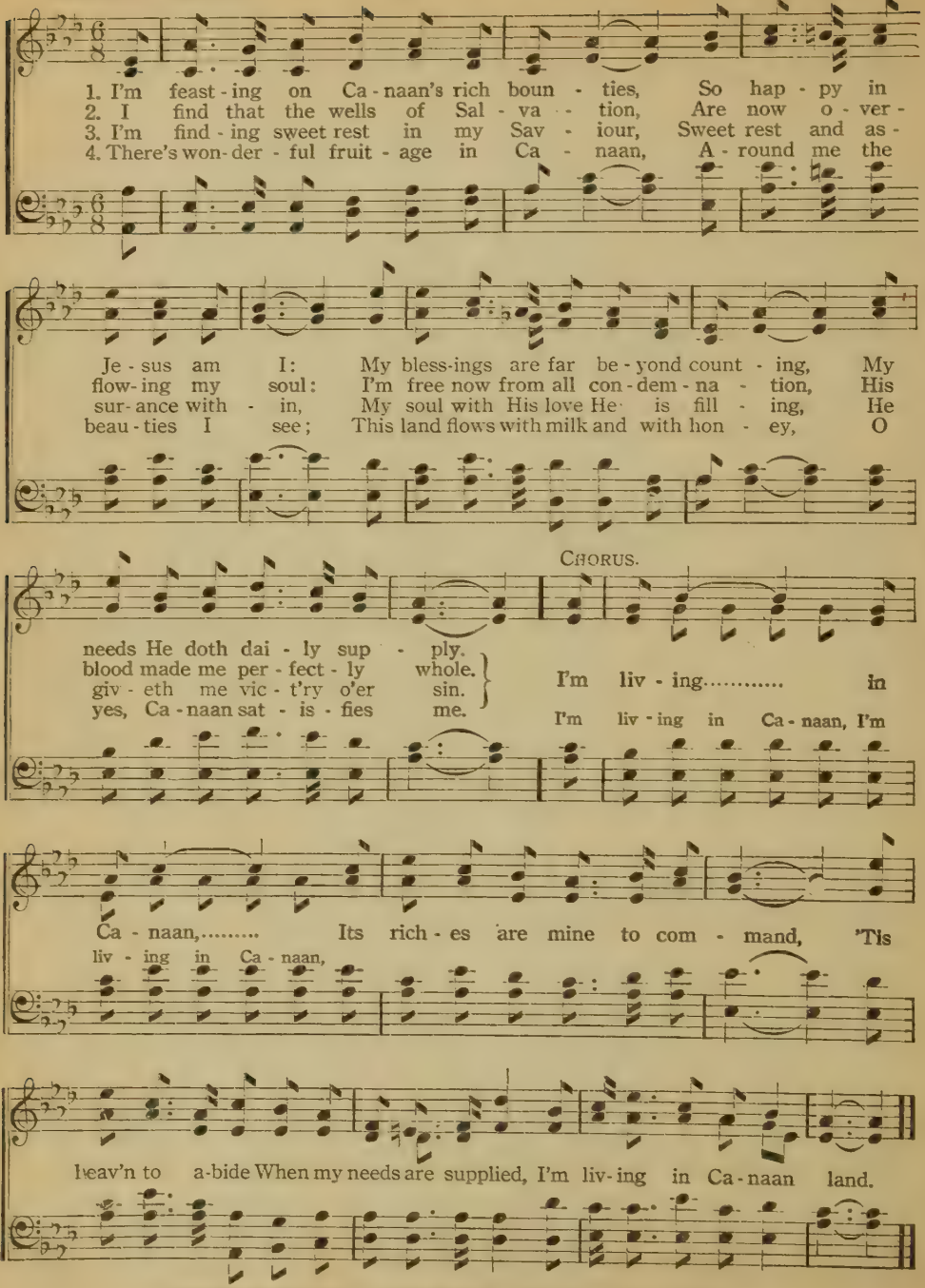
# No. 284. Canaan Land.

ETHEL B. DONOVAN. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. I'm feast - ing on Ca - naan's rich boun - ties, So hap - py in
2. I find that the wells of Sal - va - tion, Are now o - ver -
3. I'm find - ing sweet rest in my Sav - iour, Sweet rest and as -
4. There's won - der - ful fruit - age in Ca - naan, A - round me the
Je - sus am I: My bless-ings are far be - yond count - ing, My
flow - ing my soul: I'm free now from all con - dem - na - tion, His
sur - ance with - in, My soul with His love He is fill - ing, He
beau - ties I see; This land flows with milk and with hon - ey, O
CHORUS.
needs He doth dai - ly sup - ply.
blood made me per - fect - ly whole.
giv - eth me vic - t'ry o'er sin.
yes, Ca - naan sat - is - fies me.
I'm liv - ing..... in
I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan, I'm
Ca - naan,..... Its rich - es are mine to com - mand, 'Tis
liv - ing in Ca - naan,
heav'n to a-bide When my needs are supplied, I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan land.

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# No. 285. It Was Nothing But the Blood.

D. M. S. D. M. Shanks.

1. I was sink - ing deep in the depths of woe When I plunged be -
2. I was bound by sin, but He set me free, O what won - drous
3. Now my heart is free from sin's might - y host, Je - sus' blood hath
4. When at last my work here on earth is done, When the bat - tle's
neath Calv'rys crim - son flow, I can - not tell how, but this I know, It was
joy in this lib - er - ty, But to Him a - lone the glo - ry be, It was
sav'd to the ut - ter - most, But for - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, It was
o'er, and the vic - t'ry won, I shall stand be - fore God's ho - ly One, Plead - ing
Chorus.
noth - ing but the blood that sav'd me.
noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
It was noth - ing but the blood, the
pre - cious blood, That ransomed me, that set me free, It was nothing but the
blood of Cal - va - ry, It was noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

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# No. 286. We'll Understand it Better By and By.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY. Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

1. We are tossed a - bout and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time,
2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de-mands,
3. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der-stand,
4. Temp - ta - tions, hid - den snares, oft - en take us un - a - wares,
Som - bre skies and howl - ing winds oft suc - ceed a bright sun-shine, In that
Want of shel - ter and of food—thirs - ty hills and bar - ren lands, We are
All the ways that God would lead to that bless - ed prom - is'd land, But He
And our hearts are made to bleed for a thought-less word or deed, And we
land of per - fect day, when the mists have roll'd a - way, We will un-der-stand it
trust - ing in the Lord, and ac - cord - ing to His word, We will un-der-stand it
guides us with His eye, and we'll fol - low 'till we die, For we'll un-der-stand it
won - der why the test, when we try to do our best; But we'll un-der-stand it
D.S.—For we'll un-der-stand it
FINE. CHORUS.
bet - ter by and by. (by and by.) By and by, when the morn - ing comes,
bet - ter by and by.
D.S.
All the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the sto - ry how we've o - ver-come,

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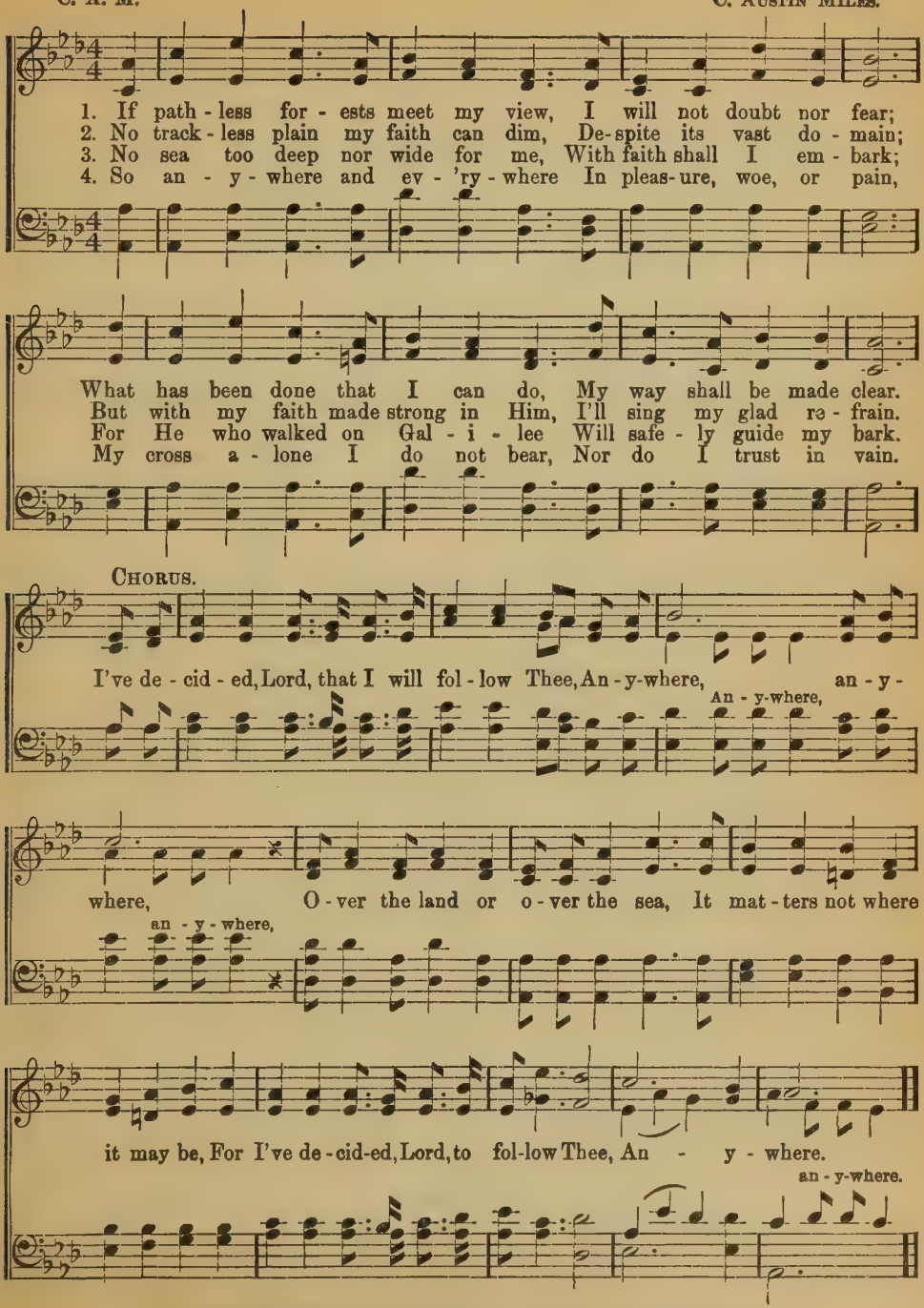
# No. 287.

## Decision.

C. A. M. — C. Austin Miles.


1. If path - less for - ests meet my view, I will not doubt nor fear;
2. No track - less plain my faith can dim, De - spite its vast do - main;
3. No sea too deep nor wide for me, With faith shall I em - bark;
4. So an - y - where and ev - 'ry - where In pleas - ure, woe, or pain,
What has been done that I can do, My way shall be made clear.
But with my faith made strong in Him, I'll sing my glad re - frain.
For He who walked on Gal - i - lee Will safe - ly guide my bark.
My cross a - lone I do not bear, Nor do I trust in vain.
Chorus.
I've de - cid - ed, Lord, that I will fol - low Thee, An - y - where, an - y -
An - y - where,
where, O - ver the land or o - ver the sea, It mat - ters not where
an - y - where,
it may be, For I've de - cid - ed, Lord, to fol - low Thee, An - y - where.
an - y - where.

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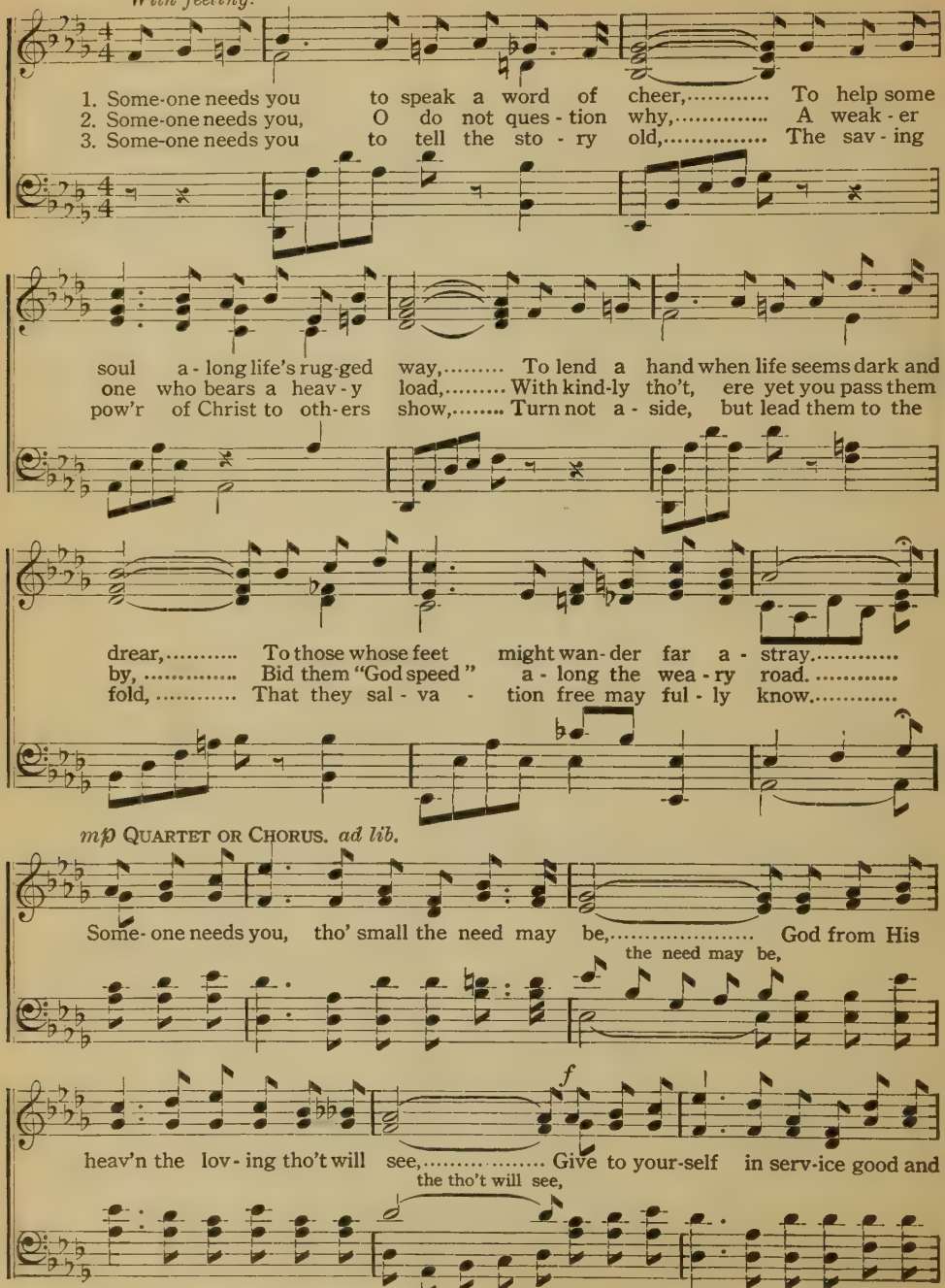
# No. 288. Someone Needs You.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.

*Solo or all Sops. and Altos in unison.*
*With feeling.*


1. Some-one needs you to speak a word of cheer,..... To help some
2. Some-one needs you, O do not ques - tion why,..... A weak - er
3. Some-one needs you to tell the sto - ry old,..... The sav - ing
soul a - long life's rug-ged way,..... To lend a hand when life seems dark and
one who bears a heav - y load,..... With kind-ly tho't, ere yet you pass them
pow'r of Christ to oth-ers show,..... Turn not a - side, but lead them to the
drear,..... To those whose feet might wan-der far a - stray.....
by,..... Bid them "God speed" a - long the wea - ry road. .....
fold,..... That they sal - va - tion free may ful - ly know.....
*mp* QUARTET OR CHORUS. *ad lib.*
Some- one needs you, tho' small the need may be,..... God from His
the need may be,
*f*
heav'n the lov - ing tho't will see,..... Give to your-self in serv-ice good and
the tho't will see,

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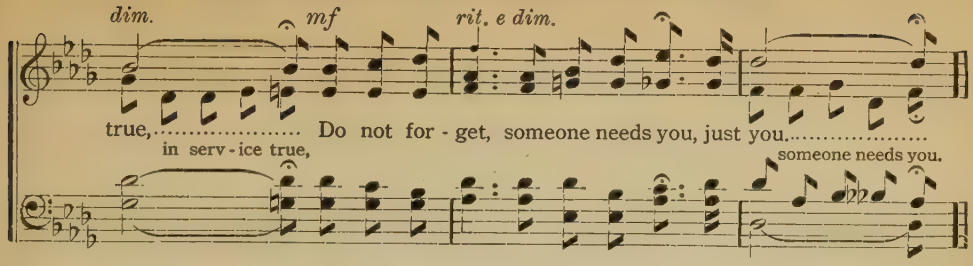
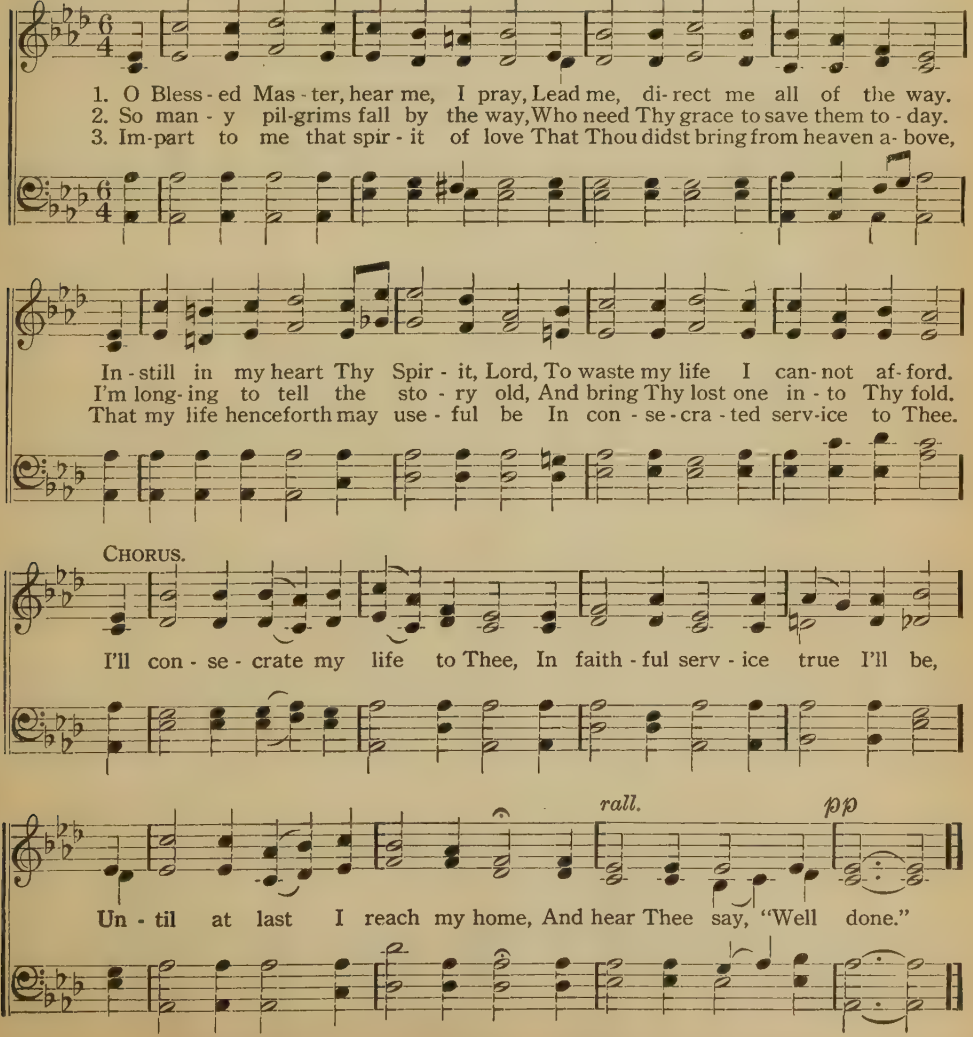
## Someone Needs You.—Concluded.




## No. 289. Prayer of Consecration.

Rev. H. C. WRAY. Mrs. H. C. WRAY.


1. O Bless - ed Mas - ter, hear me, I pray, Lead me, di - rect me all of the way.
2. So man - y pil-grims fall by the way, Who need Thy grace to save them to - day.
3. Im-part to me that spir - it of love That Thou didst bring from heaven a - bove,
In - still in my heart Thy Spir - it, Lord, To waste my life I can - not af - ford.
I'm long - ing to tell the sto - ry old, And bring Thy lost one in - to Thy fold.
That my life henceforth may use - ful be In con - se - cra - ted serv - ice to Thee.
CHORUS.
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, In faith - ful serv - ice true I'll be,
rall.
pp
Un - til at last I reach my home, And hear Thee say, "Well done."

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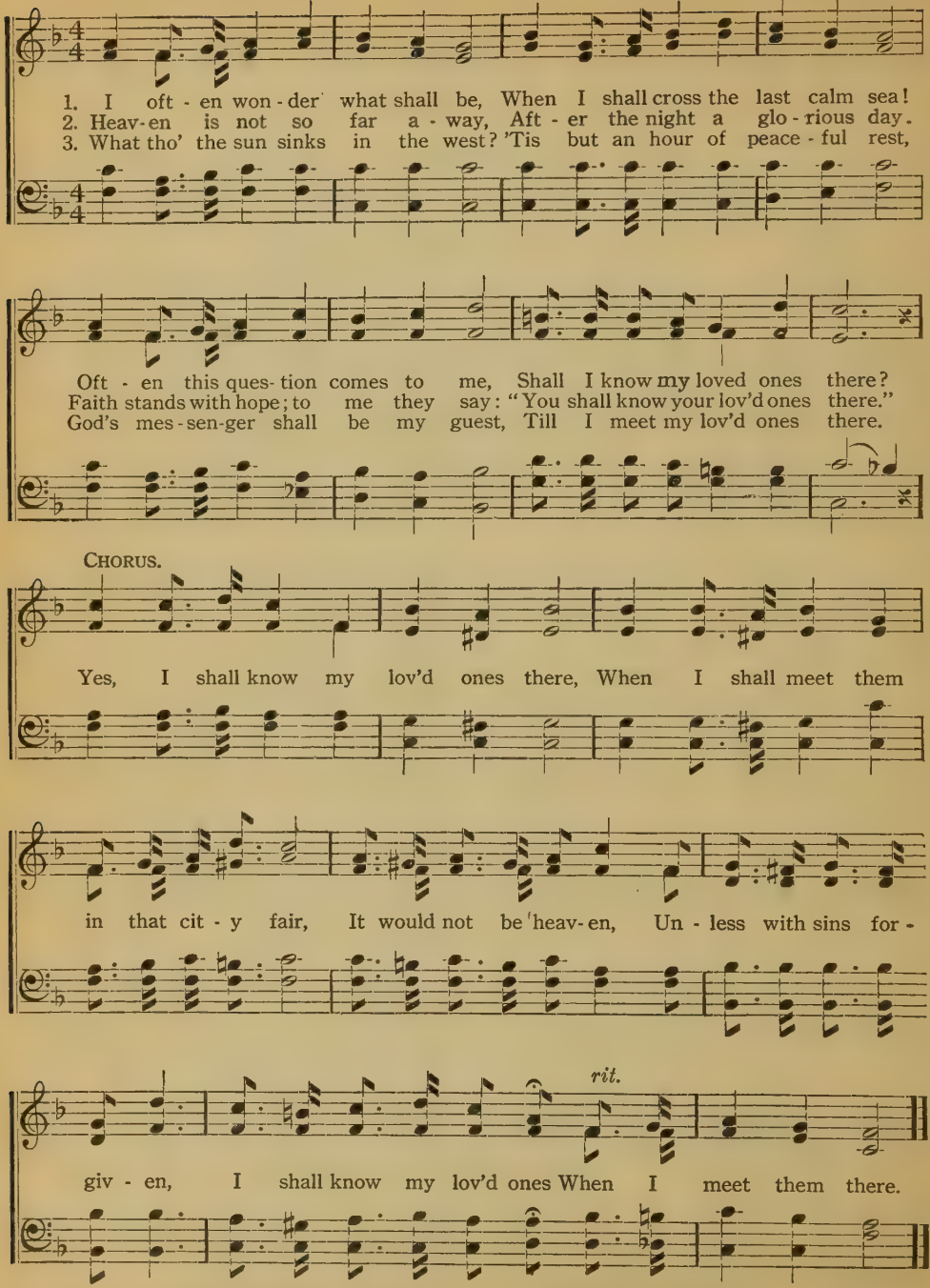
# No. 290. I Shall Know Them.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.


1. I oft - en won - der what shall be, When I shall cross the last calm sea!
2. Heav-en is not so far a - way, Aft - er the night a glo - rious day.
3. What tho' the sun sinks in the west? 'Tis but an hour of peace - ful rest,
Oft - en this ques - tion comes to me, Shall I know my loved ones there?
Faith stands with hope; to me they say: "You shall know your lov'd ones there."
God's mes - sen - ger shall be my guest, Till I meet my lov'd ones there.
Chorus.
Yes, I shall know my lov'd ones there, When I shall meet them
in that cit - y fair, It would not be heav-en, Un - less with sins for -
rit.
giv - en, I shall know my lov'd ones When I meet them there.

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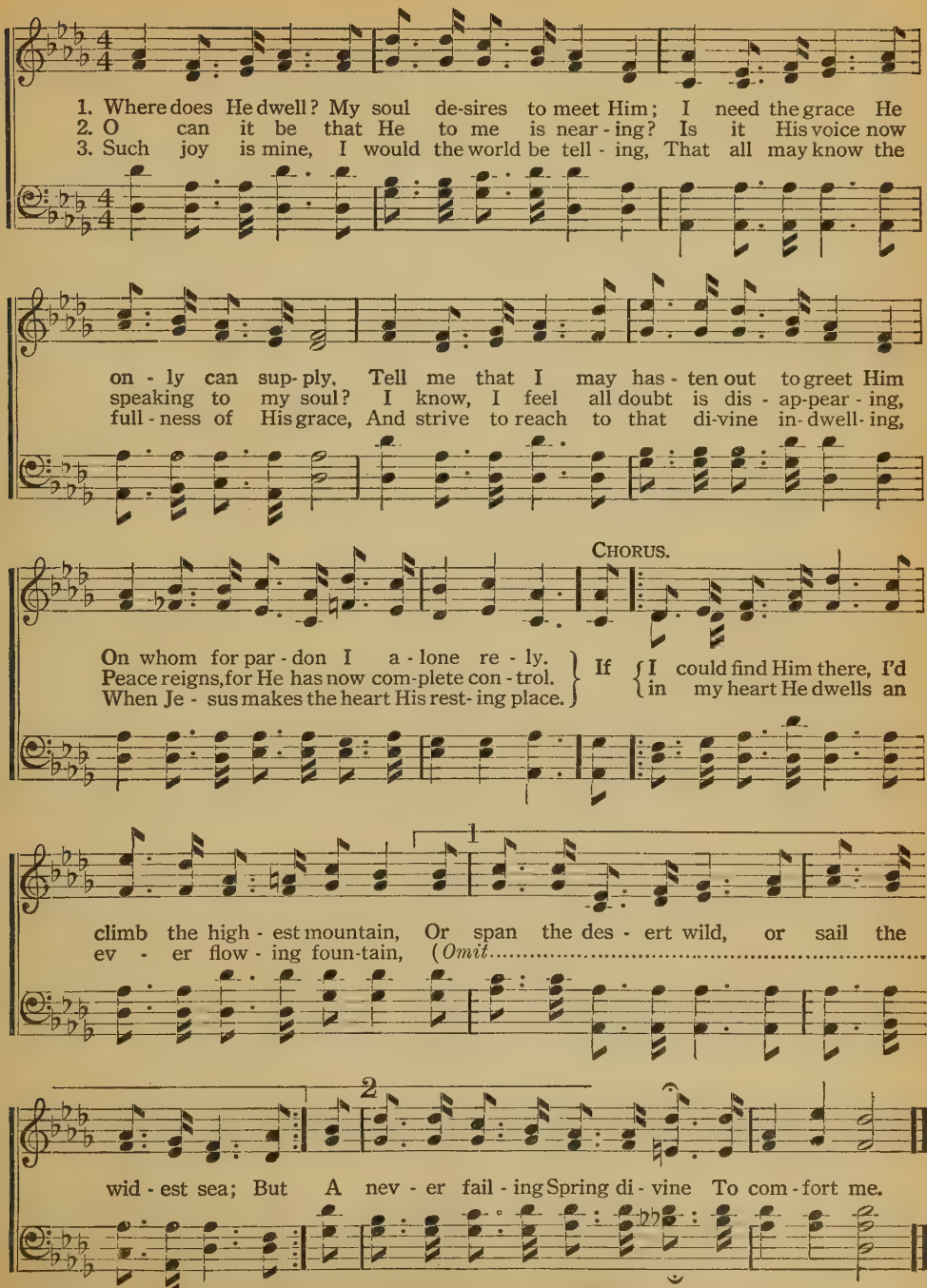
# No. 291. Where Does He Dwell?

C. A.M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Where does He dwell? My soul de-sires to meet Him; I need the grace He
2. O can it be that He to me is near-ing? Is it His voice now
3. Such joy is mine, I would the world be tell-ing, That all may know the
on-ly can sup-ply, Tell me that I may has-ten out to greet Him
speaking to my soul? I know, I feel all doubt is dis-ap-pear-ing,
full-ness of His grace, And strive to reach to that di-vine in-dwell-ing,
Chorus.
On whom for par-don I a-lone re-ly.
Peace reigns, for He has now com-plete con-trol.
When Je-sus makes the heart His rest-ing place.
If I could find Him there, I'd
in my heart He dwells an
1
climb the high-est mountain, Or span the des-ert wild, or sail the
ev-er flow-ing foun-tain, (Omit.....
2
wid-est sea; But A nev-er fail-ing Spring di-vine To com-fort me.

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# No. 292. It's Just Like His Great Love.

EDNA R. WORRELL. C. B. S.

1. A Friend I have called Je-sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er fails how-
2. Some-times the clouds of troub-le Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not see my
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break upon my head, When life seems worse than
4. O I could sing for-ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His care and
e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinned a-gainst this love of His, But
Saviour's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's mer-cy - seat, Be-
use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to Je - sus then, Nor
ten - der-ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and o - ver all, And
when I knelt to pray Con-fess - ing all my guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.
hold-ing my de-spair, In pit - y bursts my clouds between, And shows me He is there.
do I go in vain, For heav'nly hope He gives that cheers, Like sunshine aft-er rain.
wind and waves o-bey, When Je-sus whispers "Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.
CHORUS.
It's just like Je - sus to roll the clouds a - way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me
day by day, It's just like Je - sus all a - long the way, It's just like His great love.

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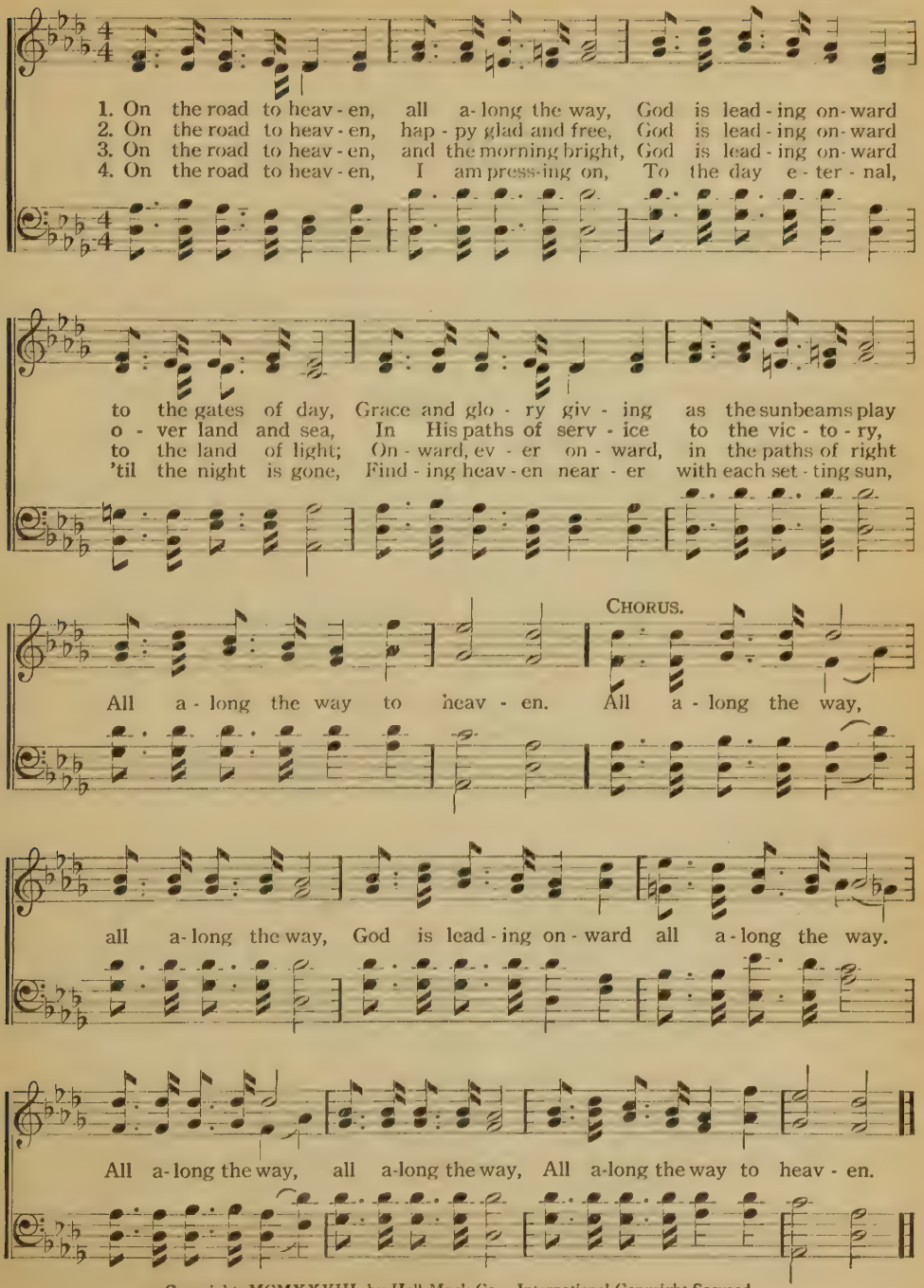
# No. 293. On the Road to Heaven.

W. C. POOLE. D. W. SHANKS.


1. On the road to heav - en, all a - long the way, God is lead - ing on - ward
2. On the road to heav - en, hap - py glad and free, God is lead - ing on - ward
3. On the road to heav - en, and the morning bright, God is lead - ing on - ward
4. On the road to heav - en, I am press - ing on, To the day e - ter - nal,
to the gates of day, Grace and glo - ry giv - ing as the sunbeams play
o - ver land and sea, In His paths of serv - ice to the vic - to - ry,
to the land of light; On - ward, ev - er on - ward, in the paths of right
'til the night is gone, Find - ing heav - en near - er with each set - ting sun,
CHORUS.
All a - long the way to heav - en. All a - long the way,
all a - long the way, God is lead - ing on - ward all a - long the way.
All a - long the way, all a - long the way, All a - long the way to heav - en.

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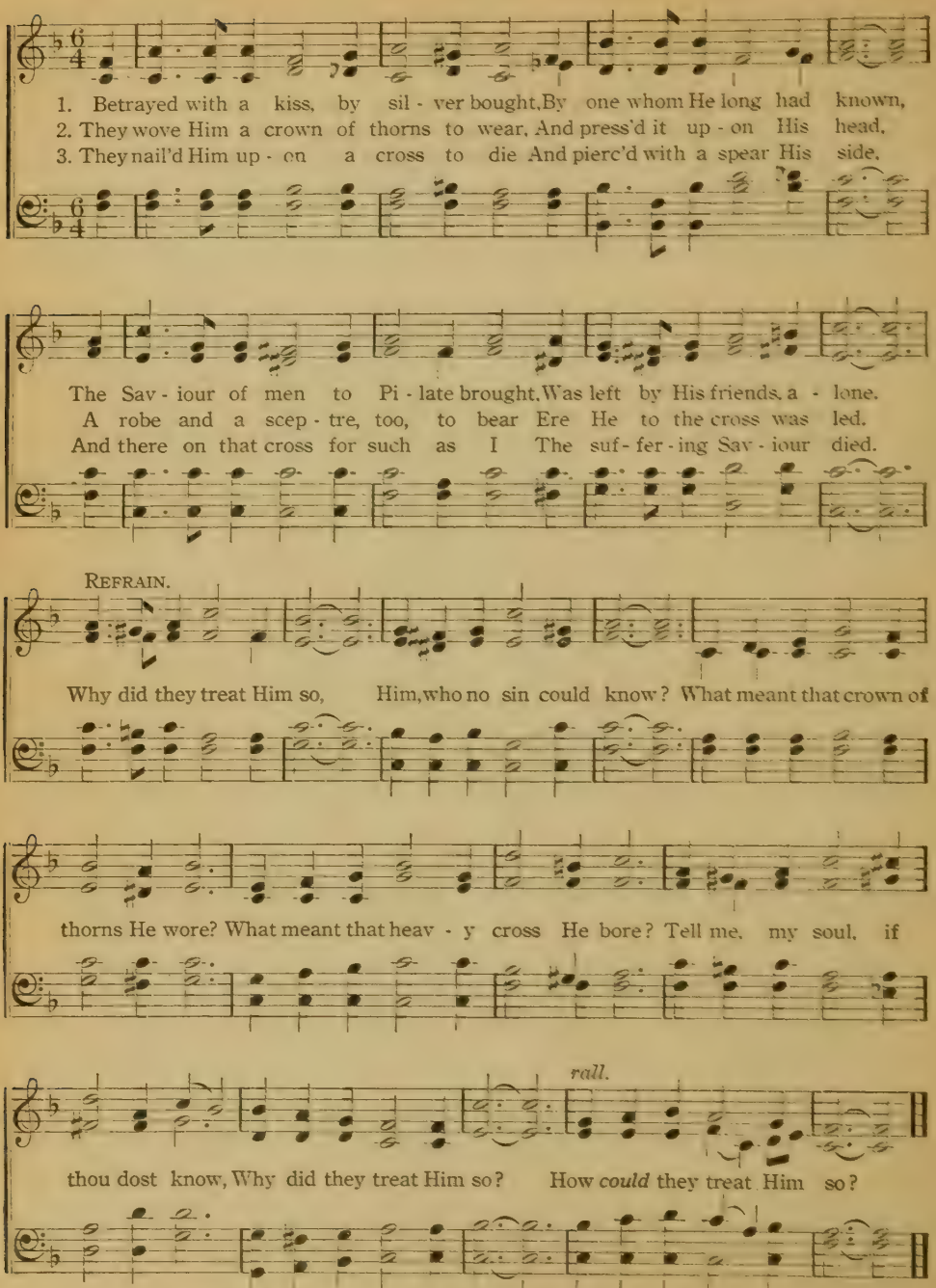
# No. 294. Why Did They Treat Him So?

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Betrayed with a kiss, by sil - ver bought, By one whom He long had known,
2. They wove Him a crown of thorns to wear, And press'd it up - on His head,
3. They nail'd Him up - on a cross to die And pierc'd with a spear His side,
The Sav - iour of men to Pi - late brought, Was left by His friends, a - lone.
A robe and a scep - tre, too, to bear Ere He to the cross was led.
And there on that cross for such as I The suf - fer - ing Sav - iour died.
Refrain.
Why did they treat Him so, Him, who no sin could know? What meant that crown of
thorns He wore? What meant that heav - y cross He bore? Tell me, my soul, if
rall.
thou dost know, Why did they treat Him so? How *could* they treat Him so?

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# No. 295. Be An Overcomer.

A. G. H. A. G. Horst.

1. Would you be an o - ver-com - er all a - long the way? Would you be a
2. You may be an o - ver-com - er if you make the choice, Do the Mas - ter's
3. "He that o - ver- com-eth shall be clothed in raiment white," This may be at -
con-stant bless- ing ev - 'ry pass- ing day? Give your all to Je - sus, He will
bid- ding and you sure - ly will re- joice; Please Him ev - 'ry mo-ment, heed His
tained if you will walk in all the light; Keep love's ban - ner wav- ing, walk - ing
come with- out de - lay, Be an o - ver - com - er now!
lov - ing, gen - tle voice, Be an o - ver - com - er now!
hum - bly in His sight, Be an o - ver - com - er now!
Be an o - ver - com - er now!
Chorus.
1
Be an o - ver-com-er, Be an o - ver-com-er, Live a life of
Be, yes, be Be a con-stant
2
vic-t'ry all a - long the way. You shall wear the o - ver-com-er's crown some day.

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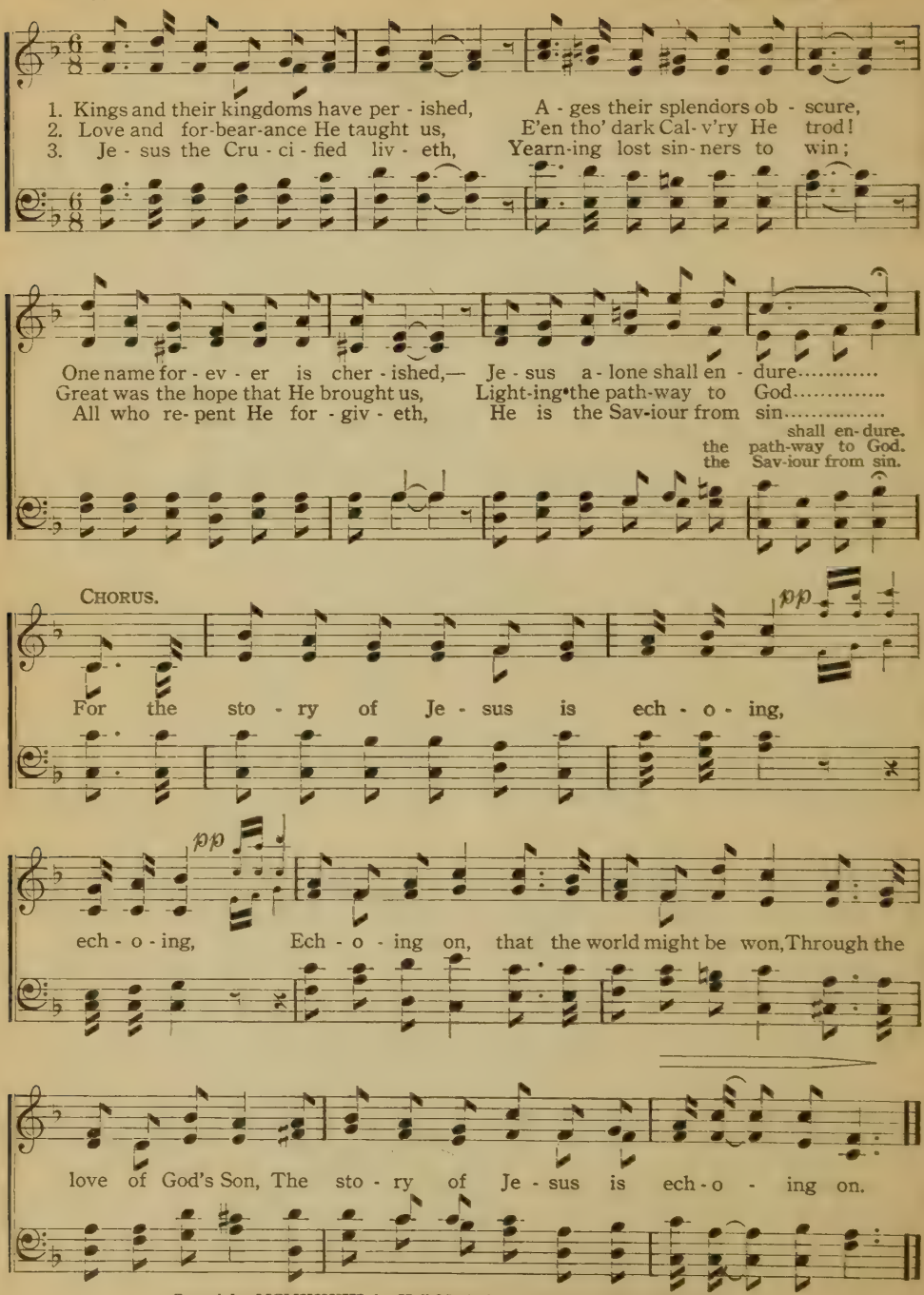
# No. 296. The Story is Echoing On.

M. G. H. M. Grace Houseman.


1. Kings and their kingdoms have per - ished, A - ges their splendors ob - scure,
2. Love and for-bear-ance He taught us, E'en tho' dark Cal-v'ry He trod!
3. Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied liv - eth, Yearn-ing lost sin-ners to win;
One name for - ev - er is cher - ished,— Je - sus a - lone shall en - dure.....
Great was the hope that He brought us, Light-ing the path-way to God.....
All who re- pent He for - giv - eth, He is the Sav-iour from sin.....
shall en-dure.
the path-way to God.
the Sav-iour from sin.
Chorus.
pp
For the sto - ry of Je - sus is ech - o - ing,
pp
ech - o - ing, Ech - o - ing on, that the world might be won, Through the
love of God's Son, The sto - ry of Je - sus is ech - o - ing on.

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# No. 297. Love Led Him to Calvary.

GEO. O. WEBSTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Love led the Sav - iour, in days long a - go, Down to earth's
2. Love, for a man - ger, a - ban - doned a throne, Seek - ing the
3. See - ing the soul in its in - fi - nite worth, Stoop - ing, in
4. Long - ing, in pit - y, the lost ones to save, Brav - ing the
dark-ness, its sin and its woe; Seek - ing the lost ones, His mer - cy to
sin - ful, the sad and the lone; Yearn-ing to win them and make them His
love, to the low - li - est birth, Seek - ing the lost in the by - ways of
Gar - den, the Cross and the Grave, Seek - ing this on - ly, the sin - ful to
CHORUS. Faster.
show, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.
own, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.
earth, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.
save, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.
Love led Him to
Cal - va - ry, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry; Seek - ing the
lost, at the ut - ter - most cost, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.

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# No. 298. It is Heaven Anywhere With Jesus.

D. M. S. D. M. Shanks.

1. It is heav - en just to be with Je - sus, As I jour - ney thro' this
2. It is heav - en just to be with Je - sus, Mat - ters not wher - ev - er
3. It is heav - en just to walk with Je - sus, Tho' He lead me up to
world be - low, This is why I fol - low Him with glad - ness, This is
it may be, For there's noth - ing that can dim His glo - ry Nor the
Cal - va - ry, For 'tis there 'mid scenes of pain and sor - row All His
Chorus.
why my heart is all a - glow.
love-light in His smile for me.
wondrous beau - ty I may see.
It is heav - en an - y-where with Je - sus,
It is heav - en just to be with Him, (a - lone,) Whether skies be grey or fair,
rit.
tempo.
It is heav - en if He's there, It is heav - en an - y-where with Je - sus.

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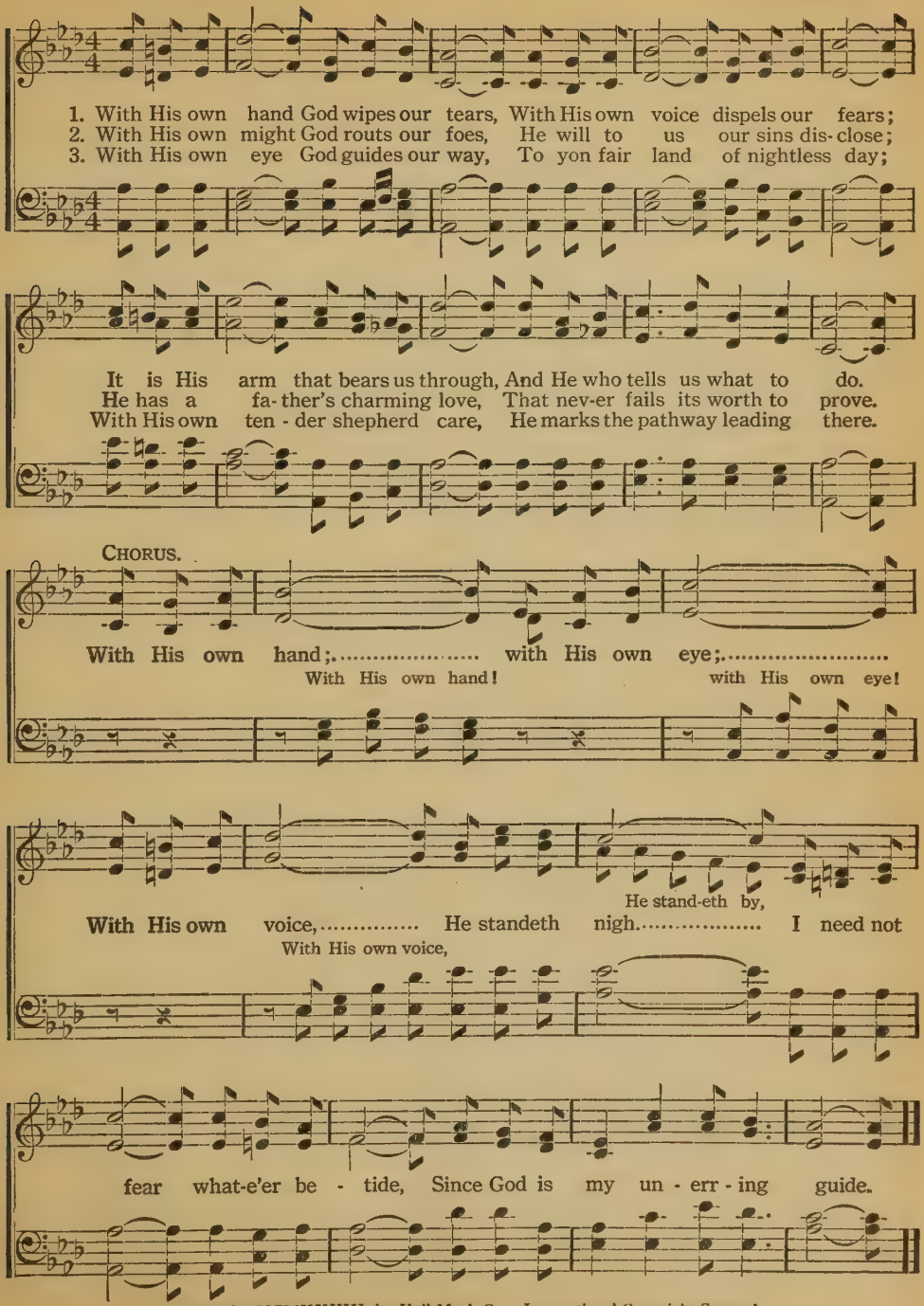
# No. 299. With His Own Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. With His own hand God wipes our tears, With His own voice dispels our fears;
2. With His own might God routs our foes, He will to us our sins dis-close;
3. With His own eye God guides our way, To yon fair land of nightless day;
It is His arm that bears us through, And He who tells us what to do.
He has a fa-ther's charming love, That nev-er fails its worth to prove.
With His own ten-der shepherd care, He marks the pathway leading there.
CHORUS.
With His own hand;..... with His own eye;.....
With His own hand! with His own eye!
He stand-eth by,
With His own voice,..... He standeth nigh..... I need not
With His own voice,
fear what-e'er be-tide, Since God is my un-err-ing guide.

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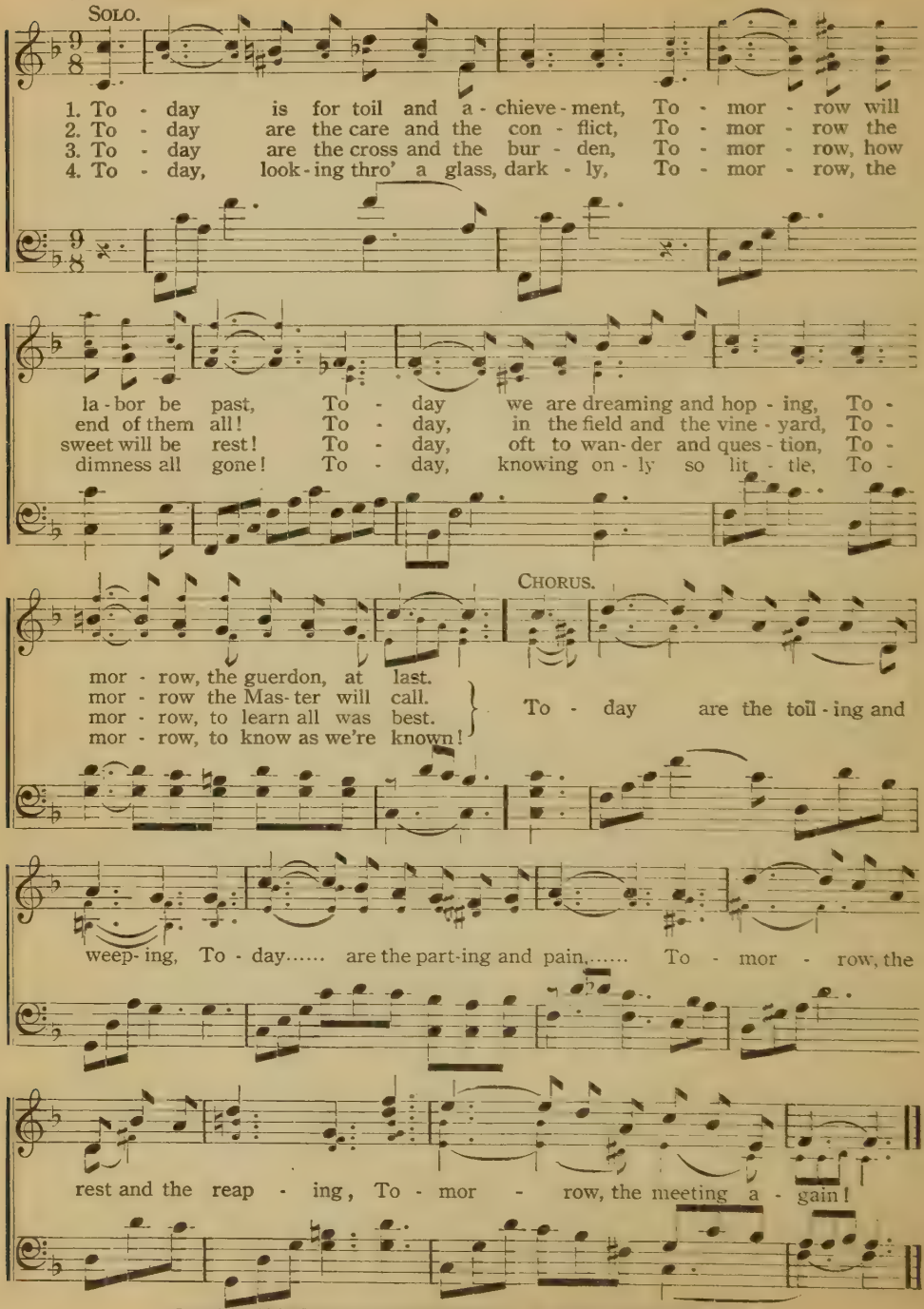
# No. 300. To-day and To-morrow.

T. O. CHISHOLM. B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.


1. To - day is for toil and a - chieve - ment, To - mor - row will
2. To - day are the care and the con - flict, To - mor - row the
3. To - day are the cross and the bur - den, To - mor - row, how
4. To - day, look - ing thro' a glass, dark - ly, To - mor - row, the
la - bor be past, To - day we are dreaming and hop - ing, To -
end of them all! To - day, in the field and the vine - yard, To -
sweet will be rest! To - day, oft to wan - der and ques - tion, To -
dimness all gone! To - day, knowing on - ly so lit - tle, To -
CHORUS.
mor - row, the guerdon, at last.
mor - row the Mas - ter will call.
mor - row, to learn all was best.
mor - row, to know as we're known!
To - day are the toil - ing and
weep - ing, To - day..... are the part - ing and pain,..... To - mor - row, the
rest and the reap - ing, To - mor - row, the meeting a - gain!

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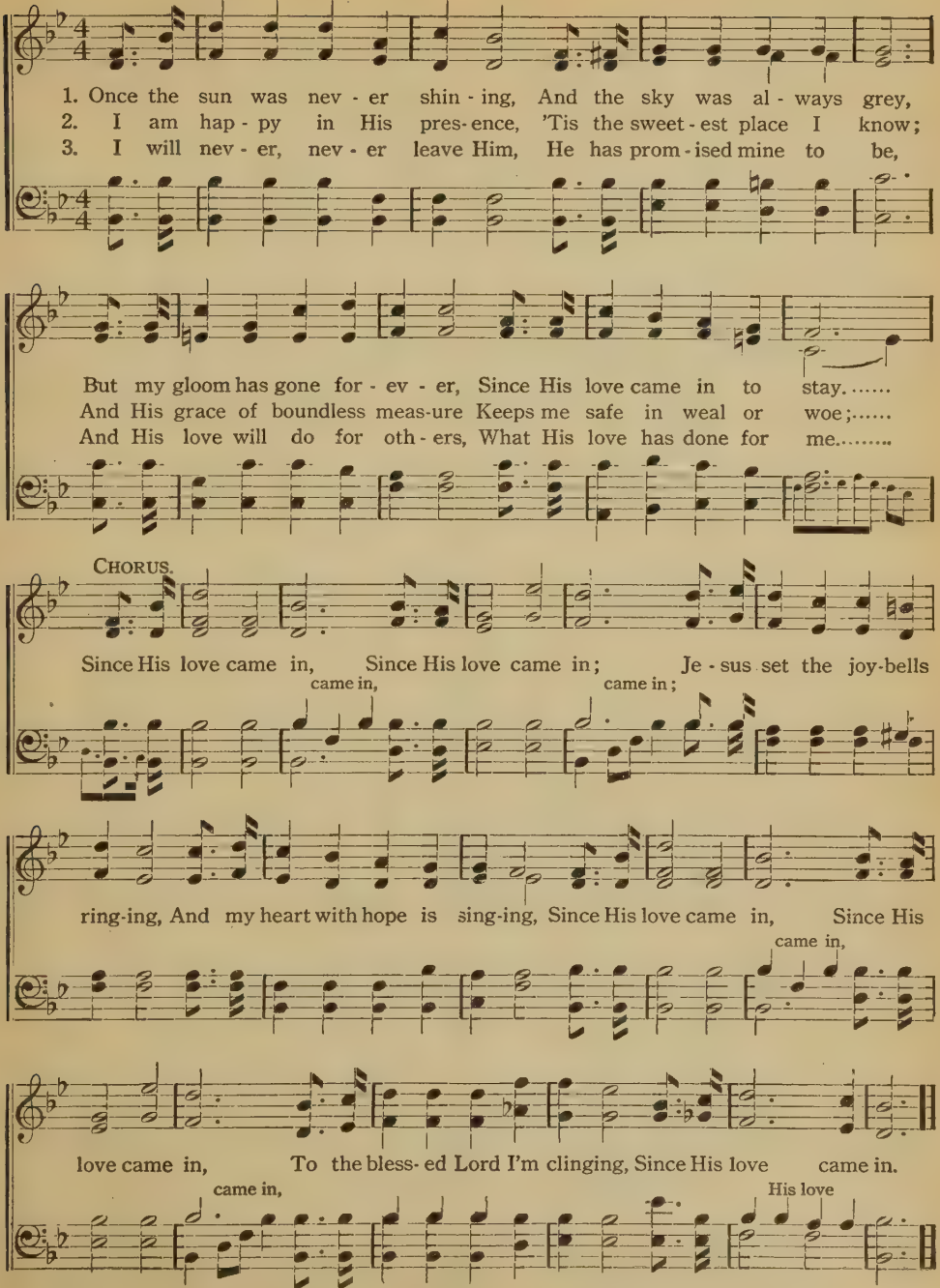
# No. 301. Since His Love Came In.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. Once the sun was nev - er shin - ing, And the sky was al - ways grey,
2. I am hap - py in His pres - ence, 'Tis the sweet - est place I know;
3. I will nev - er, nev - er leave Him, He has prom - ised mine to be,
But my gloom has gone for - ev - er, Since His love came in to stay.....
And His grace of boundless meas-ure Keeps me safe in weal or woe;.....
And His love will do for oth - ers, What His love has done for me.....
Chorus.
Since His love came in, Since His love came in; Je - sus set the joy-bells
came in,
came in;
ring-ing, And my heart with hope is sing-ing, Since His love came in, Since His
came in,
love came in, To the bless - ed Lord I'm clinging, Since His love came in.
came in,
His love

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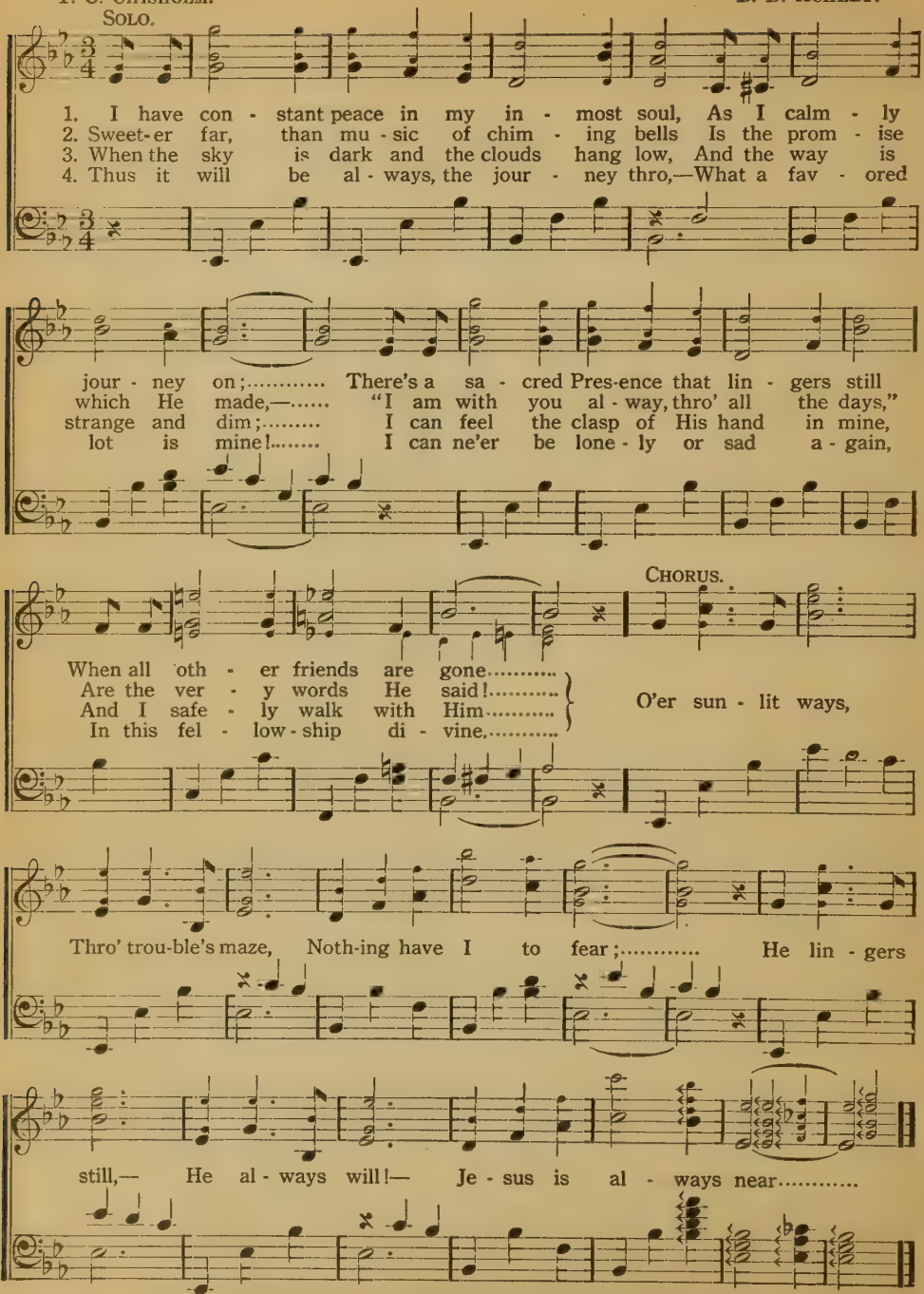
# No. 302. Jesus Is Always Near.

T. O. CHISHOLM. B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.


1. I have con - stant peace in my in - most soul, As I calm - ly
2. Sweet-er far, than mu - sic of chim - ing bells Is the prom - ise
3. When the sky is dark and the clouds hang low, And the way is
4. Thus it will be al - ways, the jour - ney thro,—What a fav - ored
jour - ney on;..... There's a sa - cred Pres-ence that lin - gers still
which He made,—..... "I am with you al - way, thro' all the days,"
strange and dim;..... I can feel the clasp of His hand in mine,
lot is mine!..... I can ne'er be lone - ly or sad a - gain,
CHORUS.
When all oth - er friends are gone.....
Are the ver - y words He said!.....
And I safe - ly walk with Him.....
In this fel - low-ship di - vine.....
O'er sun - lit ways,
Thro' trou-ble's maze, Noth-ing have I to fear;..... He lin - gers
still,— He al - ways will!— Je - sus is al - ways near.....

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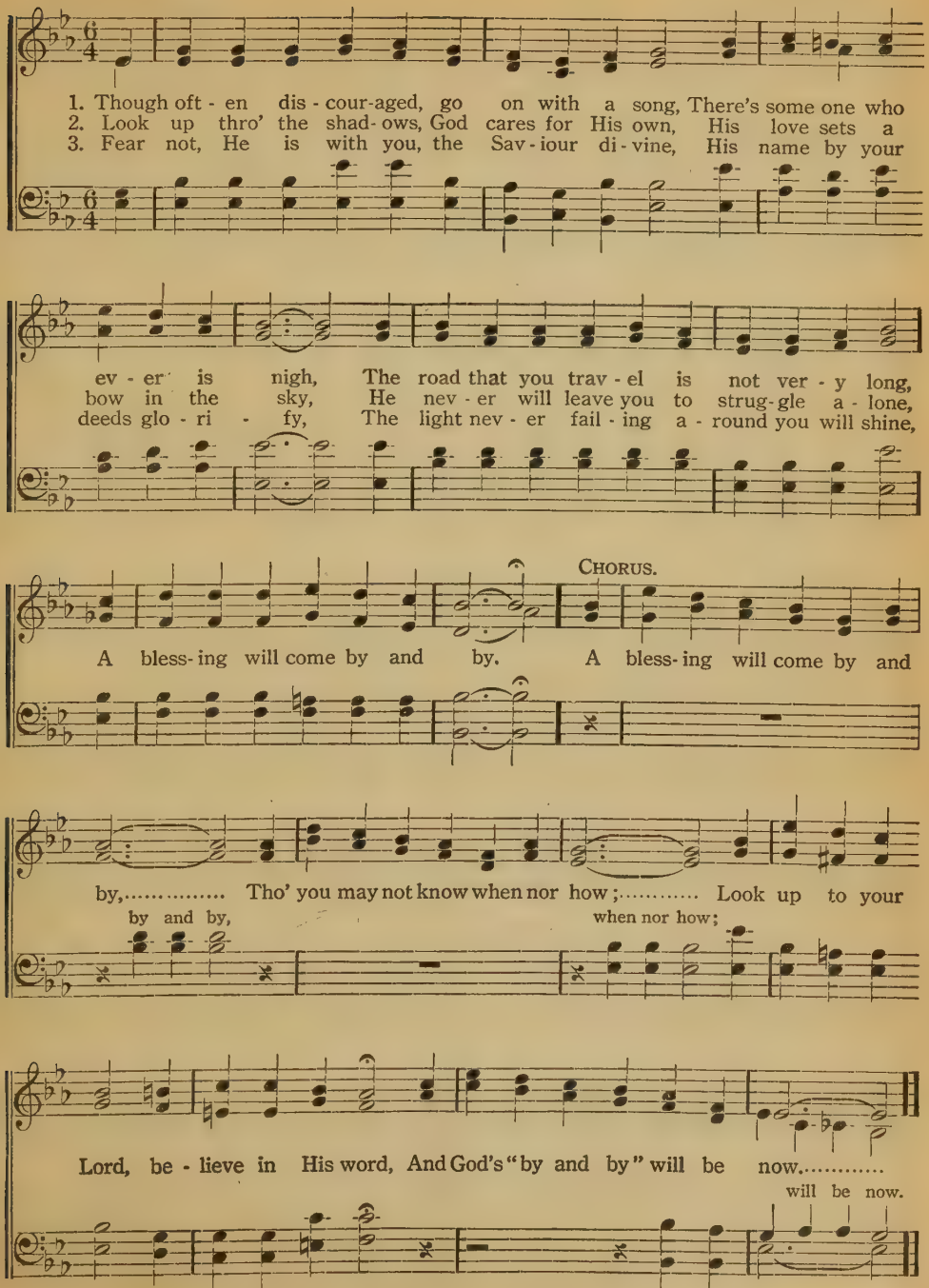
# No. 303. By and By Will Be Now.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Though oft - en dis - cour-aged, go on with a song, There's some one who
2. Look up thro' the shad- ows, God cares for His own, His love sets a
3. Fear not, He is with you, the Sav - iour di - vine, His name by your
ev - er is nigh, The road that you trav - el is not ver - y long,
bow in the sky, He nev - er will leave you to strug - gle a - lone,
deeds glo - ri - fy, The light nev - er fail - ing a - round you will shine,
CHORUS.
A bless- ing will come by and by. A bless- ing will come by and
by,..... Tho' you may not know when nor how;..... Look up to your
by and by, when nor how;
Lord, be - lieve in His word, And God's "by and by" will be now.....
will be now.

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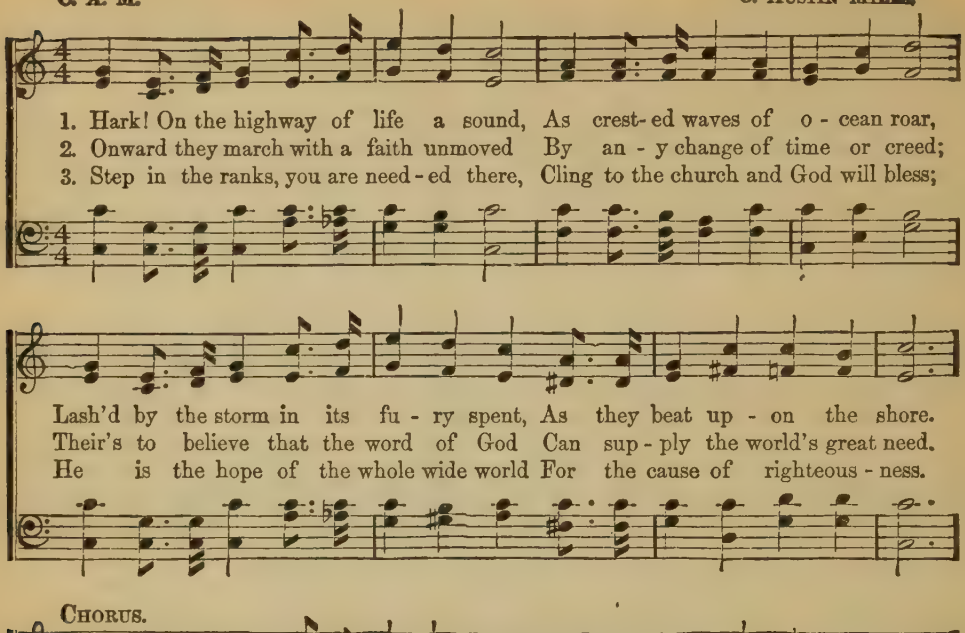
# No. 304. The Army of the Living God.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Hark! On the highway of life a sound, As crest-ed waves of o - cean roar,
2. Onward they march with a faith unmoved By an - y change of time or creed;
3. Step in the ranks, you are need-ed there, Cling to the church and God will bless;
Lash'd by the storm in its fu - ry spent, As they beat up - on the shore.
Their's to believe that the word of God Can sup - ply the world's great need.
He is the hope of the whole wide world For the cause of righteous - ness.
Chorus.
Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the army as they march along the way of life,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
They are weary of the toil and the travel, of the bit - terness of strife; (of strife:)
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
But they hope and trust, looking ev - er on the path the saints before have trod,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

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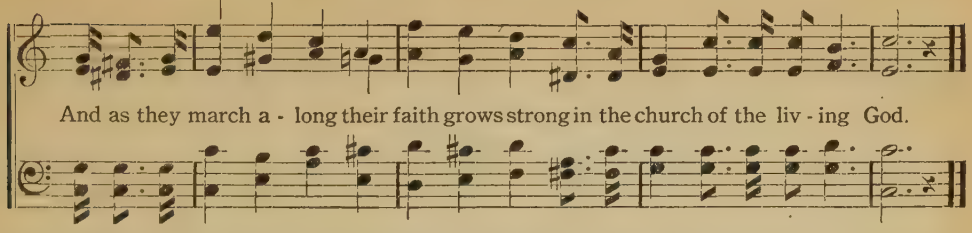


## No. 305. I Will Trust, and Not Be Afraid.

Mrs. J. I. McC. Isa. 12: 3. Mrs. J. I. McClelland.

1. On the road, thro' sun and thro' shade, That the Lord for lov'd ones has made.
2. When the darts of sin near me fly, There's a shield my Lord will sup - ply.
3. With my hand in His, as I go, I can sing with joy, for I know
He is always there, With His ten-der care, We may trust, and not be a - fraid.
I can safe - ly hide, And in pray'r a - bide, When I call He answers my cry.
Ev - 'ry test must be, In His plan for me, And my Lord His grace will be-stow.
Chorus.
I will trust, and not be a - fraid, I will trust, and not be a - fraid,
For my Lord is here, Casting out all fear, I will trust, and not be a - fraid.

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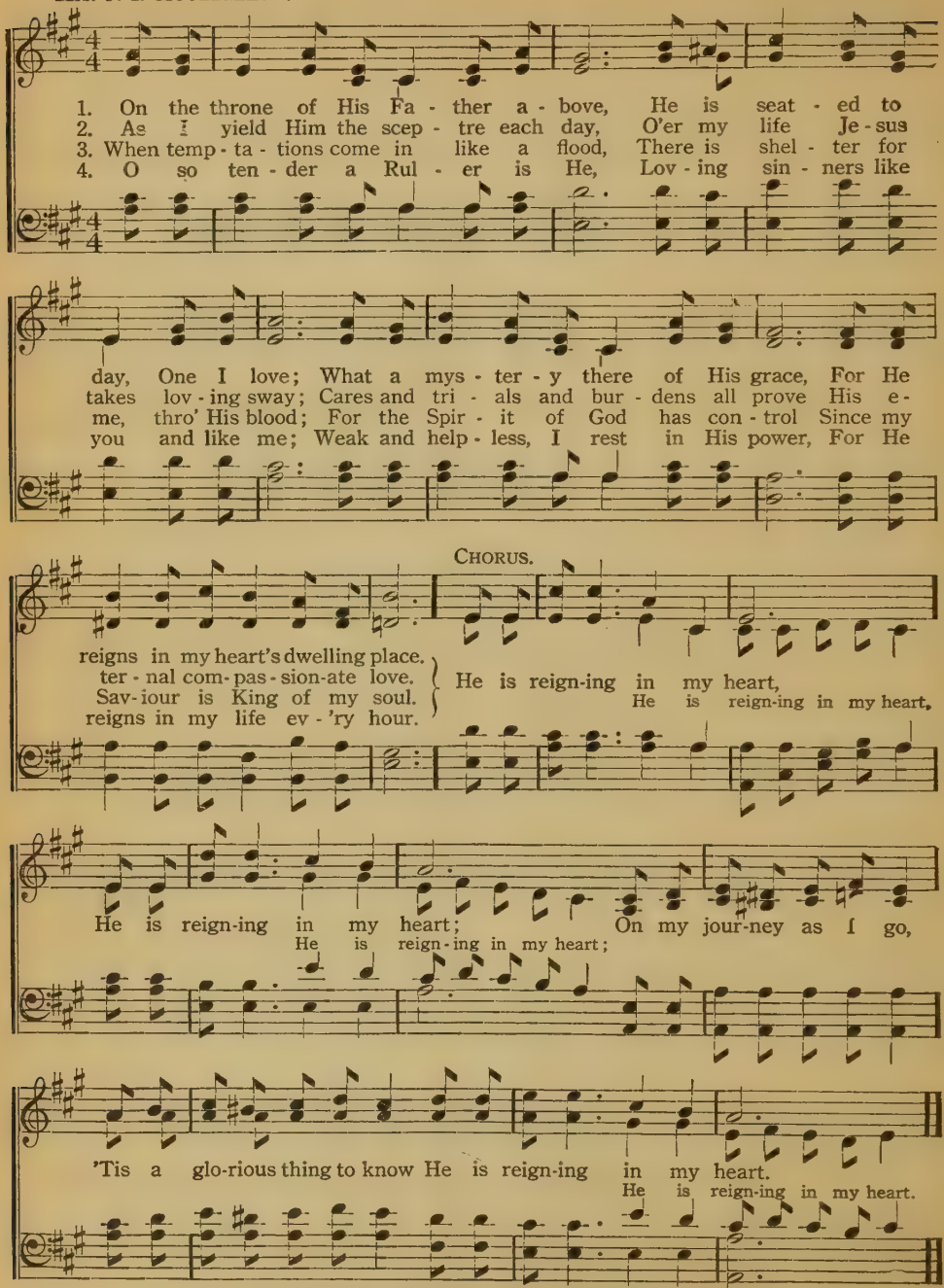
# No. 306. He is Reigning in My Heart.

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."—PSALM 97: 1.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. On the throne of His Fa - ther a - bove, He is seat - ed to
2. As I yield Him the scep - tre each day, O'er my life Je - sus
3. When temp - ta - tions come in like a flood, There is shel - ter for
4. O so ten - der a Rul - er is He, Lov - ing sin - ners like
day, One I love; What a mys - ter - y there of His grace, For He
takes lov - ing sway; Cares and tri - als and bur - dens all prove His e -
me, thro' His blood; For the Spir - it of God has con - trol Since my
you and like me; Weak and help - less, I rest in His power, For He
CHORUS.
reigns in my heart's dwelling place.
ter - nal com - pas - sion - ate love.
Sav - iour is King of my soul.
reigns in my life ev - 'ry hour.
He is reign-ing in my heart,
He is reign-ing in my heart,
He is reign-ing in my heart; On my jour-ney as I go,
He is reign-ing in my heart;
'Tis a glo-rious thing to know He is reign-ing in my heart.
He is reign-ing in my heart.

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# No. 307. Jesus is the Friend You Need.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Bowed be-neath the load of your guilt and sin, There's a Friend whose
2. As through life you go, through the light and shade, He's the Friend to
3. When temp-ta-tions sore shall your soul as-sail, O-ver ev-'ry
4. When a-round you close dark-est clouds of night, Trust-ing in His
love breathes a peace with-in; By His pow'r the weak can the vic-t'ry win;
help and to give you aid; Hap-py is the heart on the Sav-iour stayed;
ill shall His grace pre-vail; Trust the precious Friend who will nev-er fail;
grace and His sav-ing might, This dear Friend will bring ev-er-last-ing light,
Chorus.
Je-sus is the Friend you need. Je-sus is the Friend you
need; Je-sus is a Friend in-deed; Take Him
O broth-er, in-deed;
for your own; trust in Him a-lone, For Je-sus is the Friend you need.

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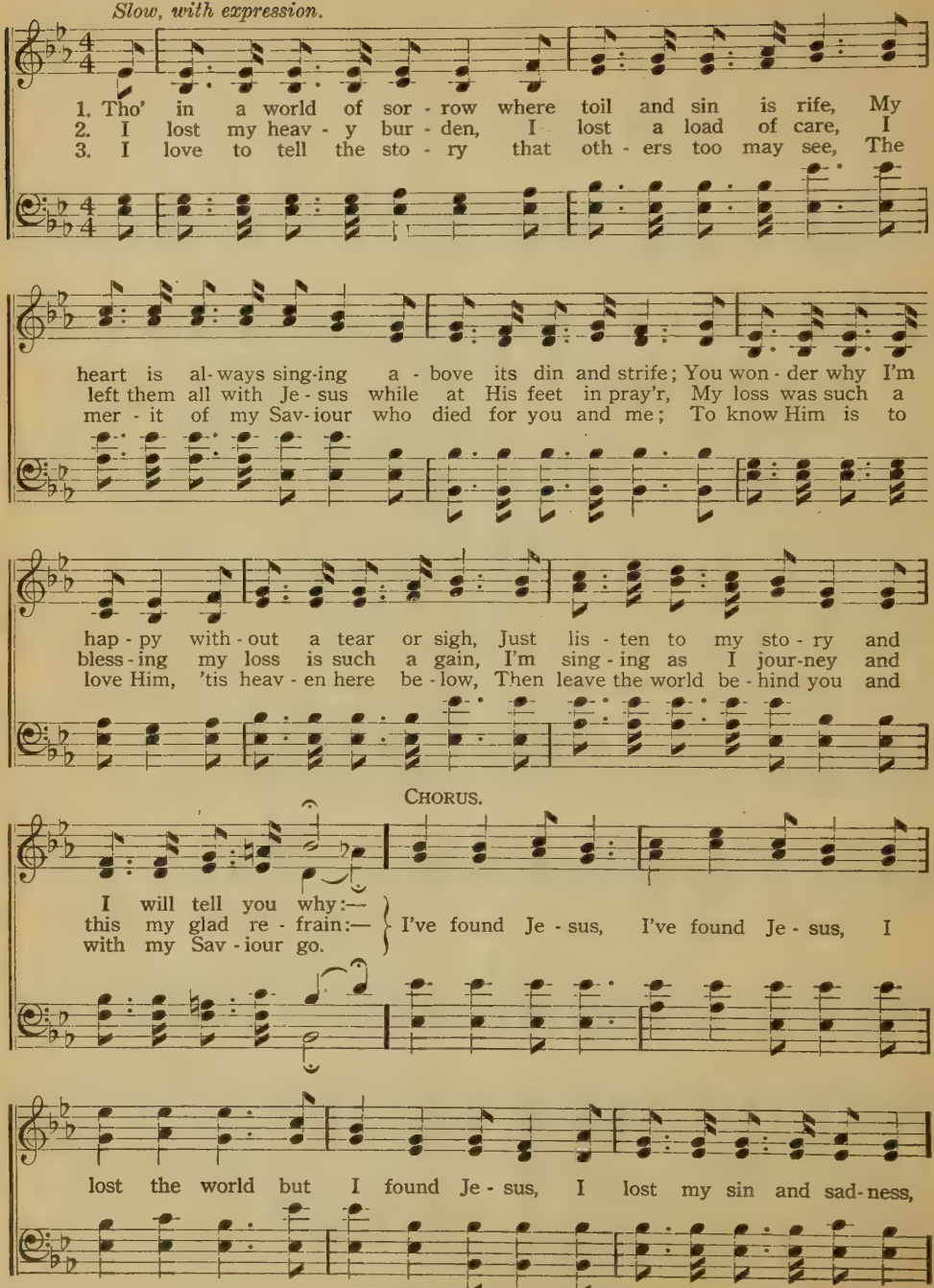
# No. 308. I've Found Jesus.

D. M. S. D. M. Shanks.

*Slow, with expression.*


1. Tho' in a world of sor - row where toil and sin is rife, My heart is al - ways sing-ing a - bove its din and strife; You won - der why I'm hap - py with - out a tear or sigh, Just lis - ten to my sto - ry and
2. I lost my heav - y bur - den, I lost a load of care, I left them all with Je - sus while at His feet in pray'r, My loss was such a bless - ing my loss is such a gain, I'm sing - ing as I jour-ney and
3. I love to tell the sto - ry that oth - ers too may see, The mer - it of my Sav - iour who died for you and me; To know Him is to love Him, 'tis heav - en here be - low, Then leave the world be - hind you and
Chorus.
I will tell you why:— this my glad re - frain:— with my Sav - iour go. } I've found Je - sus, I've found Je - sus, I lost the world but I found Je - sus, I lost my sin and sad - ness,

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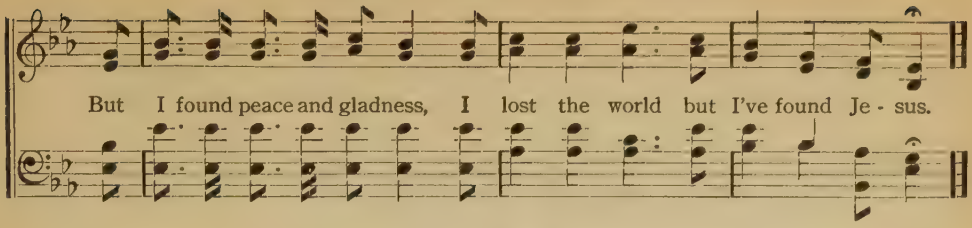
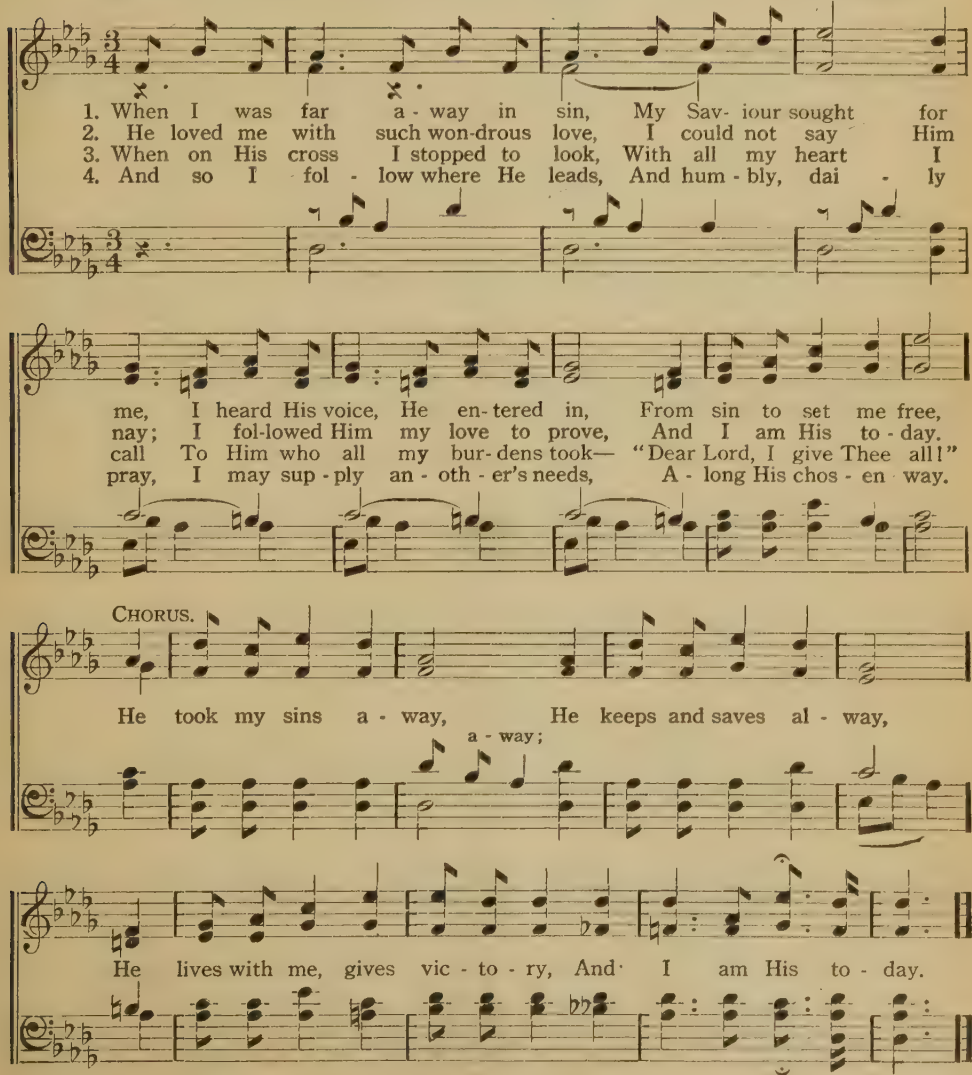
## I've Found Jesus.—Concluded.




## No. 309. I Am His To-day.

W. C. Poole. B. D. Ackley.


1. When I was far a - way in sin, My Sav- iour sought for
2. He loved me with such won-drous love, I could not say Him
3. When on His cross I stopped to look, With all my heart I
4. And so I fol - low where He leads, And hum - bly, dai - ly
me, I heard His voice, He en- tered in, From sin to set me free,
nay; I fol-lowed Him my love to prove, And I am His to - day.
call To Him who all my bur- dens took— "Dear Lord, I give Thee all!"
pray, I may sup - ply an - oth - er's needs, A - long His chos - en way.
Chorus.
He took my sins a - way, He keeps and saves al - way,
a - way;
He lives with me, gives vic - to - ry, And I am His to - day.

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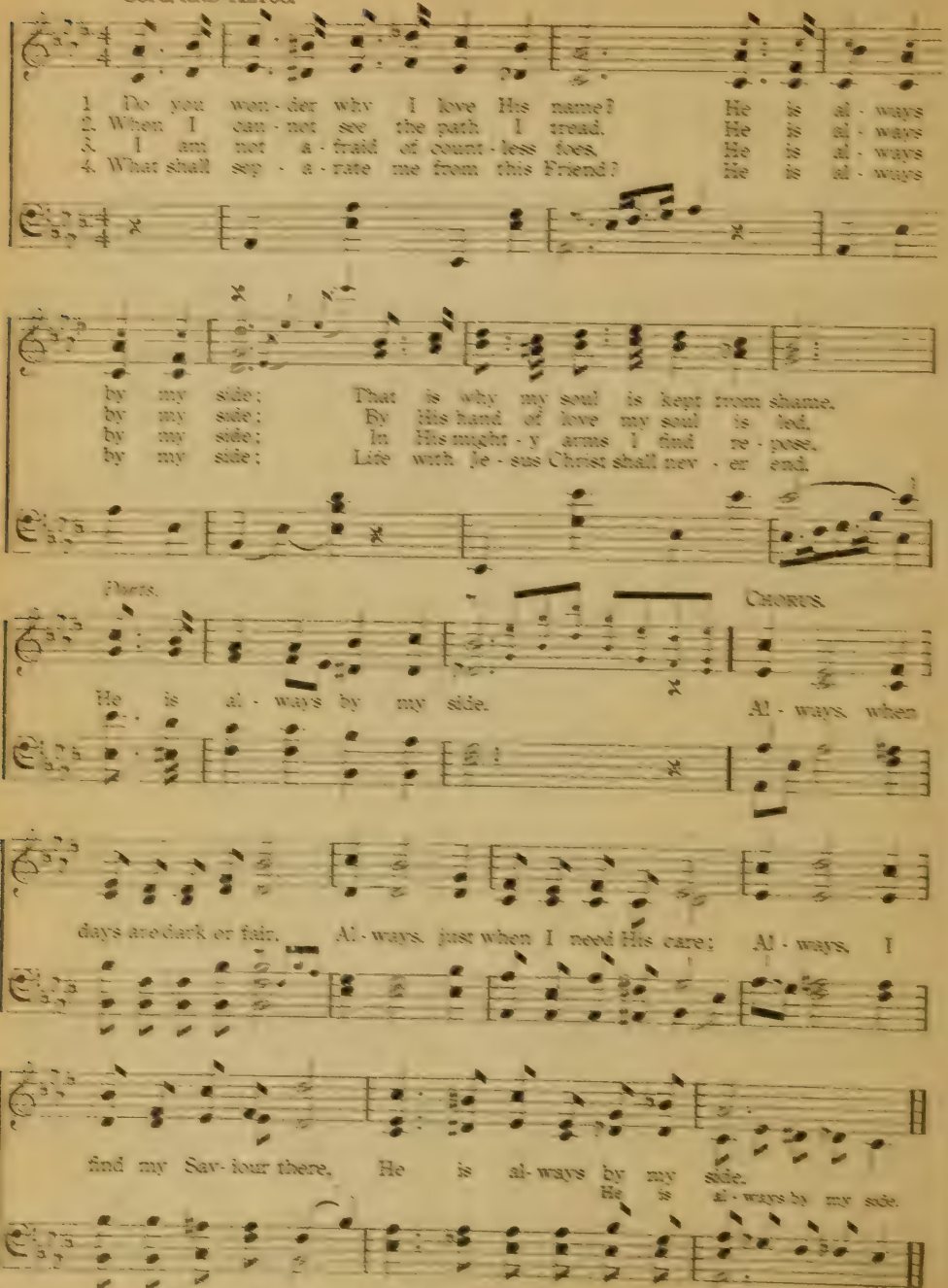
# No. 310. Always By My Side.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

Sops. and Altos.


1 Do you won - der why I love His name? He is al - ways
2. When I can - not see the path I tread. He is al - ways
3. I am not a - fraid of count - less foes, He is al - ways
4. What shall sep - a - rate me from this Friend? He is al - ways
by my side; That is why my soul is kept from shame.
by my side; By His hand of love my soul is led,
by my side; In His might - y arms I find re - pose,
by my side; Life with Je - sus Christ shall nev - er end.
Parts.
Chorus.
He is al - ways by my side. Al - ways, when
days are dark or fair. Al - ways, just when I need His care; Al - ways, I
find my Sav - iour there, He is al - ways by my side.
He is al - ways by my side.

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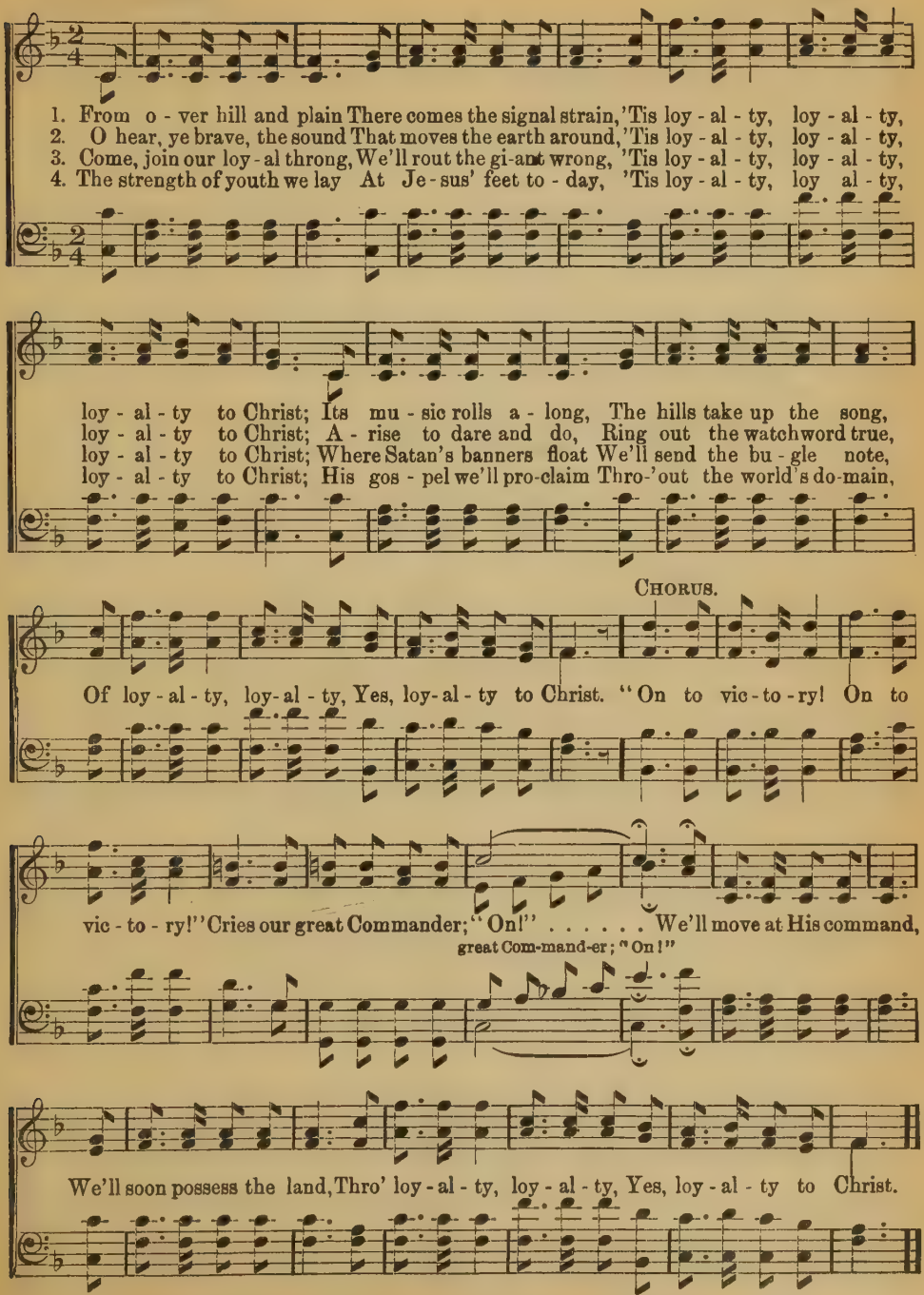
# No. 311. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty,
3. Come, join our loy - al throng, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy al - ty,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro-claim Thro-'out the world's do-main,
Chorus.
Of loy - al - ty, loy-al - ty, Yes, loy-al - ty to Christ. "On to vic - to - ry! On to
vic - to - ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . . . We'll move at His command,
great Com-mand-er; "On!"
We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.

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# No. 312. March On!

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

*Parts.*

1. March on, march on, with steadfast heart and strong! March on, march
2. March on, march on, our Cap-tain leads the way! March on, march
3. March on, march on, O fal - ter not nor fear! March on, march

on, with joy - ous song! Re - joice, re - joice, for vic - t'ry
on, His word o - bey! Re - joice, re - joice, in Him the
on, our King is near! Re - joice, re - joice, soon war - fare

will be won! Let loy - al - ty the watchword be, march on, march on!
roy - al Son! Then heed His call, press for-ward all, march on, march on!
will be done! To Him be true, our strength re-new, march on, march on!

CHORUS.

1

For we are march-ing, march-ing 'neath the banner bright; Then forward press, His
For we are march-ing, march-ing val - iant in His might (*Omit*.....

2

name confess, Till vict'ry's won! Let loy - al - ty the watchword be, March on, march on!

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# No. 313. Stand Fast.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. Stand fast in the faith of the cru - ci - fied, He died for the
2. Stand fast in the might of His con-qu'ring pow'r, With cour - age to
3. Stand fast in the truth to the world made known, None oth - er than
4. Stand fast in the hope of that gold - en day, When peace to the
sin of the world, His ar - my shall win, tho' the world is wide,
meet ev - 'ry test, And fight for the right till thy dy - ing hour,
Je - sus can save, His word giv - eth life, and His word a - lone,
earth shall have come, When ha - tred and strife shall be done a - way,
1. the world,
CHORUS.
His ban - ner shall nev - er be furled.
Then com - eth the crown and the rest.
Can win o - ver sin and the grave.
And God shall a - bide in the home,
Stand fast, in the
be furled.
Stand fast,
1
faith, ye sol - diers of the cross, Stand fast, stand fast, nor
stand fast, Ye faith - ful sol - diers of the cross, Stand fast,
2
flinch in the fight with sin, (stand fast,) And we, and we shall the vic - t'ry win.

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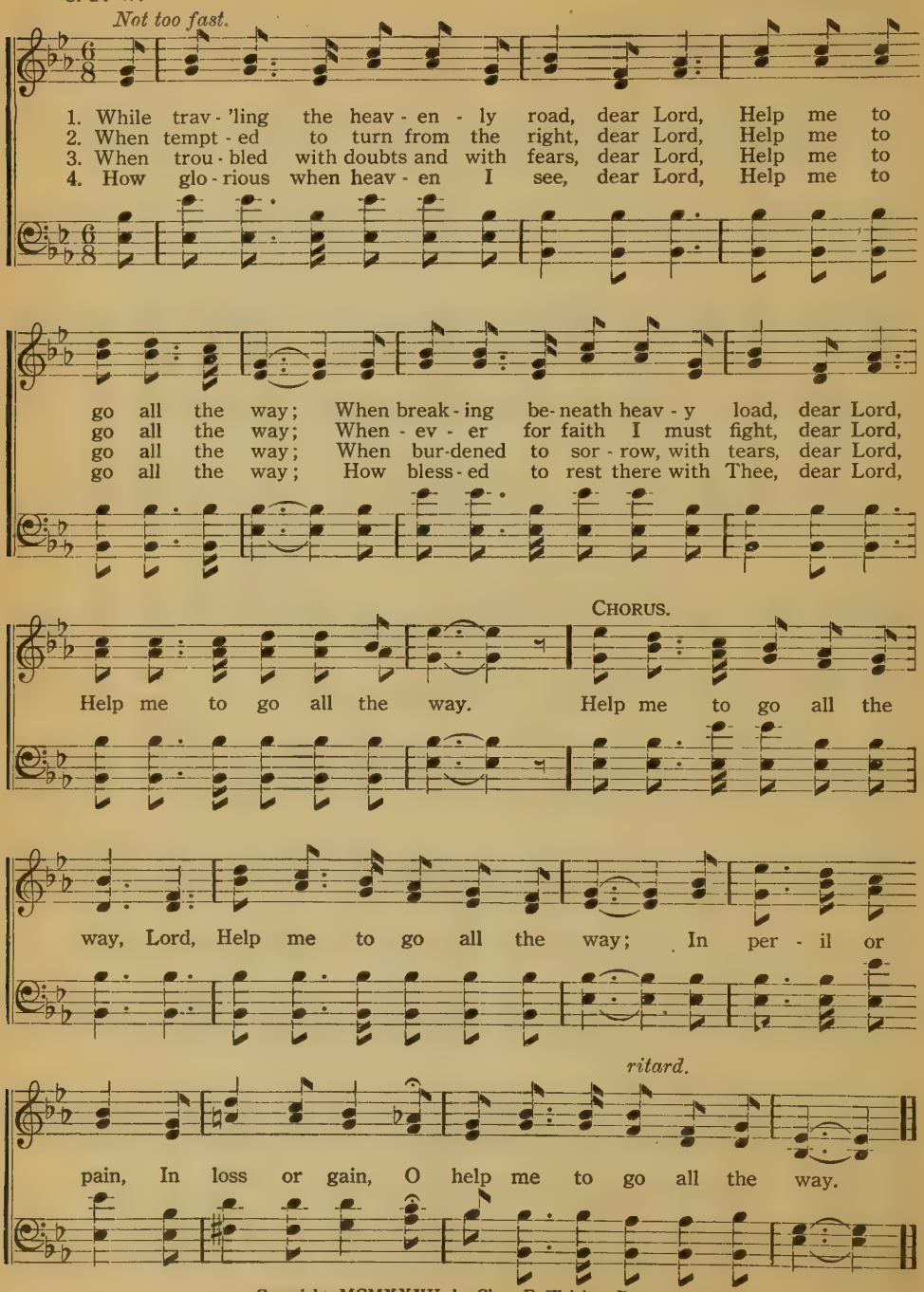
# No. 314. Help Me to Go All the Way, Lord.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGLE.

*Not too fast.*


1. While trav - 'ling the heav - en - ly road, dear Lord, Help me to
2. When tempt - ed to turn from the right, dear Lord, Help me to
3. When trou - bled with doubts and with fears, dear Lord, Help me to
4. How glo - rious when heav - en I see, dear Lord, Help me to
go all the way; When break - ing be - neath heav - y load, dear Lord,
go all the way; When - ev - er for faith I must fight, dear Lord,
go all the way; When bur-dened to sor - row, with tears, dear Lord,
go all the way; How bless - ed to rest there with Thee, dear Lord,
CHORUS.
Help me to go all the way. Help me to go all the
way, Lord, Help me to go all the way; In per - il or
ritard.
pain, In loss or gain, O help me to go all the way.

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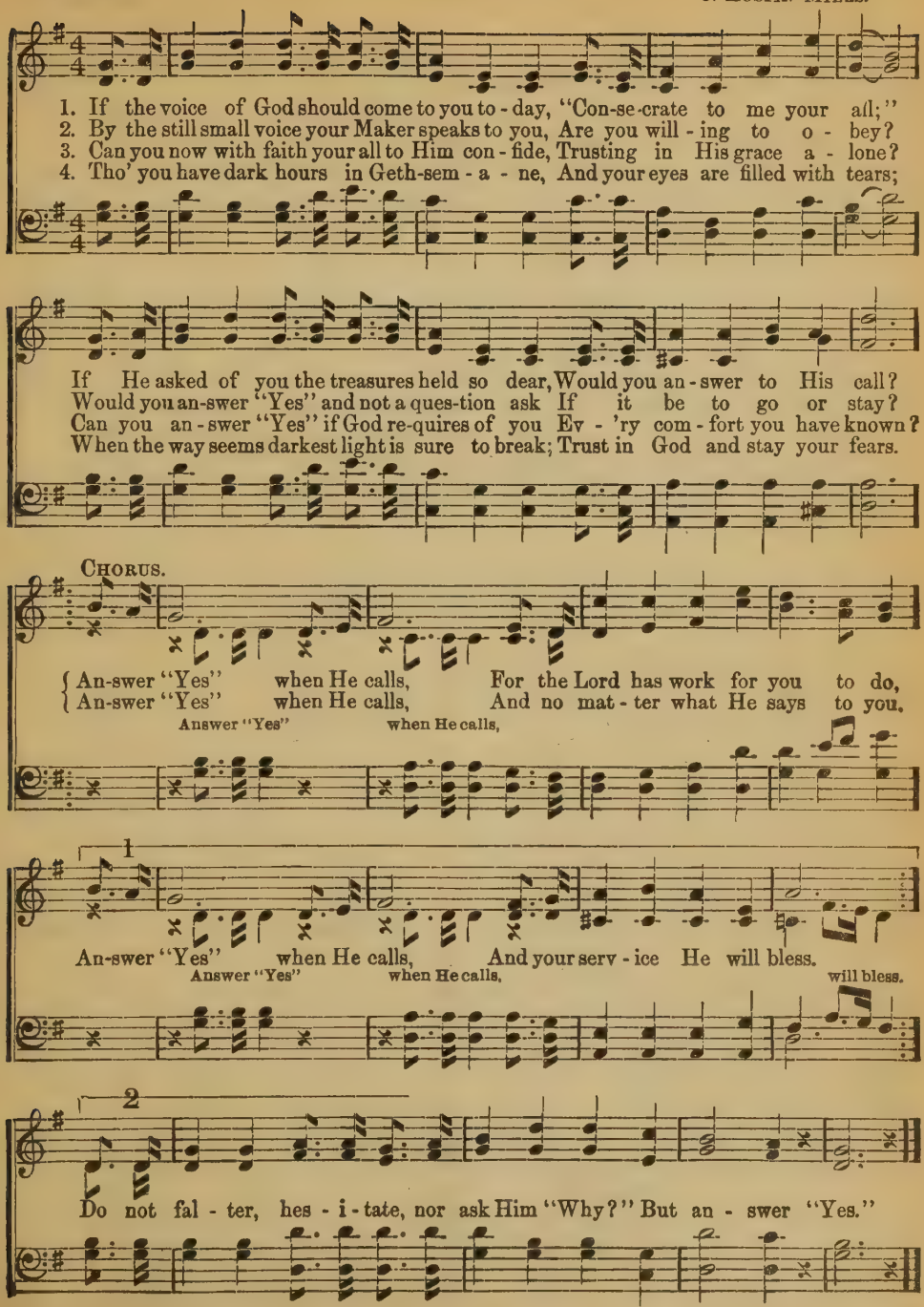
# No. 315. Answer "Yes."

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. If the voice of God should come to you to-day, "Con-se-crate to me your all;"
2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you will-ing to o-bey?
3. Can you now with faith your all to Him con-fide, Trusting in His grace a-lone?
4. Tho' you have dark hours in Geth-sem-a-ne, And your eyes are filled with tears;
If He asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an-swer to His call?
Would you an-swer "Yes" and not a ques-tion ask If it be to go or stay?
Can you an-swer "Yes" if God re-quires of you Ev-'ry com-fort you have known?
When the way seems darkest light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.
Chorus.
An-swer "Yes" when He calls, For the Lord has work for you to do,
An-swer "Yes" when He calls, And no mat-ter what He says to you.
Answer "Yes" when He calls,
1
An-swer "Yes" when He calls, And your serv-ice He will bless.
Answer "Yes" when He calls, will bless.
2
Do not fal-ter, hes-i-tate, nor ask Him "Why?" But an-swer "Yes."

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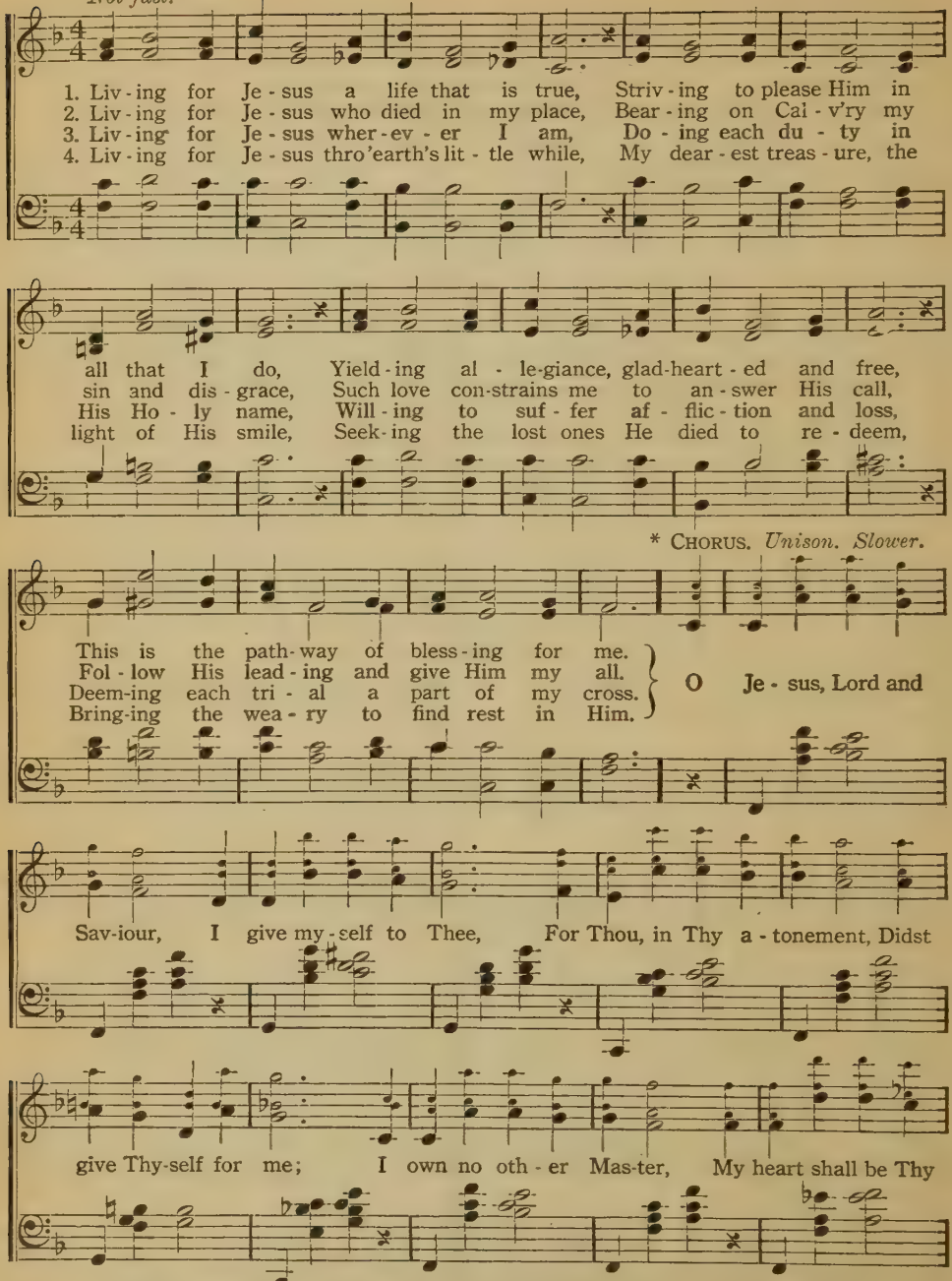
# No. 316. Living for Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm. C. Harold Lowden.

*Not fast.*


1. Liv - ing for Je - sus a life that is true, Striv - ing to please Him in all that I do, Yield - ing al - le-giance, glad-heart - ed and free,
2. Liv - ing for Je - sus who died in my place, Bear - ing on Cal - v'ry my sin and dis - grace, Such love con-strains me to an - swer His call,
3. Liv - ing for Je - sus wher - ev - er I am, Do - ing each du - ty in His Ho - ly name, Will - ing to suf - fer af - flic - tion and loss,
4. Liv - ing for Je - sus thro'earth's lit - tle while, My dear - est treas - ure, the light of His smile, Seek - ing the lost ones He died to re - deem,
* Chorus. Unison. Slower.
This is the path - way of bless - ing for me.
Fol - low His lead - ing and give Him my all.
Deem-ing each tri - al a part of my cross.
Bring-ing the wea - ry to find rest in Him.
O Je - sus, Lord and Sav-iour, I give my - self to Thee, For Thou, in Thy a - tonement, Didst give Thy-self for me; I own no oth - er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy

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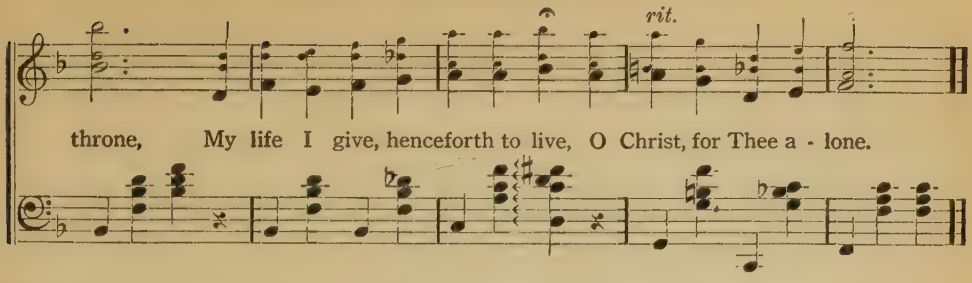
* Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes.




## No. 317. His Love is Greater Than My Sin.

A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. His love is great-er than my sin, Were that not so, O soul of mine,
2. His love is great-er than my sin, Were that not so, then, help - less, I
3. His love is great-er than my sin, Were that not so, then were I dead
The flam - ing wrath of God would win, And I a hope-less wreck re - pine.
Must fall be - neath the bat-tle's din, With none to help or heed my cry.
To peace and hope, nor could be - gin, A-gain to walk the path I tread.
Chorus.
I know His love is great-er than my sin, It must be so, for Christ is mine,
is mine,
He keeps me, guides me, and He dwells within, My heart at tests His love di - vine.

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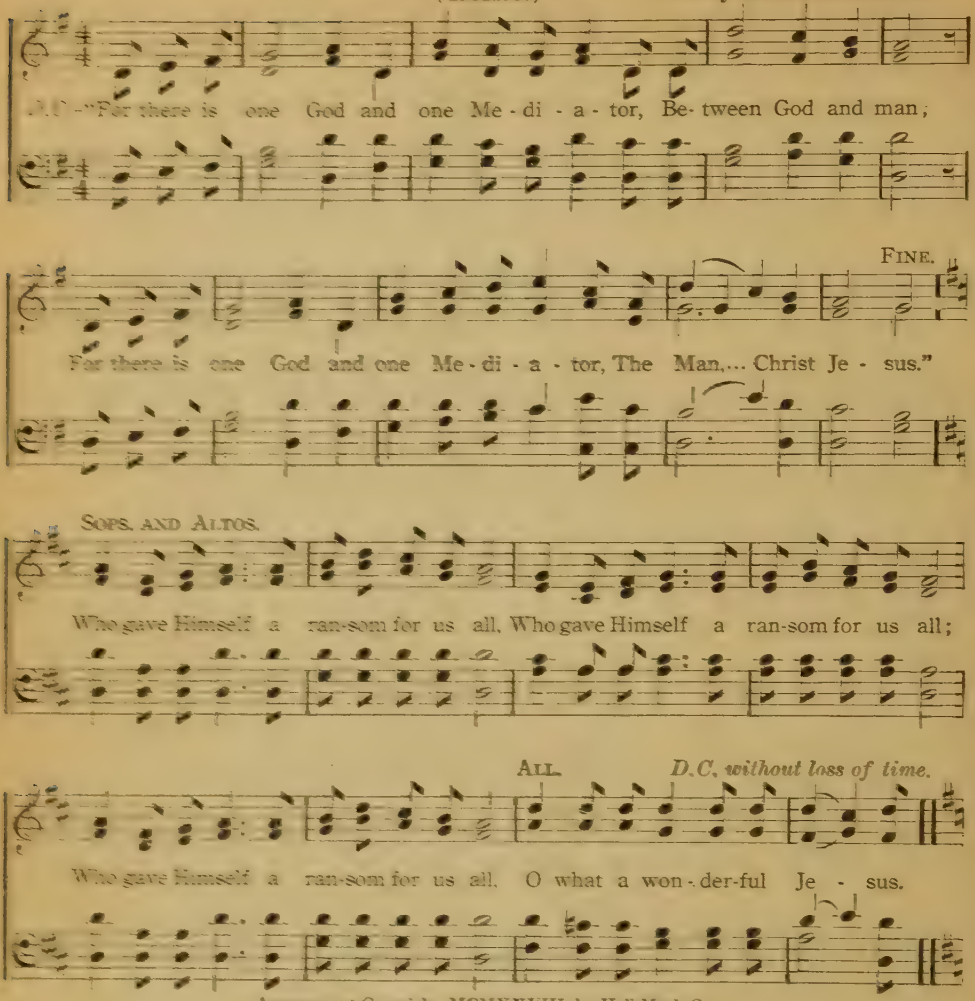
## No. 318. For There is One God.

CLIFF COLLEGE CHORUS.
(ENGLAND.)

Arr. by CLYDE WILLARD.


"For there is one God and one Me - di - a - tor, Be - tween God and man;
FINE.
For there is one God and one Me - di - a - tor, The Man,... Christ Je - sus."
SOPS. AND ALTOS.
Who gave Himself a ran-som for us all, Who gave Himself a ran-som for us all;
ALL.
D.C. without loss of time.
Who gave Himself a ran-som for us all, O what a won - der-ful Je - sus.

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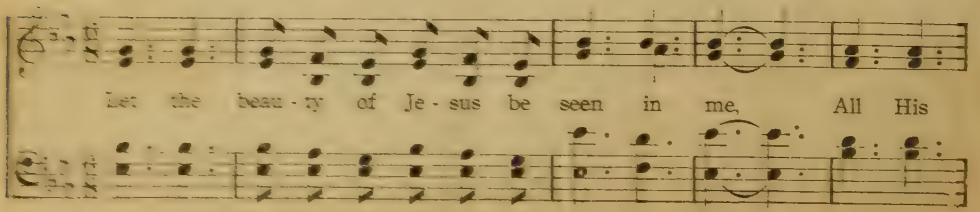
## No. 319. For the Beauty of Jesus.

Arr. by CLYDE WILLARD.



## For the Beauty of Jesus.—Concluded.

won - der - ful pas - sion and pu - ri - ty; O Thou spir - it di - vine,

All my na-ture re-fine, Till the beau-ty of Je-sus be seen in me.

## No. 320. I Shall Be Like Him Sometime.

H. H. GARRETT. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. I shall be like Him, sometime, somewhere, Af - ter my life-work is done;
2. I shall be like Him, O wondrous grace, Grace that a- maz - es my soul;
3. I shall be like Him, my Lord and King, Whom I shall see as He is;

:S: FINE.

For in His glo - ry I then shall share, Glo - ry out-shin-ing the sun.
Like Him when I shall be - hold His face, Like Him while a - ges shall roll.
Now and for - ev - er His praise I'll sing, For He is mine, I am His.

*D.S.*—I shall be like Him, sometime, somewhere, And in His glo - ry shall shine.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, Like my dear Sav-iour di - vine;

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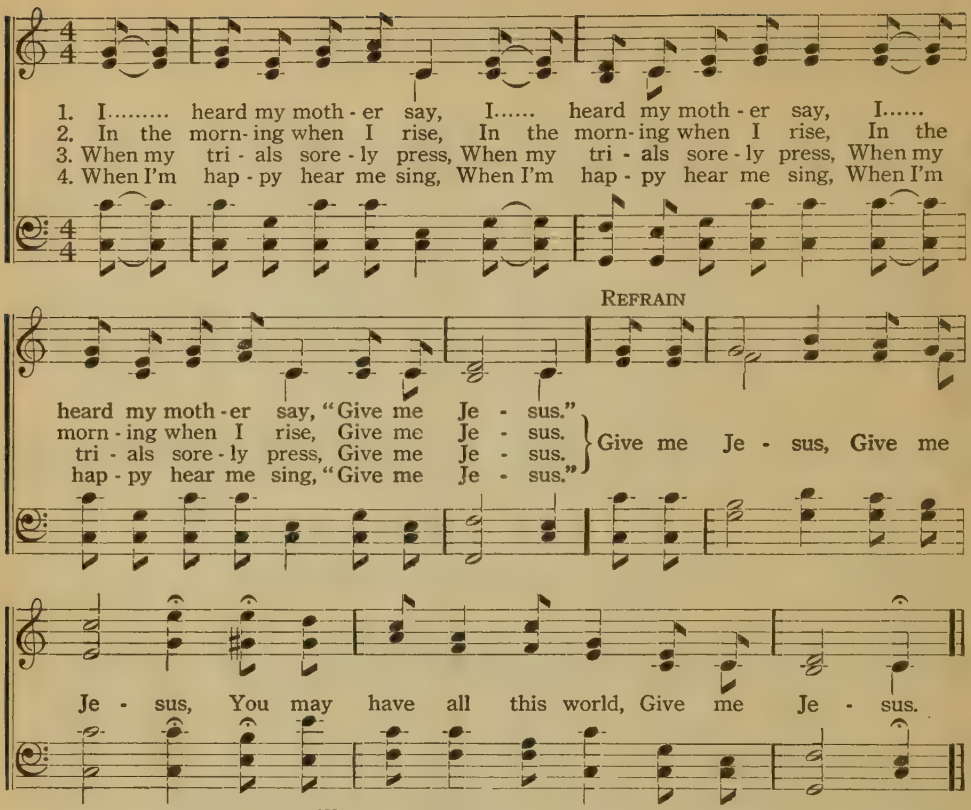
## No. 321. Give Me Jesus.

(Negro Spiritual.) Arr. by J. L. H.


1. I..... heard my moth - er say, I..... heard my moth - er say, I.....
2. In the morn - ing when I rise, In the morn - ing when I rise, In the
3. When my tri - als sore - ly press, When my tri - als sore - ly press, When my
4. When I'm hap - py hear me sing, When I'm hap - py hear me sing, When I'm
Refrain
heard my moth - er say, "Give me Je - sus."
morn - ing when I rise, Give me Je - sus.
tri - als sore - ly press, Give me Je - sus.
hap - py hear me sing, "Give me Je - sus."
Give me Je - sus, Give me
Je - sus, You may have all this world, Give me Je - sus.

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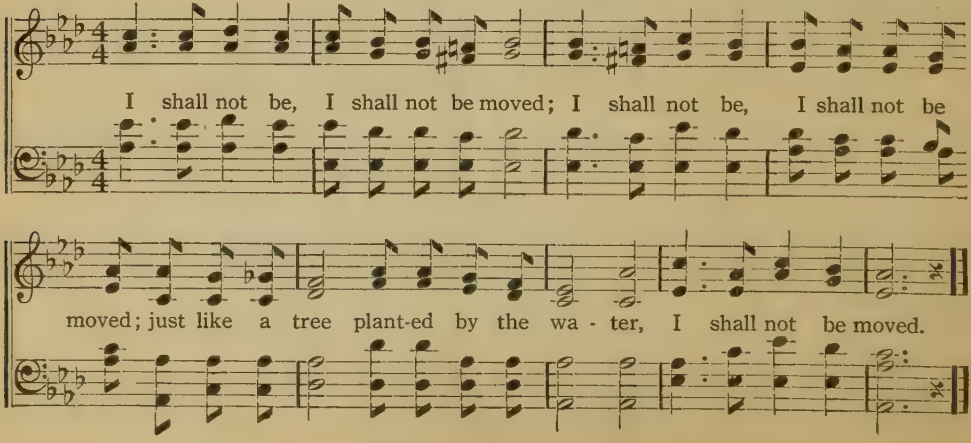
## No. 322. I Shall Not be Moved.

Arranged by Clarence Kohlmann.


I shall not be, I shall not be moved; I shall not be, I shall not be
moved; just like a tree plant-ed by the wa - ter, I shall not be moved.

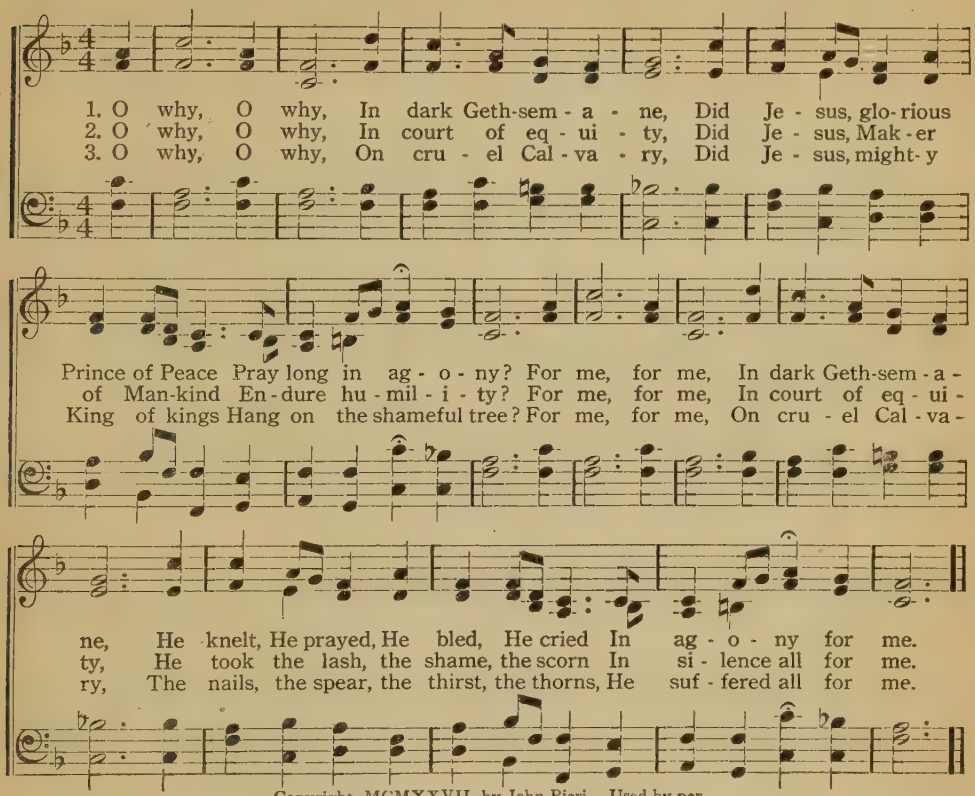
## No. 323.

# For Me.

(COMMUNION MEDITATION.)

*Dedicated to Robert Frazier, Blind Gospel Singer.*

J. B. Rev. JOHN BIERI, D. D.


1. O why, O why, In dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Did Je - sus, glo-rious
2. O why, O why, In court of eq - ui - ty, Did Je - sus, Mak-er
3. O why, O why, On cru - el Cal - va - ry, Did Je - sus, might-y
Prince of Peace Pray long in ag - o - ny? For me, for me, In dark Geth-sem - a -
of Man-kind En-dure hu-mil - i - ty? For me, for me, In court of eq - ui -
King of kings Hang on the shameful tree? For me, for me, On cru - el Cal - va -
ne, He knelt, He prayed, He bled, He cried In ag - o - ny for me.
ty, He took the lash, the shame, the scorn In si - lence all for me.
ry, The nails, the spear, the thirst, the thorns, He suf - fered all for me.

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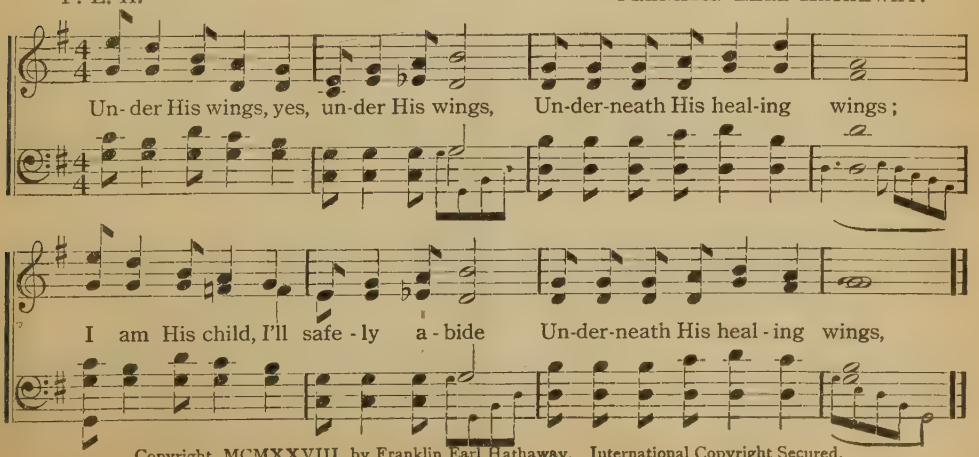
## No. 324.

# Under His Healing Wings.

F. E. H. FRANKLIN EARL HATHAWAY.


Un-der His wings, yes, un-der His wings, Un-der-neath His heal-ing wings;
I am His child, I'll safe-ly a-bide Un-der-neath His heal-ing wings,

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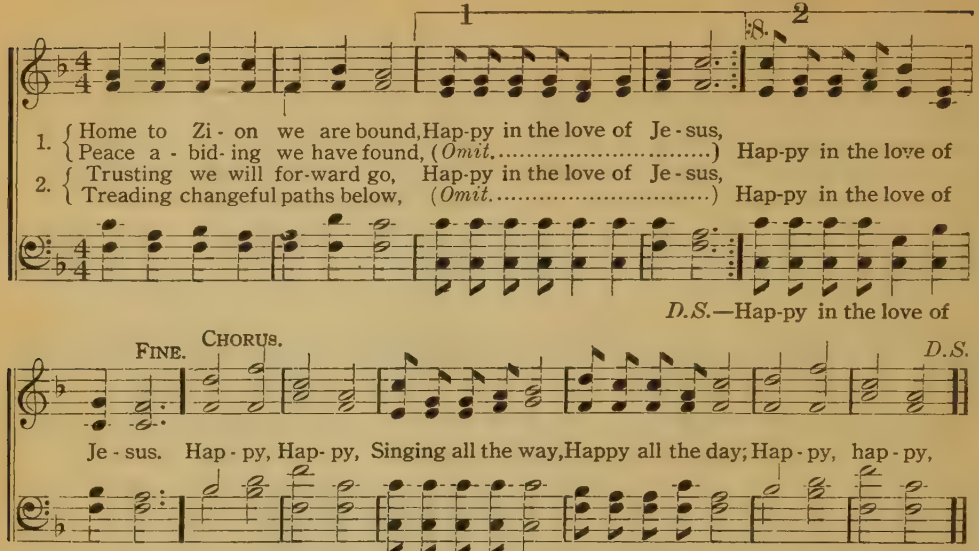
## No. 325. Happy In the Love of Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1
2
1. Home to Zi - on we are bound, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus,
Peace a - bid - ing we have found, (Omit.....) Hap-py in the love of
2. Trusting we will for-ward go, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus,
Treading changeful paths below, (Omit.....) Hap-py in the love of
D.S.—Hap-py in the love of
FINE.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Je - sus. Hap - py, Hap - py, Singing all the way, Happy all the day; Hap - py, hap - py,
Je - sus.

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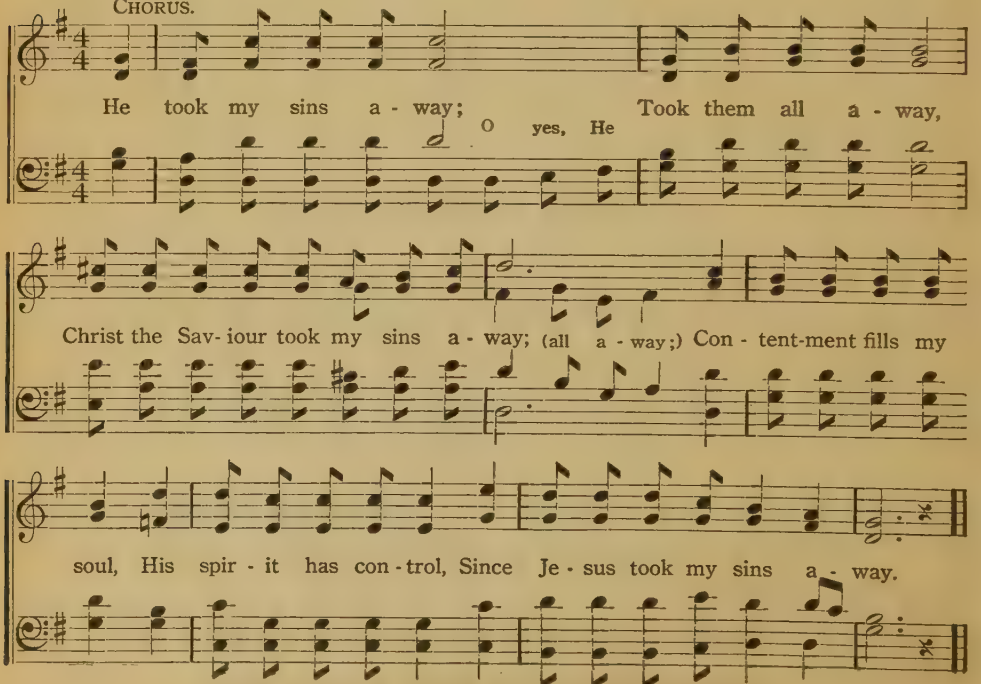
## No. 326. He Took My Sins Away.

Rev W. C. POOLE. B. D. ACKLEY.

CHORUS.


He took my sins a - way; O yes, He Took them all a - way,
Christ the Sav - iour took my sins a - way; (all a - way;) Con - tent-ment fills my
soul, His spir - it has con - trol, Since Je - sus took my sins a - way.

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# No. 327. Never a Friend Like Thee.

GRACE GORDON. F. CAMPANA. (Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

1. Lov-ing me ere I knew Him, Call-ing with voice so sweet, Burdens of
2. Sunlight of glad-ness giv-ing, Fill-ing my heart with cheer, E'er in His
3. Giv-ing me gifts im-mor-tal, Life that en-dures for aye, Op'ning the
life I brought Him, Knelt at His wounded feet; Naught from that love can sev-er,
light I'm liv-ing, Ev-er I know Him near; Mas-ter, in Thee a-bid-ing,
heav'n-ly por-tal, Lead-ing in roy-al way; Crown-ing with joy ex-cel-ling,
Won-der-ful, changeless, free, Mas-ter, I'll serve Thee ev-er, Nev-er a
Shad-ows of earth must flee, Ev-er Thy chil-dren guid-ing, Nev-er a
Heir of His grace I'll be, Mas-ter, Thy praise I'm tell-ing, Nev-er a
CHORUS.
Friend like Thee!
Light like Thee!
King like Thee!
Sing of a Friend so loy-al, Sing of a Friend so true,
King of the heav'nly glo-ry, Low-ly of earth was He;
1
2
Giv-ing His gifts so roy-al, Blessings that aye are new.
Mas-ter, we sing Thy sto-ry, Nev-er was One like (*Omit.....*) Thee!

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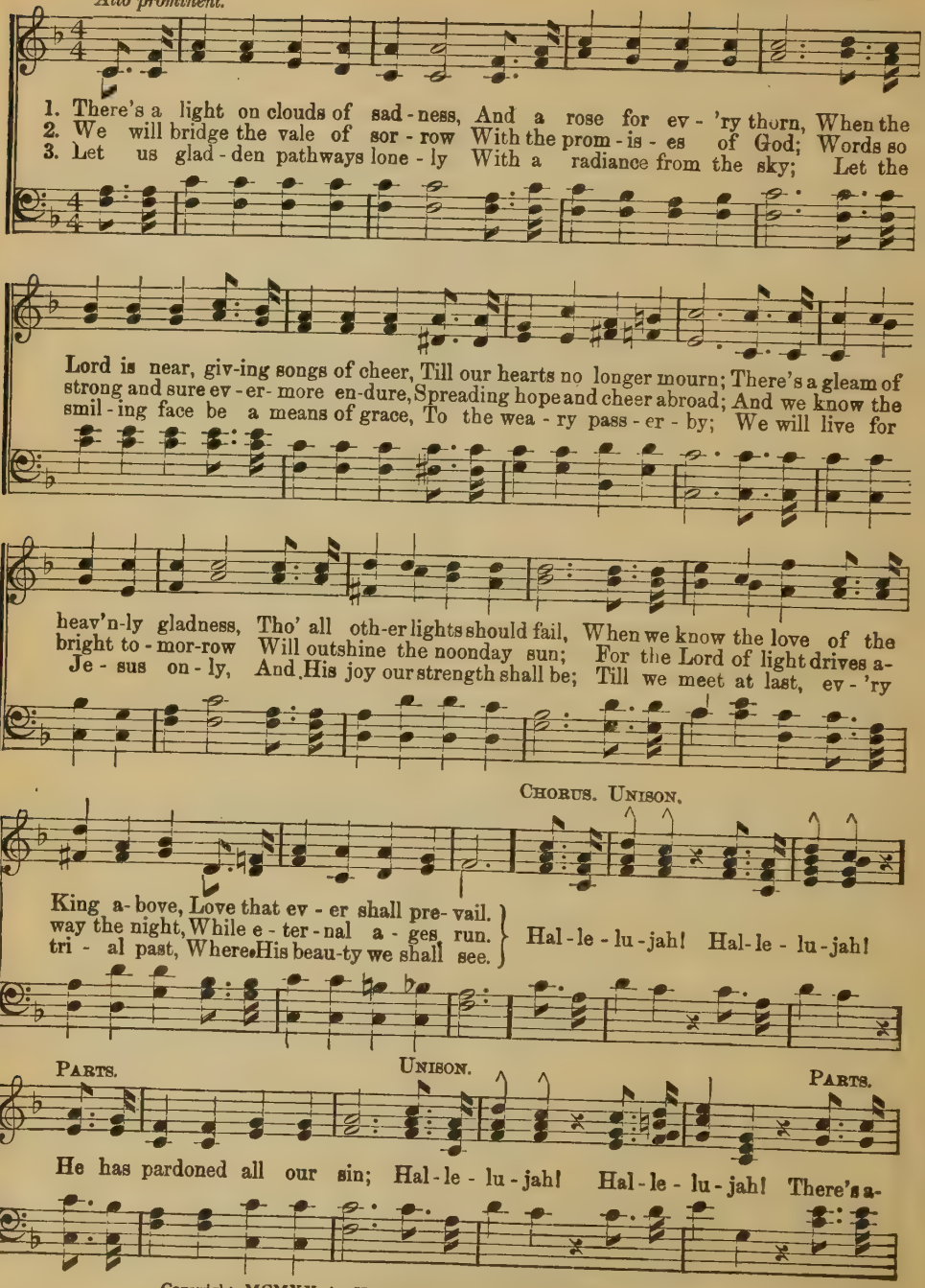
# No. 328. There's a Light.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

*Alto prominent.*


1. There's a light on clouds of sad - ness, And a rose for ev - 'ry thorn, When the
2. We will bridge the vale of sor - row With the prom - is - es of God; Words so
3. Let us glad - den pathways lone - ly With a radiance from the sky; Let the
Lord is near, giv-ing songs of cheer, Till our hearts no longer mourn; There's a gleam of
strong and sure ev - er- more en-dure, Spreading hope and cheer abroad; And we know the
smil - ing face be a means of grace, To the wea - ry pass - er - by; We will live for
heav'n-ly gladness, Tho' all oth-er lights should fail, When we know the love of the
bright to - mor-row Will outshine the noonday sun; For the Lord of light drives a-
Je - sus on - ly, And His joy our strength shall be; Till we meet at last, ev - 'ry
Chorus. Unison.
King a - bove, Love that ev - er shall pre- vail.
way the night, While e - ter - nal a - ges run.
tri - al past, Where His beau-ty we shall see.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Parts.
Unison.
Parts.
He has pardoned all our sin; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! There's a-

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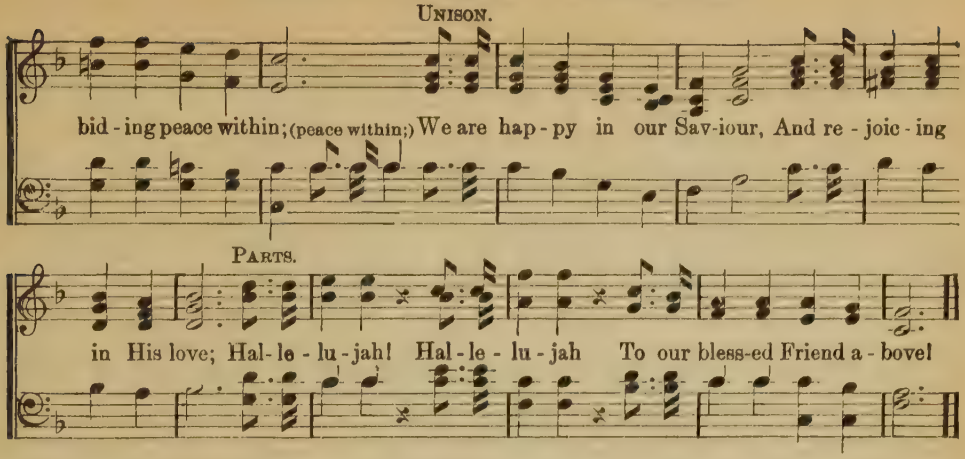
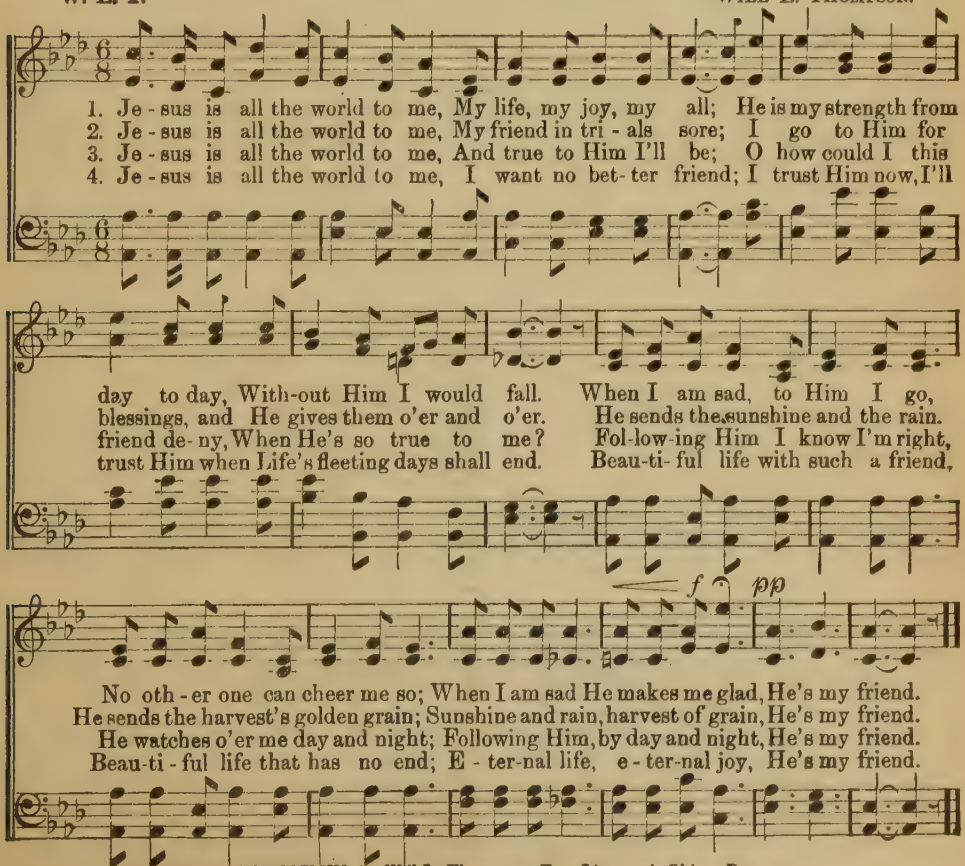
# There's a Light.—Concluded.


Unison.
bid - ing peace within; (peace within;) We are hap - py in our Sav - iour, And re - joic - ing
Parts.
in His love; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah To our bless-ed Friend a - bove!

## No. 329. Jesus is All World to Me.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all; He is my strength from
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore; I go to Him for
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be; O how could I this
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend; I trust Him now, I'll
day to day, With-out Him I would fall. When I am sad, to Him I go,
blessings, and He gives them o'er and o'er. He sends the sunshine and the rain.
friend de - ny, When He's so true to me? Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right,
trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end. Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend,
f pp
No oth - er one can cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
He sends the harvest's golden grain; Sunshine and rain, harvest of grain, He's my friend.
He watches o'er me day and night; Following Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
Beau-ti - ful life that has no end; E - ter-nal life, e - ter-nal joy, He's my friend.

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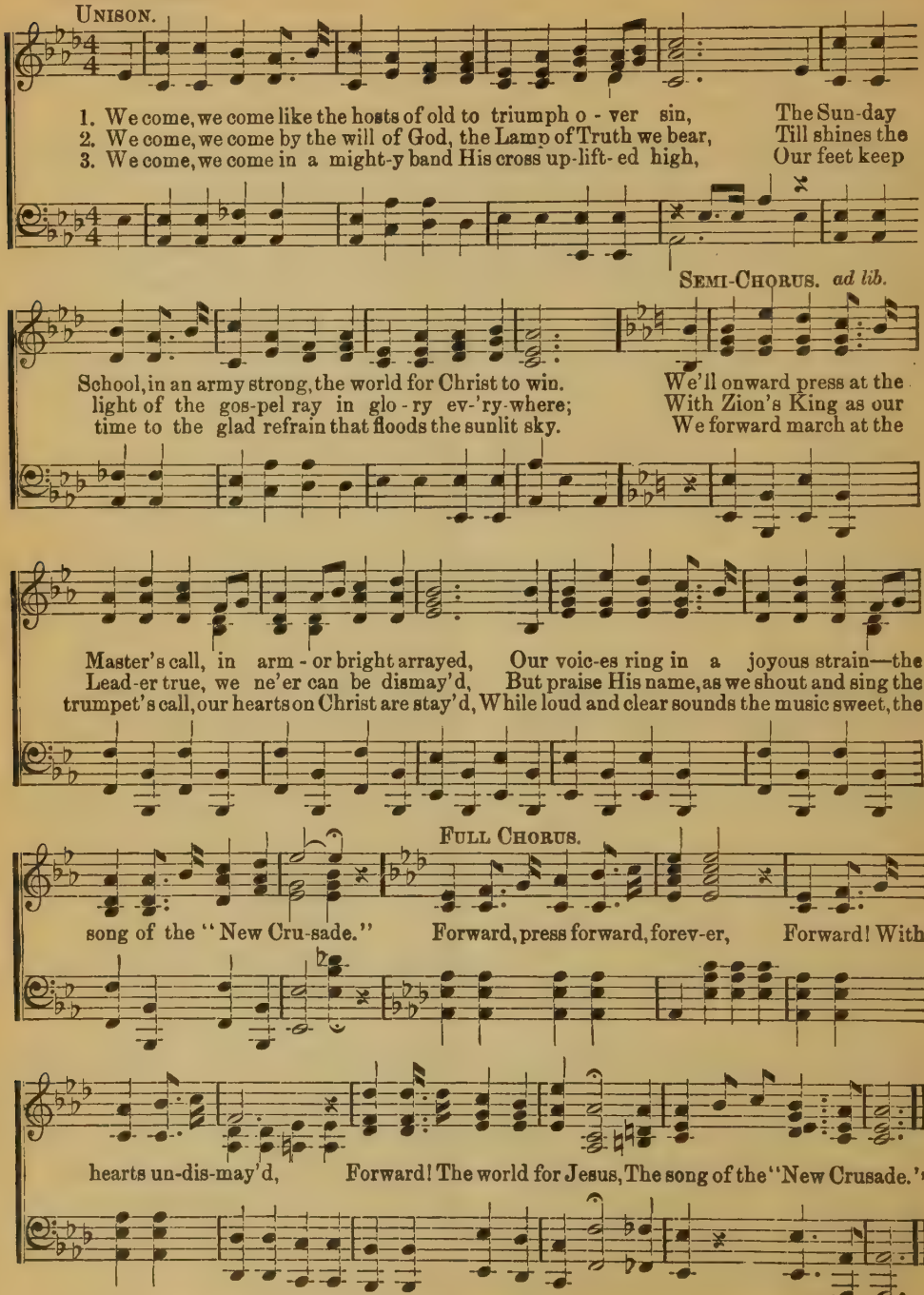
# No. 330. The Song of the New Crusade.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.

UNISON.


1. We come, we come like the hosts of old to triumph o - ver sin, The Sun-day
2. We come, we come by the will of God, the Lamp of Truth we bear, Till shines the
3. We come, we come in a might-y band His cross up-lift- ed high, Our feet keep
SEMI-CHORUS. ad lib.
School, in an army strong, the world for Christ to win. We'll onward press at the
light of the gos-pel ray in glo - ry ev-'ry-where; With Zion's King as our
time to the glad refrain that floods the sunlit sky. We forward march at the
Master's call, in arm - or bright arrayed, Our voic-es ring in a joyous strain—the
Lead-er true, we ne'er can be dismay'd, But praise His name, as we shout and sing the
trumpet's call, our hearts on Christ are stay'd, While loud and clear sounds the music sweet, the
FULL CHORUS.
song of the "New Cru-sade." Forward, press forward, forev-er, Forward! With
hearts un-dis-may'd, Forward! The world for Jesus, The song of the "New Crusade."

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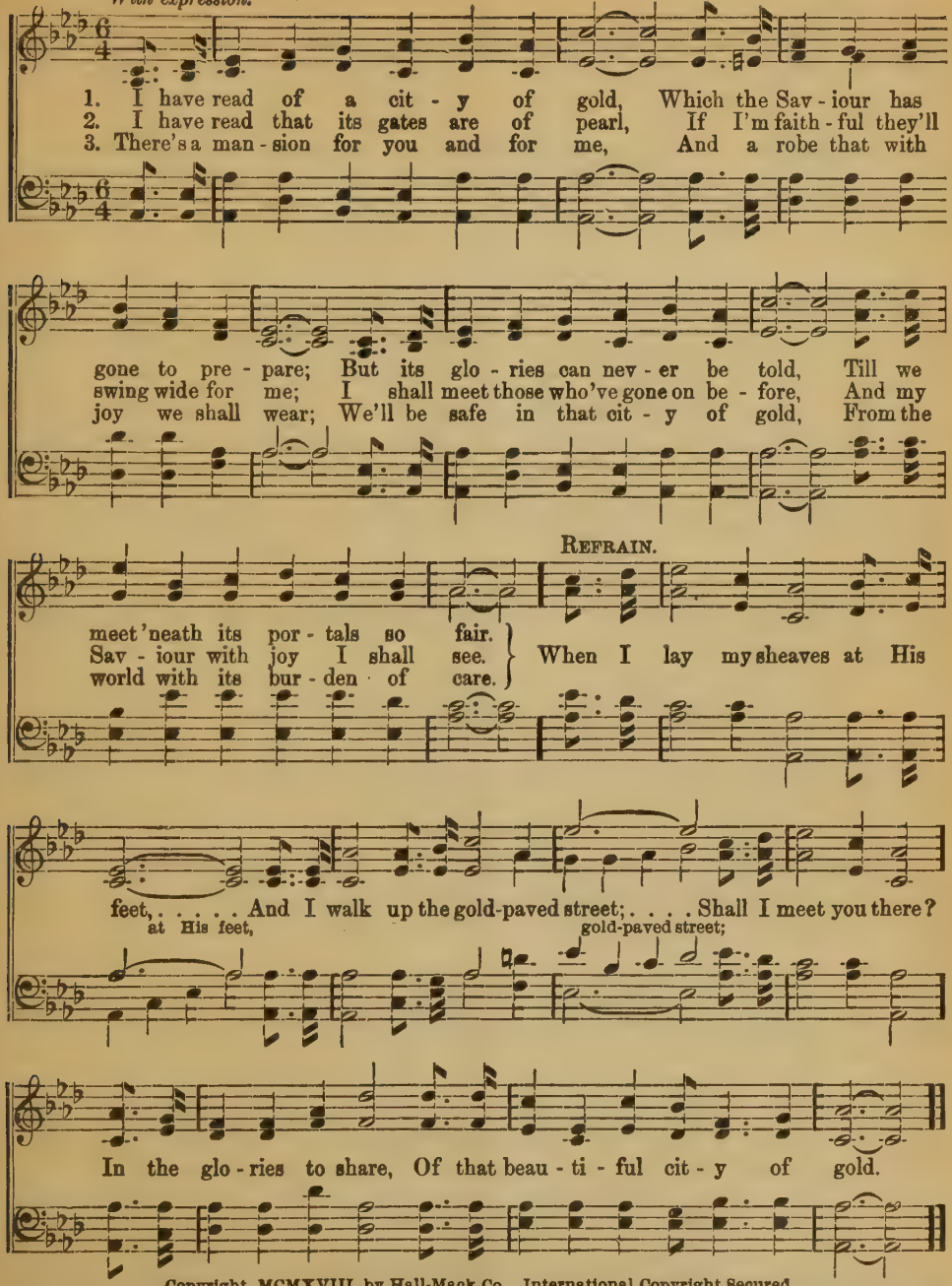
# No. 331. The City of Gold.

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

*With expression.*


1. I have read of a cit - y of gold, Which the Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare; But its glo - ries can nev - er be told, Till we
2. I have read that its gates are of pearl, If I'm faith - ful they'll swing wide for me; I shall meet those who've gone on be - fore, And my
3. There's a man - sion for you and for me, And a robe that with joy we shall wear; We'll be safe in that cit - y of gold, From the
REFRAIN.
meet 'neath its por - tals so fair.
Sav - iour with joy I shall see.
world with its bur - den of care.
When I lay my sheaves at His feet, . . . . . And I walk up the gold-paved street; . . . . Shall I meet you there?
at His feet, gold-paved street;
In the glo - ries to share, Of that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

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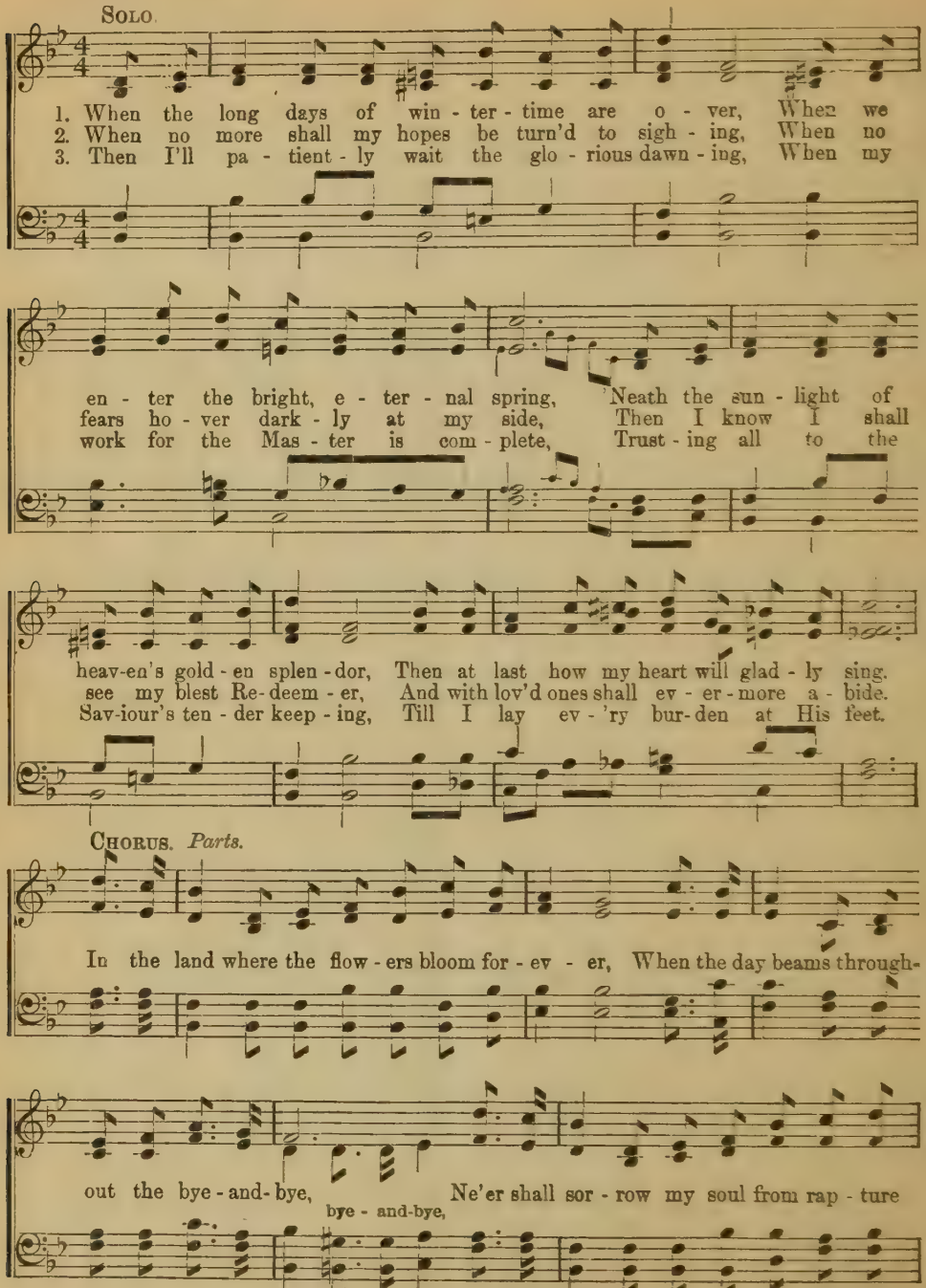
Suggested Choruses to follow—"O Think of the Home Over There;" "In the Sweet By and By;" "When the Roll is Called;" "You May Look for Me."

# No. 332. In the Land Where the Flowers Bloom Forever.

CAROLYN R. FREEMAN. B. D. ACKLEY.


Solo.
1. When the long days of win - ter - time are o - ver, When we
2. When no more shall my hopes be turn'd to sigh - ing, When no
3. Then I'll pa - tient - ly wait the glo - rious dawn - ing, When my
en - ter the bright, e - ter - nal spring, 'Neath the sun - light of
fears ho - ver dark - ly at my side, Then I know I shall
work for the Mas - ter is com - plete, Trust - ing all to the
heav-en's gold - en splen - dor, Then at last how my heart will glad - ly sing.
see my blest Re-deem - er, And with lov'd ones shall ev - er - more a - bide.
Sav-iour's ten - der keep - ing, Till I lay ev - 'ry bur-den at His feet.
Chorus. Parts.
In the land where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, When the day beams through-
out the bye - and- bye, Ne'er shall sor - row my soul from rap - ture
bye - and-bye,

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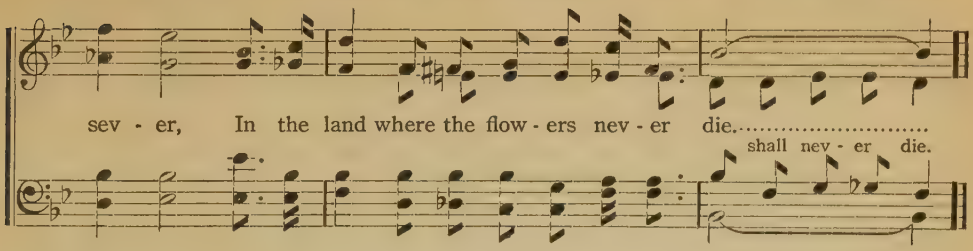
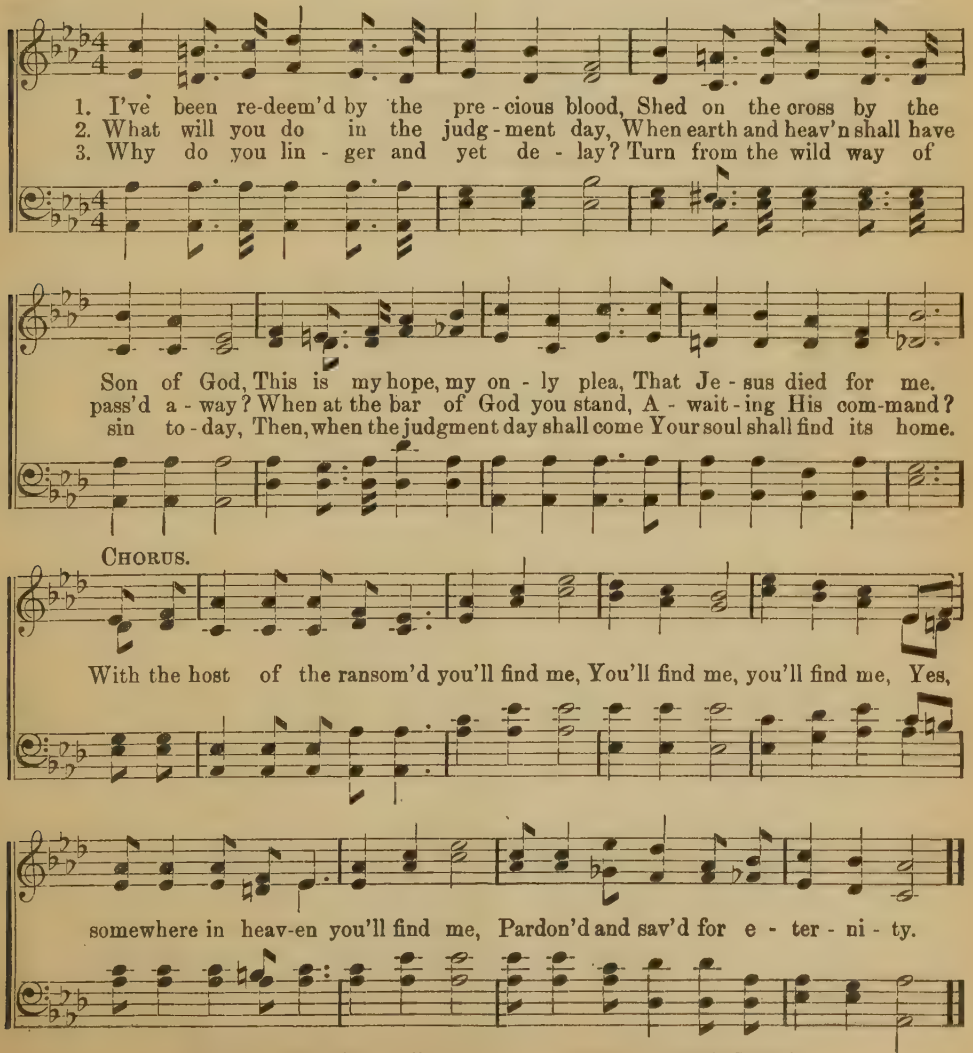



## No. 333. With the Ransomed.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. I've been re-deem'd by the pre - cious blood, Shed on the cross by the
2. What will you do in the judg - ment day, When earth and heav'n shall have
3. Why do you lin - ger and yet de - lay? Turn from the wild way of
Son of God, This is my hope, my on - ly plea, That Je - sus died for me.
pass'd a - way? When at the bar of God you stand, A - wait - ing His com-mand?
sin to - day, Then, when the judgment day shall come Your soul shall find its home.
Chorus.
With the host of the ransom'd you'll find me, You'll find me, you'll find me, Yes,
somewhere in heav-en you'll find me, Pardon'd and sav'd for e - ter - ni - ty.

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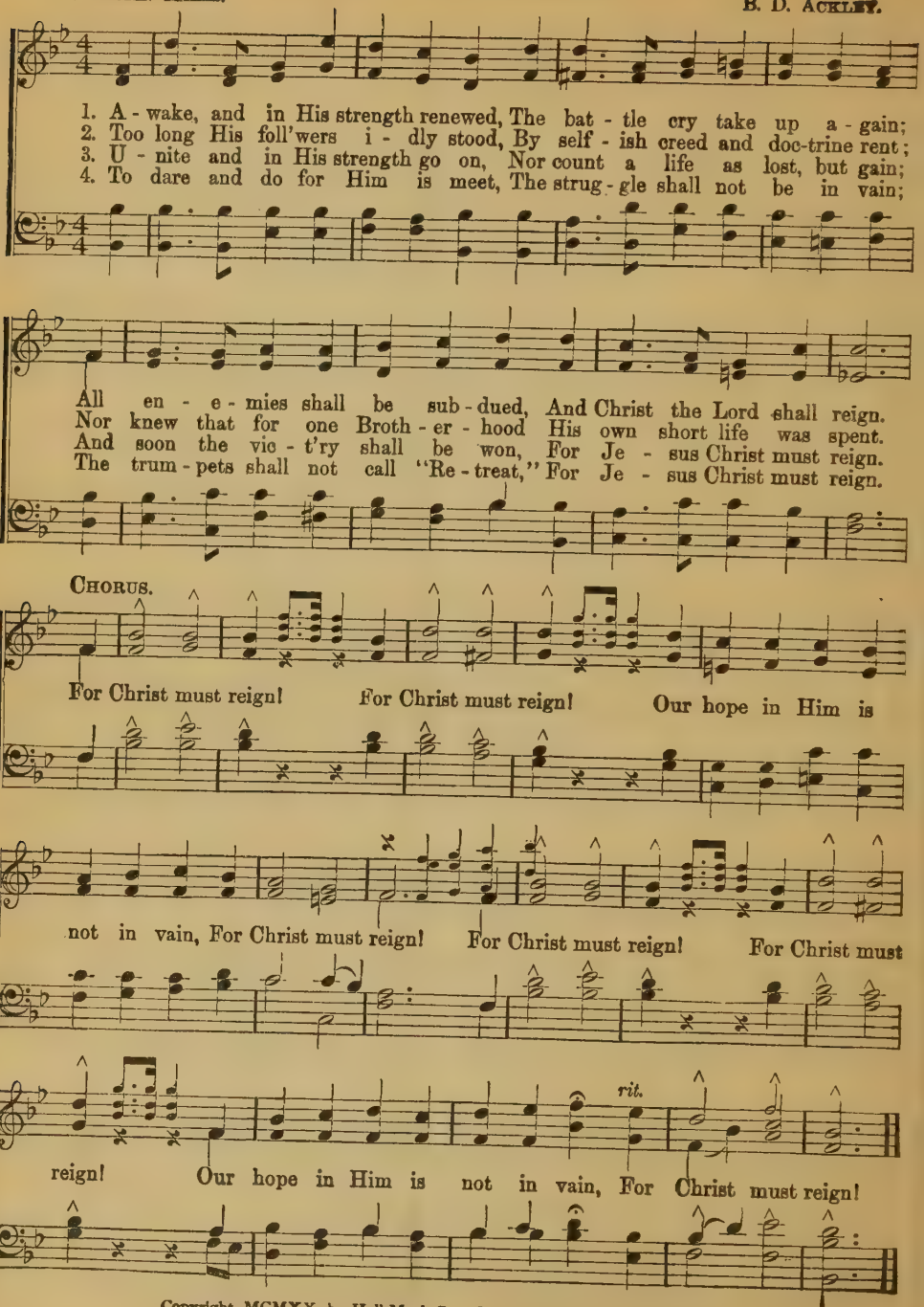
# No. 334. He Must Reign.

C. Austin Miles. B. D. Ackley.


1. A - wake, and in His strength renewed, The bat - tle cry take up a - gain;
2. Too long His foll'wers i - dly stood, By self - ish creed and doc-trine rent;
3. U - nite and in His strength go on, Nor count a life as lost, but gain;
4. To dare and do for Him is meet, The strug - gle shall not be in vain;
All en - e - mies shall be sub - dued, And Christ the Lord shall reign.
Nor knew that for one Broth - er - hood His own short life was spent.
And soon the vic - t'ry shall be won, For Je - sus Christ must reign.
The trum - pets shall not call "Re - treat," For Je - sus Christ must reign.
Chorus.
For Christ must reign! For Christ must reign! Our hope in Him is
not in vain, For Christ must reign! For Christ must reign! For Christ must
rit.
reign! Our hope in Him is not in vain, For Christ must reign!

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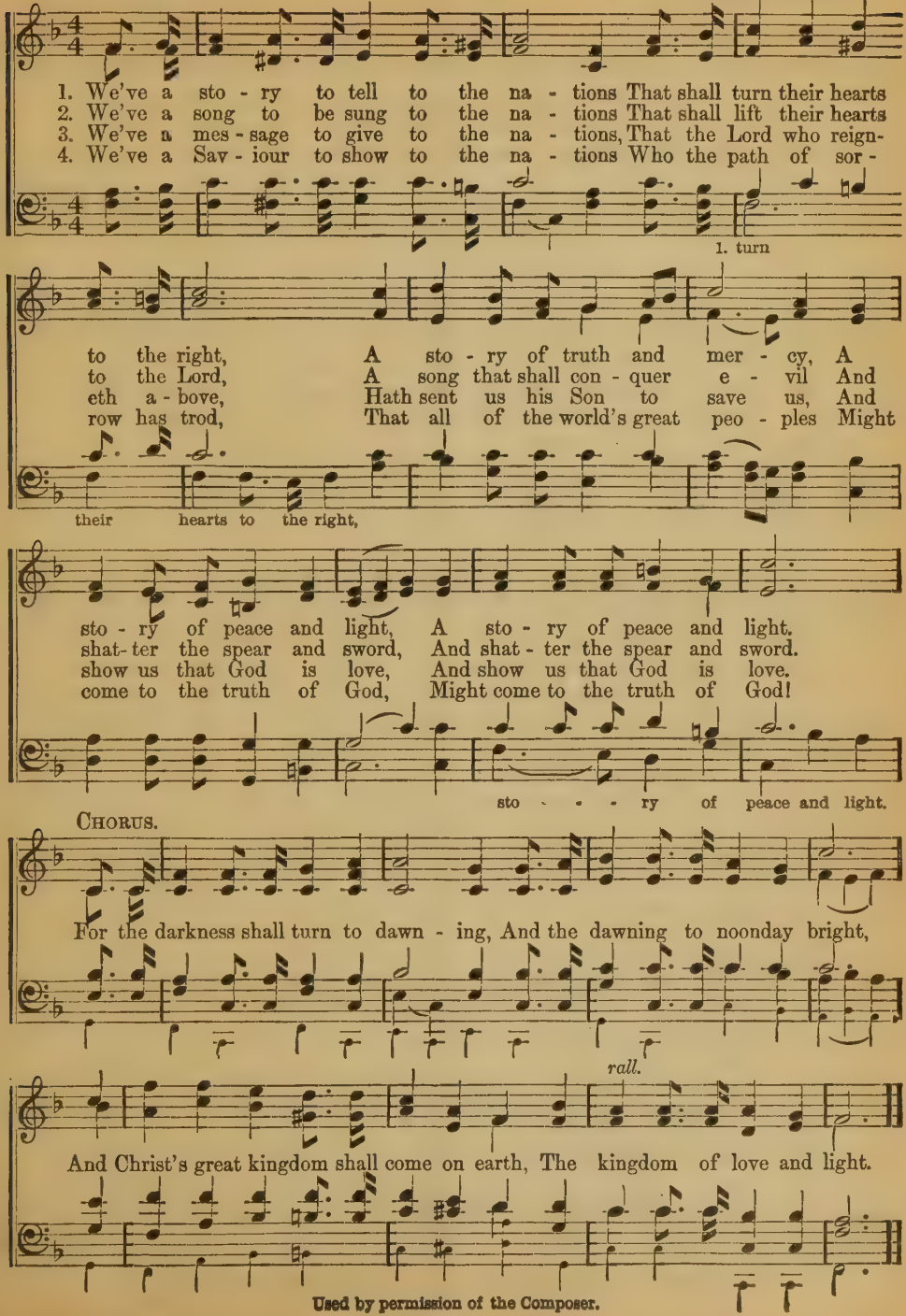
# No. 335. We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

COLIN STERNE. H. ERNEST NICHOL.


1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions That shall turn their hearts
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions That shall lift their hearts
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord who reign-
4. We've a Sav - iour to show to the na - tions Who the path of sor -
1. turn
to the right, A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy, A
to the Lord, A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
eth a - bove, Hath sent us his Son to save us, And
row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ples Might
their hearts to the right,
sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!
sto - - - ry of peace and light.
CHORUS.
For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawning to noonday bright,
rall.
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of love and light.

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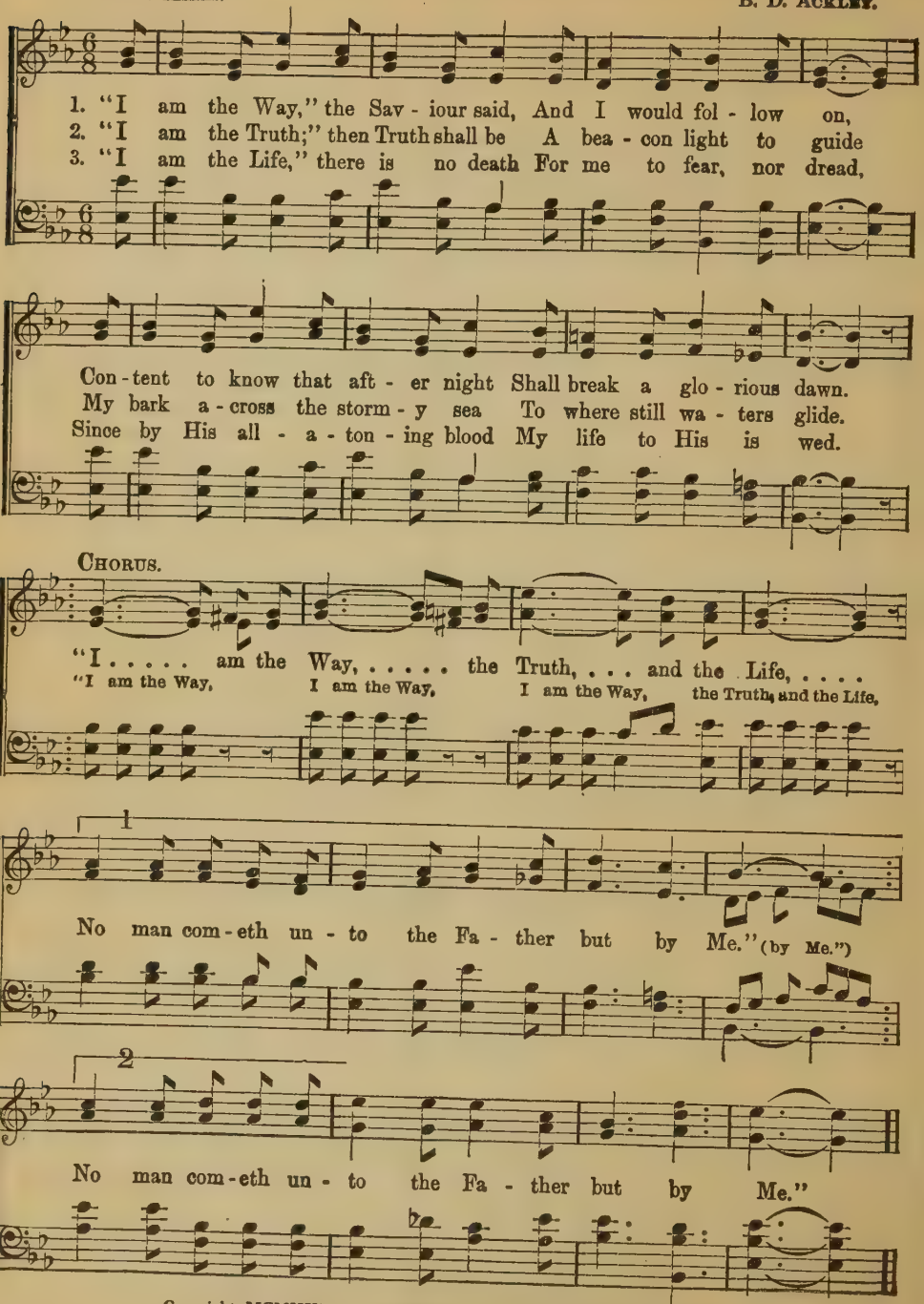
# No. 336. The Way, the Truth, the Life.

C. Austin Miles. B. D. Ackley.


1. "I am the Way," the Sav - iour said, And I would fol - low on,
2. "I am the Truth;" then Truth shall be A bea - con light to guide
3. "I am the Life," there is no death For me to fear, nor dread,
Con - tent to know that aft - er night Shall break a glo - rious dawn.
My bark a - cross the storm - y sea To where still wa - ters glide.
Since by His all - a - ton - ing blood My life to His is wed.
Chorus.
"I . . . . . am the Way, . . . . . the Truth, . . . and the Life, . . . .
"I am the Way, I am the Way, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,
1
No man com - eth un - to the Fa - ther but by Me." (by Me.")
2
No man com - eth un - to the Fa - ther but by Me."

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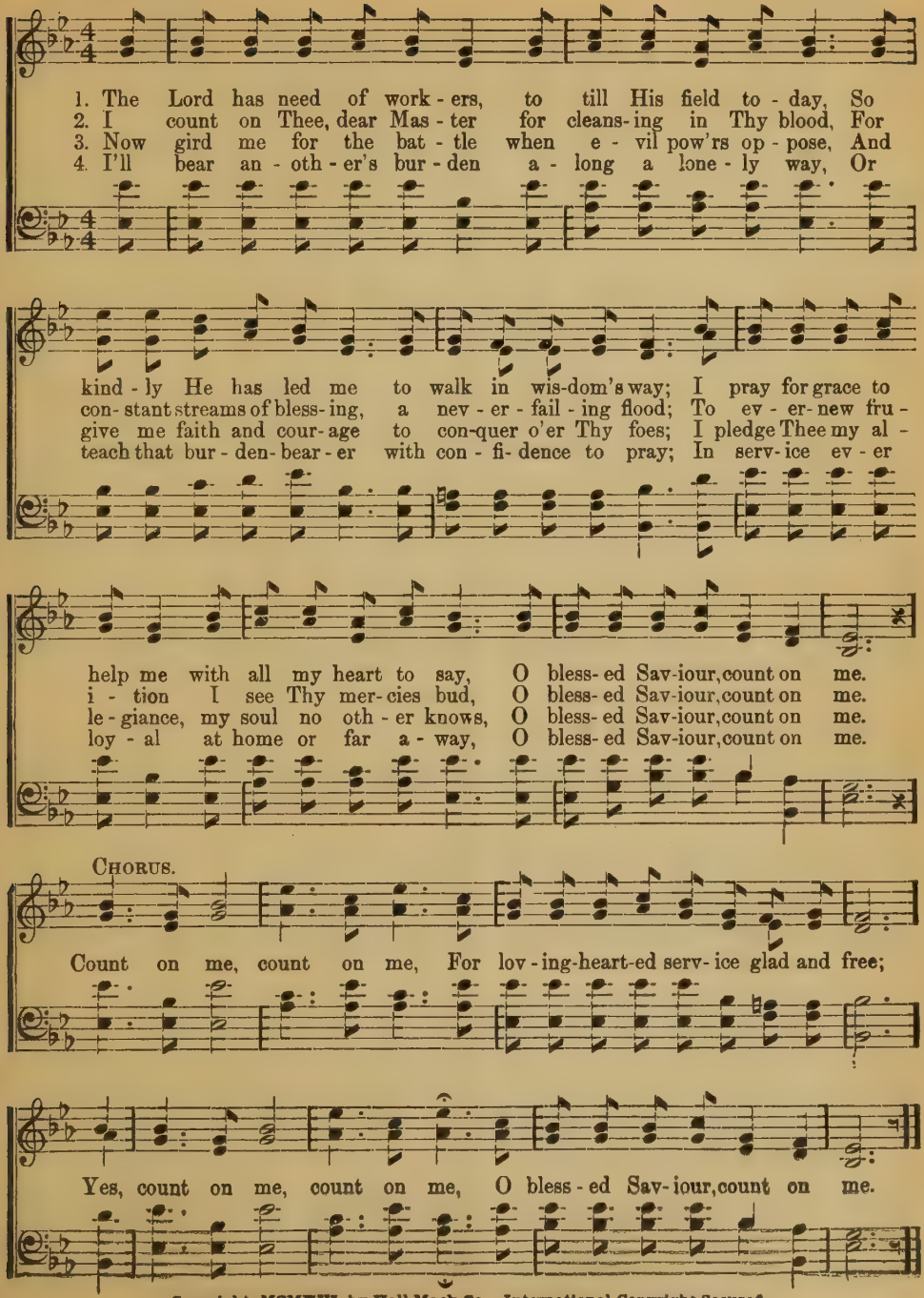
# No. 337. Count On Me.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. The Lord has need of work - ers, to till His field to - day, So
2. I count on Thee, dear Mas - ter for cleans - ing in Thy blood, For
3. Now gird me for the bat - tle when e - vil pow'rs op - pose, And
4. I'll bear an - oth - er's bur - den a - long a lone - ly way, Or
kind - ly He has led me to walk in wis - dom's way; I pray for grace to
con - stant streams of bless - ing, a nev - er - fail - ing flood; To ev - er - new fru -
give me faith and cour - age to con - quer o'er Thy foes; I pledge Thee my al -
teach that bur - den - bear - er with con - fi - dence to pray; In serv - ice ev - er
help me with all my heart to say, O bless - ed Sav - iour, count on me.
i - tion I see Thy mer - cies bud, O bless - ed Sav - iour, count on me.
le - giance, my soul no oth - er knows, O bless - ed Sav - iour, count on me.
loy - al at home or far a - way, O bless - ed Sav - iour, count on me.
Chorus.
Count on me, count on me, For lov - ing - heart - ed serv - ice glad and free;
Yes, count on me, count on me, O bless - ed Sav - iour, count on me.

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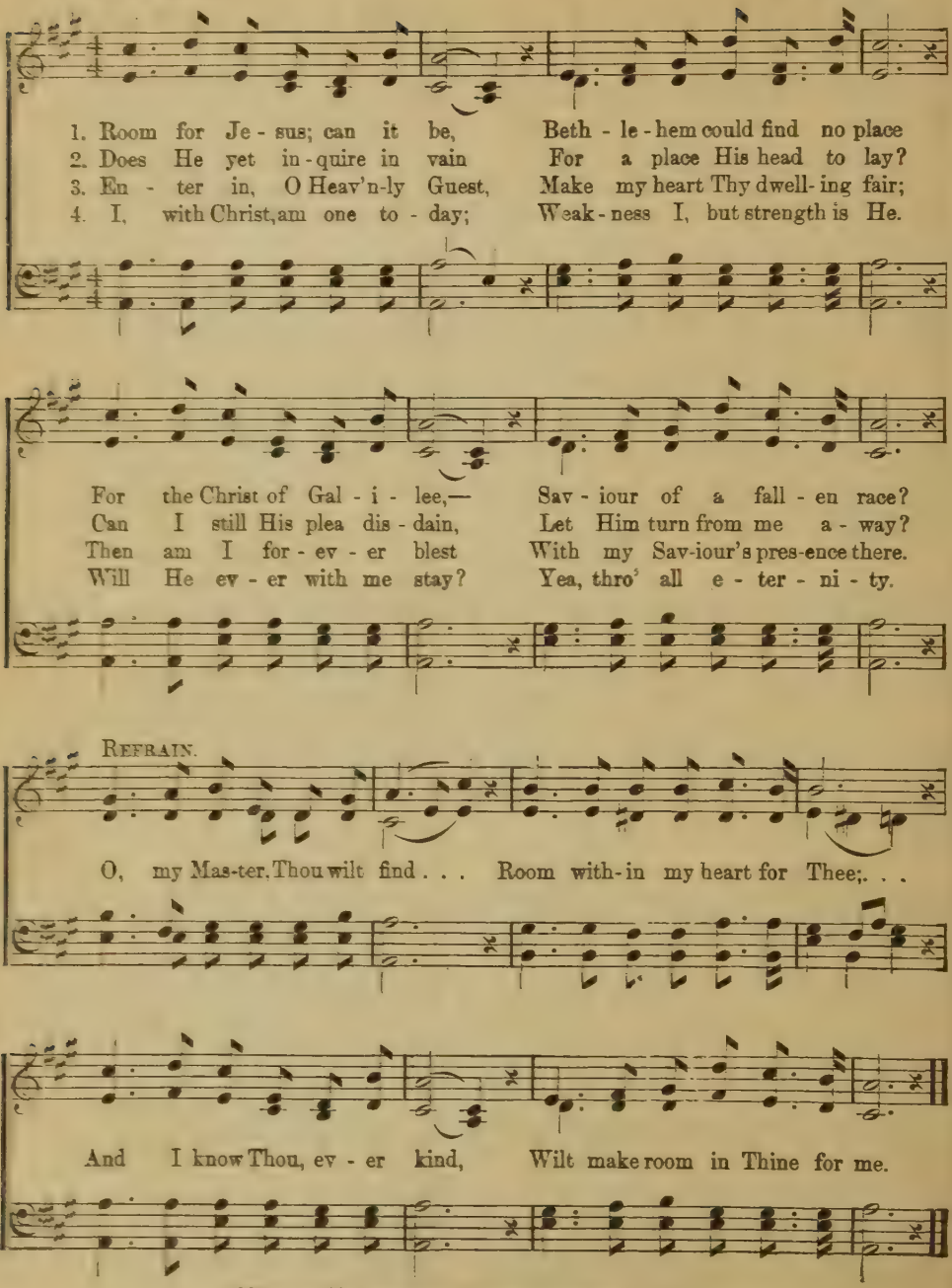
# No. 338. Room for Jesus.

C. Austin Miles. H. P. Danks.


1. Room for Je - sus; can it be, Beth - le - hem could find no place
For the Christ of Gal - i - lee,— Sav - iour of a fall - en race?
Refrain.
O, my Mas-ter, Thou wilt find . . . Room with-in my heart for Thee; . . .
2. Does He yet in - quire in vain For a place His head to lay?
Can I still His plea dis - dain, Let Him turn from me a - way?
3. En - ter in, O Heav'n-ly Guest, Make my heart Thy dwell- ing fair;
Then am I for - ev - er blest With my Sav-iour's pres-ence there.
4. I, with Christ, am one to - day; Weak - ness I, but strength is He.
Will He ev - er with me stay? Yea, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
And I know Thou, ev - er kind, Wilt make room in Thine for me.

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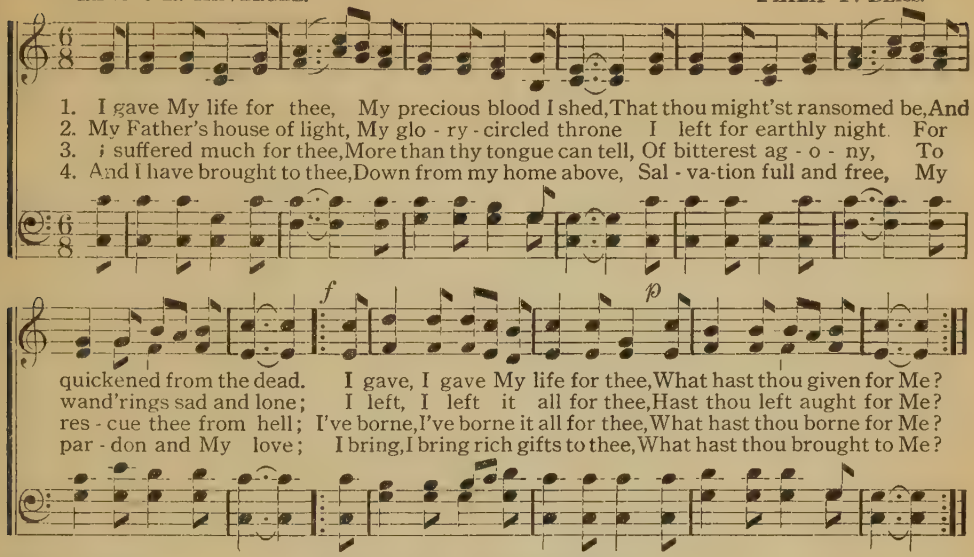
## No. 339. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. PHILIP P. BLISS.


1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be, And
2. My Father's house of light, My glo - ry - circled throne I left for earthly night. For
3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest ag - o - ny, To
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home above, Sal - va-tion full and free, My
f
p
quickened from the dead. I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
res - cue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
par - don and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

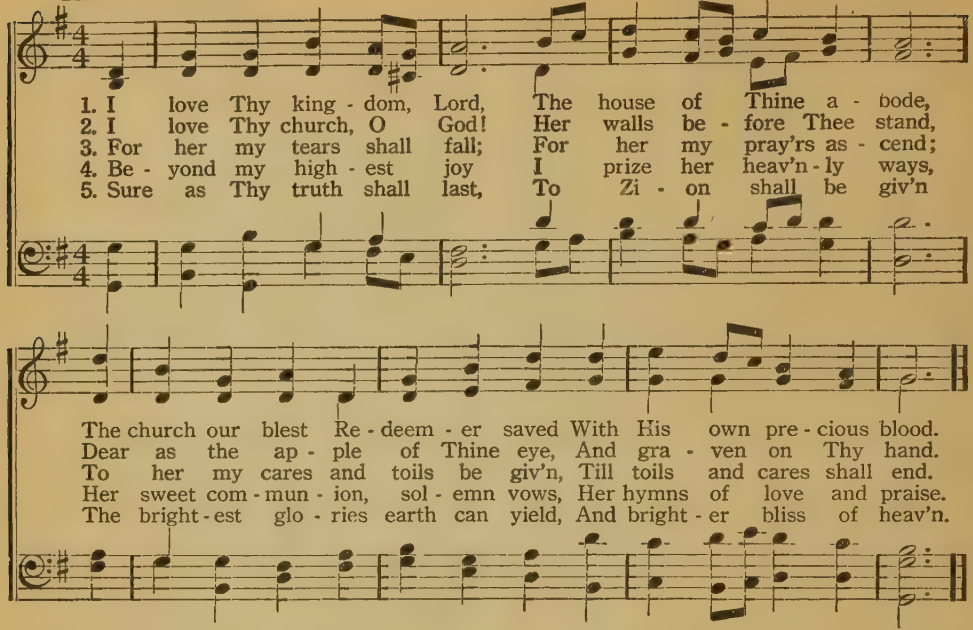
## No. 340. All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET. (CORONATION. C. M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

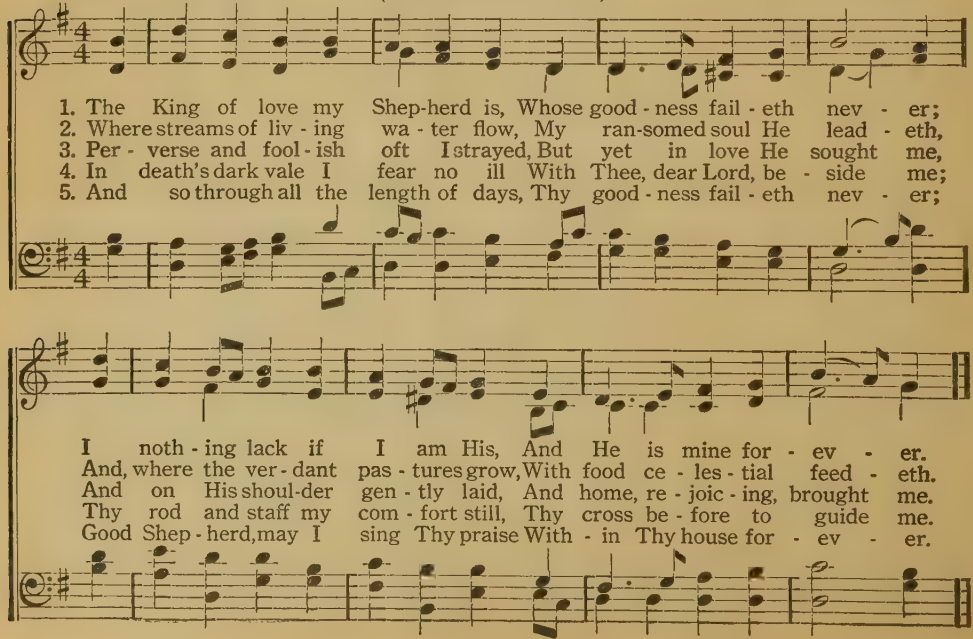
## No. 341. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. AARON WILLIAMS, Coll.


1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n
The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

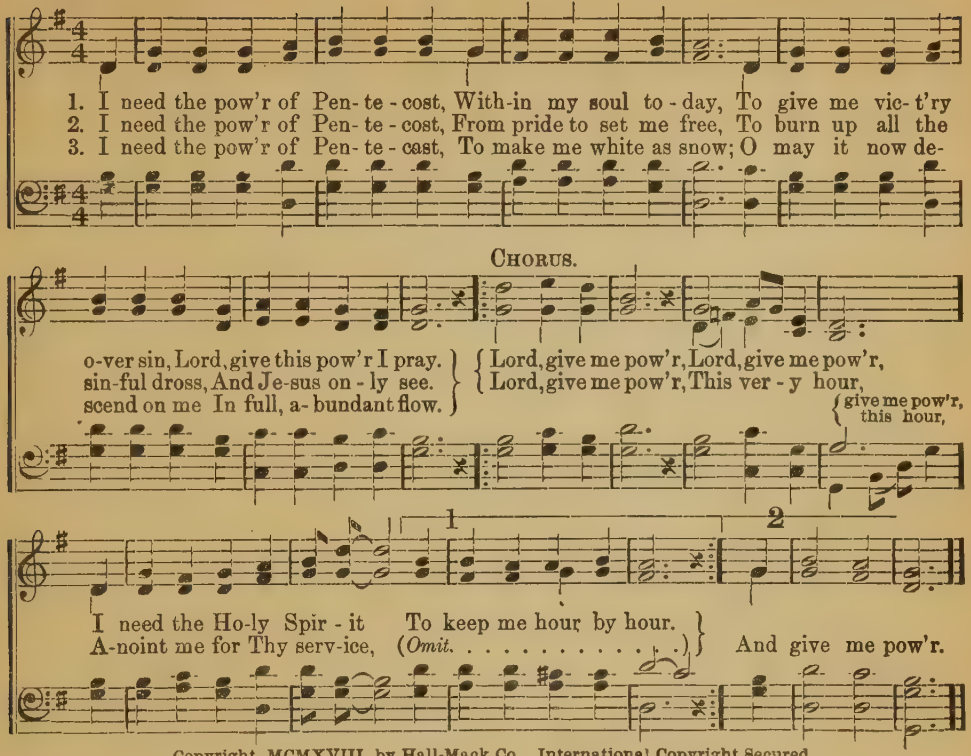
## No. 342. The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

HENRY W. BAKER. (DOMINUS REGIT ME.) JOHN B. DYKES.


1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
5. And so through all the length of days, Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoul-der gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
Good Shep - herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

## No. 343. Lord, Give Me Power.

J. L. H. — J. Lincoln Hall.


1. I need the pow'r of Pen-te-cost, With-in my soul to-day, To give me vic-t'ry
2. I need the pow'r of Pen-te-cost, From pride to set me free, To burn up all the
3. I need the pow'r of Pen-te-cast, To make me white as snow; O may it now de-
Chorus.
o-ver sin, Lord, give this pow'r I pray.
sin-ful dross, And Je-sus on-ly see.
scend on me In full, a-bundant flow.
Lord, give me pow'r, Lord, give me pow'r,
Lord, give me pow'r, This ver-y hour,
give me pow'r, this hour,
1
2
I need the Ho-ly Spir-it To keep me hour by hour.
A-noint me for Thy serv-ice, (Omit. . . . . .)
And give me pow'r.

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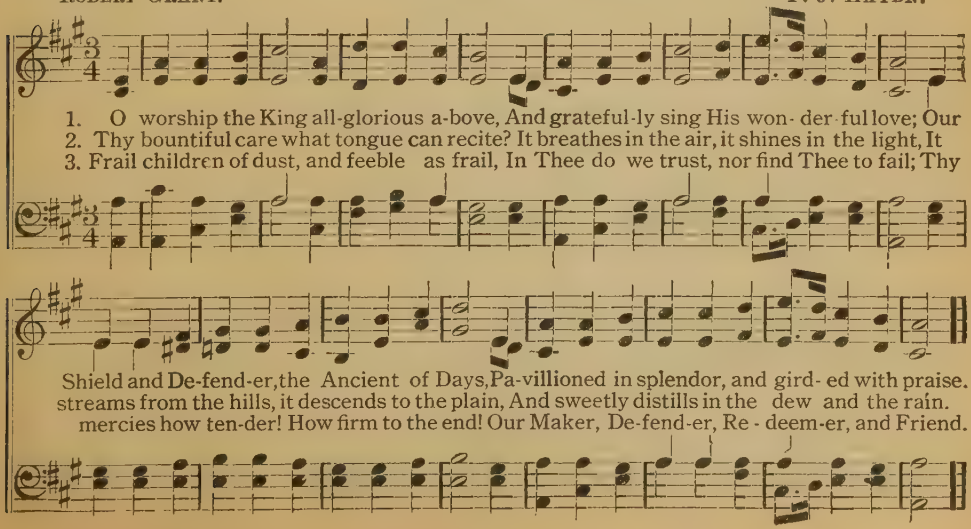
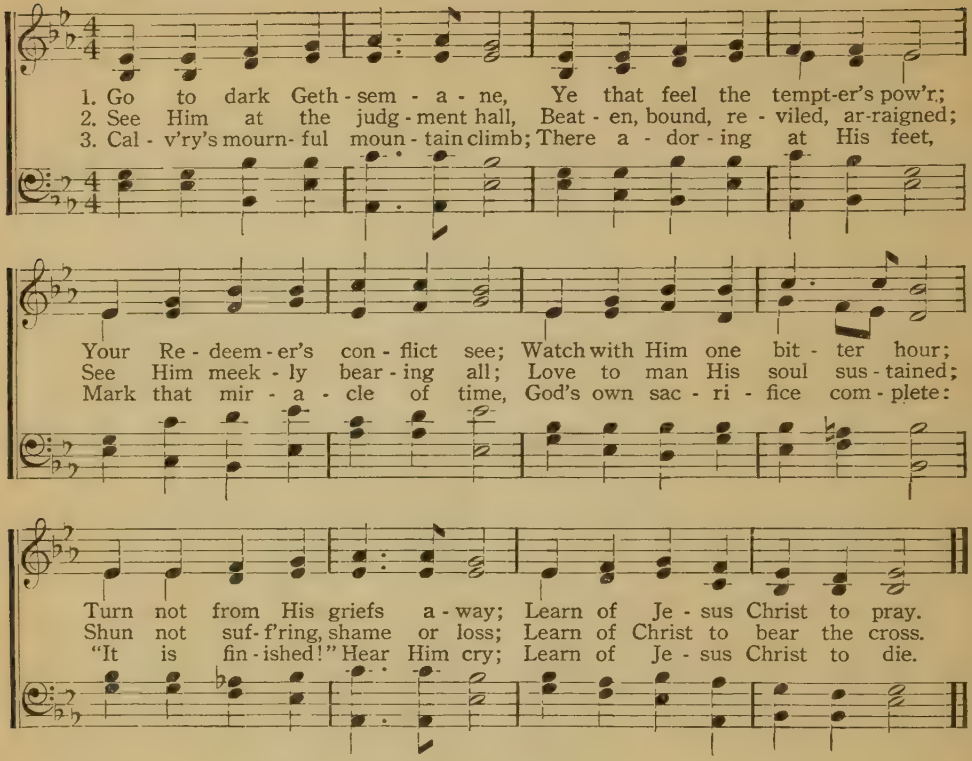
## No. 344. O Worship the King.

Robert Grant. — F. J. Haydn.


1. O worship the King all-glorious a-bove, And grateful-ly sing His won-der-ful love; Our
2. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It
3. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy
Shield and De-fend-er, the Ancient of Days, Pa-villioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise.
streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
mercies how ten-der! How firm to the end! Our Maker, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

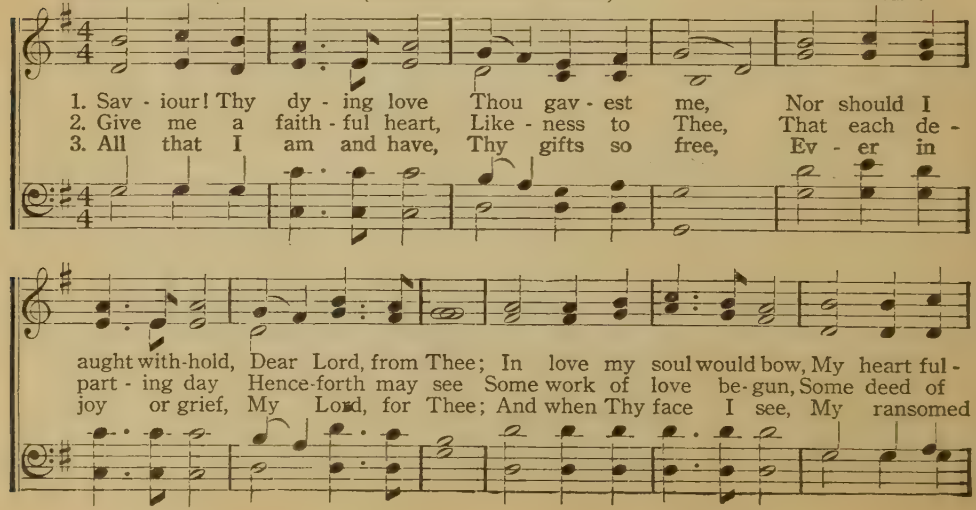
## No. 345. Go to Dark Gethsemane.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. (GETHSEMANE.) RICHARD REDHEAD.

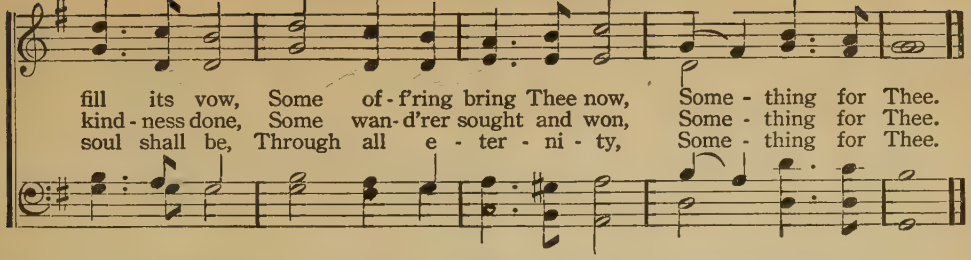

1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's pow'r;
2. See Him at the judg - ment hall, Beat - en, bound, re - viled, ar-raigned;
3. Cal - v'ry's mourn- ful moun - tain climb; There a - dor - ing at His feet,
Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see; Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;
See Him meek - ly bear - ing all; Love to man His soul sus - tained;
Mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete:
Turn not from His griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
Shun not suf - f'ring, shame or loss; Learn of Christ to bear the cross.
"It is fin - ished!" Hear Him cry; Learn of Je - sus Christ to die.

## No. 346. Saviour, Thy Dying Love.

S. DRYDEN PHELPS. (SOMETHING FOR JESUS.) ROBERT LOWRY.

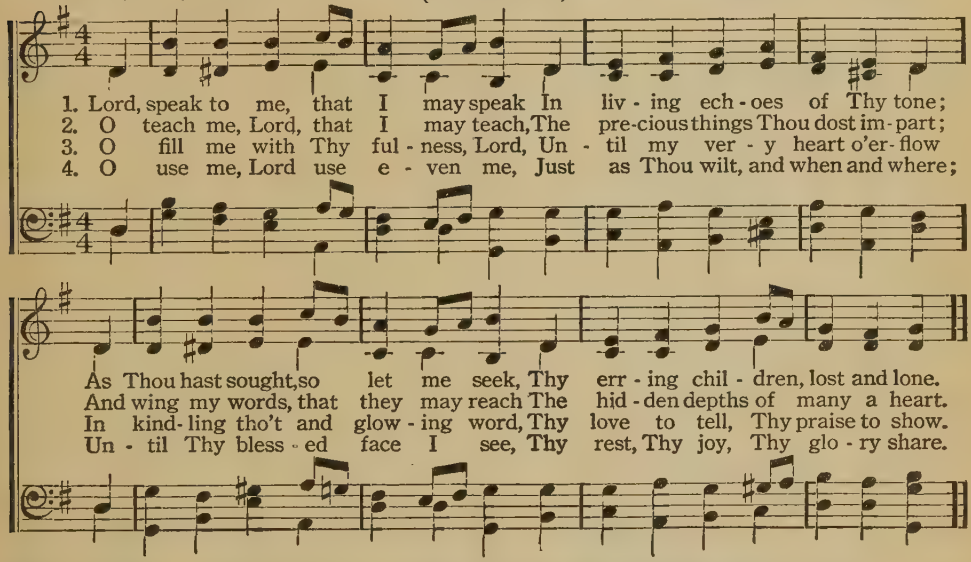

1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee, That each de -
3. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, Ev - er in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of
joy or grief, My Lord, for Thee; And when Thy face I see, My ransomed

## Saviour, Thy Dying Love.


fill its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
kind-ness done, Some wan-d'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
soul shall be, Through all e-ter-ni-ty, Some-thing for Thee.

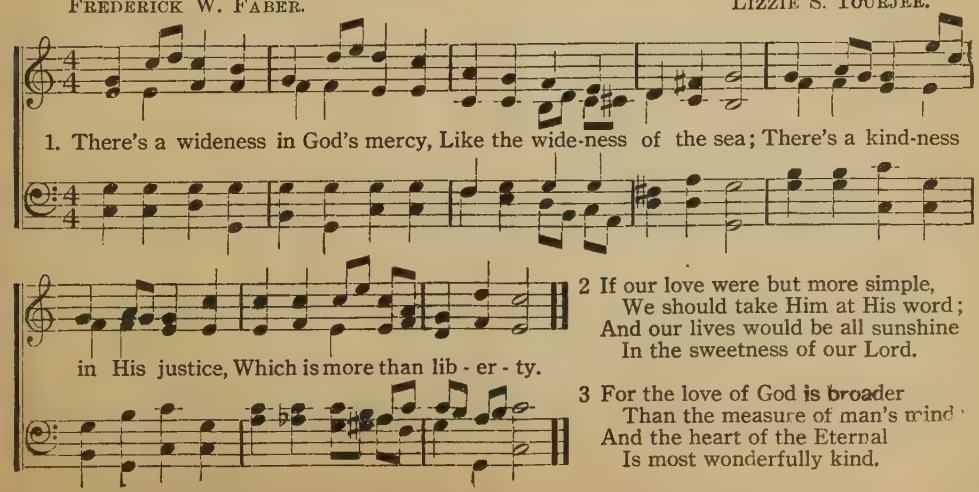
## No. 347. Lord, Speak to Me, that I May Speak.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. (CANONBURY.) ROBERT SCHUMANN.


1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
2. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach, The pre-cious things Thou dost im-part;
3. O fill me with Thy ful-ness, Lord, Un-til my ver-y heart o'er-flow
4. O use me, Lord use e-ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err-ing chil-dren, lost and lone.
And wing my words, that they may reach The hid-den depths of many a heart.
In kind-ling tho't and glow-ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
Un-til Thy bless-ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo-ry share.

## No. 348. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

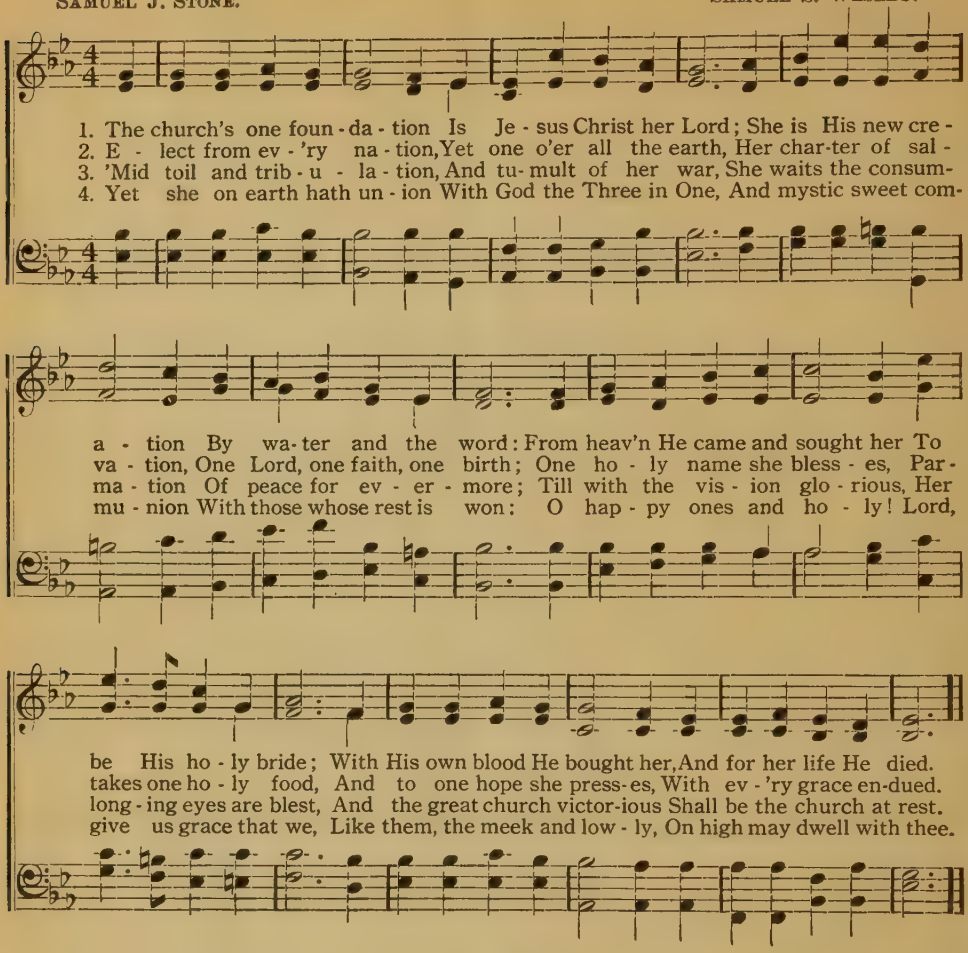



2 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

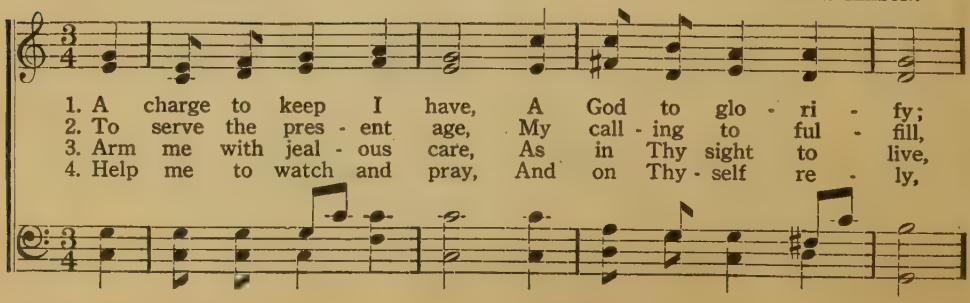
## No. 349. The Church's One Foundation.

SAMUEL J. STONE. SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

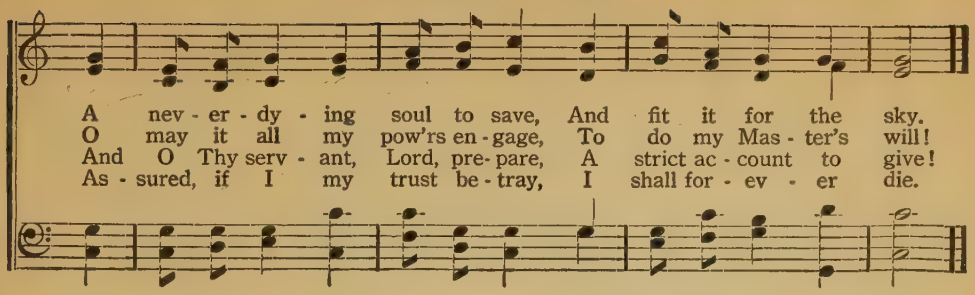

1. The church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She is His new cre -
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char-ter of sal -
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu- mult of her war, She waits the consum-
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One, And mystic sweet com-
a - tion By wa- ter and the word: From heav'n He came and sought her To
va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-
ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more; Till with the vis - ion glo - rious, Her
mu - nion With those whose rest is won: O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord,
be His ho - ly bride; With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
takes one ho - ly food, And to one hope she press-es, With ev - 'ry grace en-dued.
long - ing eyes are blest, And the great church victor-ious Shall be the church at rest.
give us grace that we, Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with thee.

## No. 350. A Charge to Keep.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

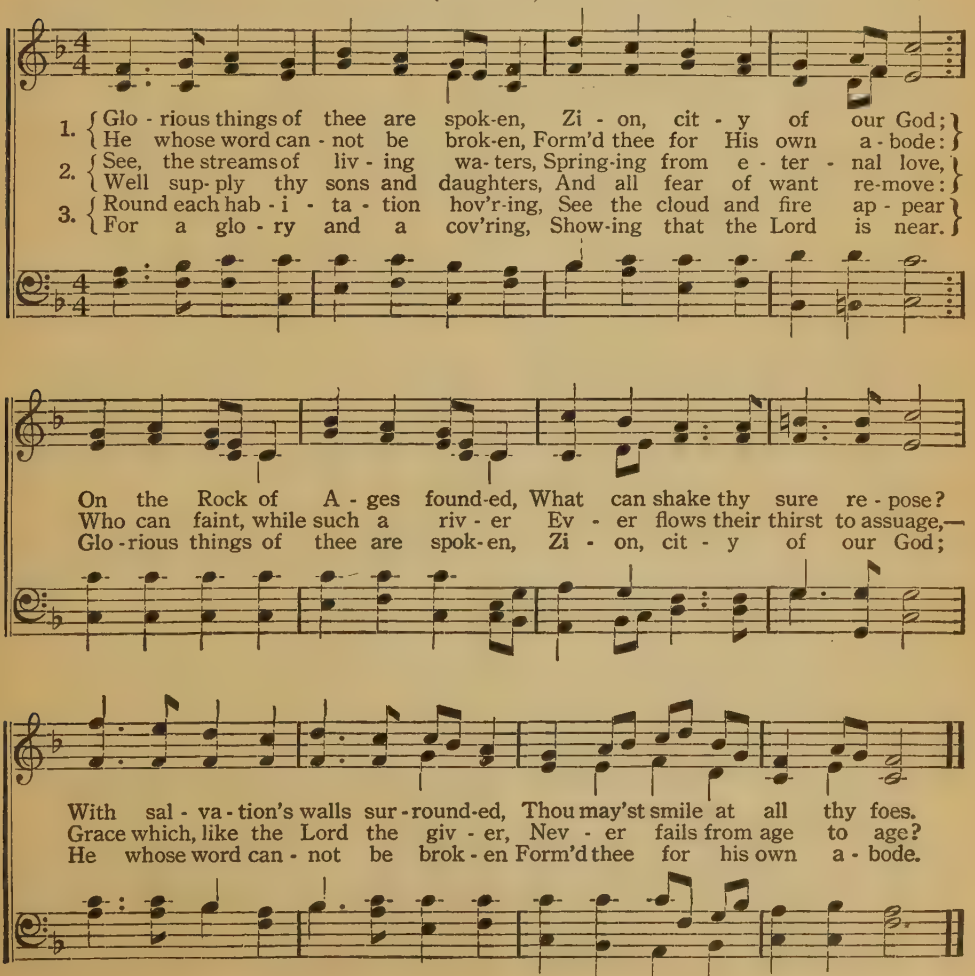

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

## A Charge to Keep.


A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will!
And O Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give!
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

## No. 351. Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

JOHN NEWTON. (AUSTRIA.) FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can - not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode:
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move:
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'r-ing, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
For a glo - ry and a cov'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near.
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage,—
Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
He whose word can - not be brok - en Form'd thee for his own a - bode.

# Selected Psalms

## No. 1. Psalm 40.

1 I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

4 Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

5 Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me,

8 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

9 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

10 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

13 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.

14 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

15 But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

## No. 2. Psalm 42.

1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

6 Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

7 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

8 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

## No. 3. Psalm 46.

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

## No. 4. Psalm 89.

1 I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

2 For I have said, Mercy shall be built up forever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

3 I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant.

4 Thy seed will I establish forever, and build up thy throne to all generations.

5 And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord: thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.

6 For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?

7 God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.

8 O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?

9 Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

10 The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fullness thereof, thou hast founded them.

11 Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

12 Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

13 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

14 In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

15 For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.

16 For the Lord is our defense; and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

## No. 5. Psalm 90.

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

10 The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12 So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

15 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

16 Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

17 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

## No. 6. Psalm 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come night thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

## No. 7. Psalm 92.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

2 To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

3 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

4 O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

5 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

6 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed forever.

7 But thou, Lord, art most high for evermore.

8 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

9 The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

10 Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

11 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;

12 To show that the Lord is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

## No. 8. Psalm 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

8 Harden not your heart, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:

9 When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

10 Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways:

11 Unto whom I sware in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest.

## No. 9. Psalm 96.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

2 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

4 For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised; he is to be feared above all gods.

5 For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

6 Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

7 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength,

8 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

9 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

10 Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof.

12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice.

13 Before the Lord: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

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